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A LETTER TO THE RISING GENERATION

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

FROM the dawn of time, one generation has cried reproof and warning to the next, unheeded. 'I wonder that you would still be talking. Nobody marks you,' say the young. 'Did you never hear of Cassandra?' the middle-aged retort.

Many of you young people of to-day have *not* heard of Cassandra, for a little Latin is no longer considered essential to your education. This, assuredly, is not your fault. You are innocent victims of a good many haphazard educational experiments. New ideas in pedagogy have run amuck for the last twenty-five years. They were introduced with much flourish of drums; they looked well on paper; they were forthwith put into practice on the helpless young. It has taken nearly a generation to illustrate their results in flesh and blood. Have they justified themselves in you?

The rising generation cannot spell, because it learned to read by the word-method; it is hampered in the use of dictionaries, because it never learned the alphabet; its English is slipshod and commonplace, because it does not know the sources and resources of its own language. Power over words cannot be had without some knowledge of the classics or much knowledge of the

English Bible—but both are now quite out of fashion.

As an instance of the working-out of some of the newer educational methods, I recall serving upon a committee to award prizes for the best essays in a certain competition where the competitors were seniors in an accredited college. In despair at the material submitted, the committee was finally forced to select as 'best' the essay having the fewest grammatical errors and the smallest number of misspelled words. The one theme which showed traces of thought was positively illiterate in expression.

These deficiencies in you irritate your seniors, but the blame is theirs. Some day you will be upbraiding your instructors for withholding the simple essentials of education, and you will be training your own children differently. It is not by preference that your vocabulary lacks breadth and your speech distinction. In any case, these are minor indictments, and, when all is said, we older ones may well ask ourselves whether we find our minds such obedient, soft-footed servants of the will as to make it clear that the educational procedure of our own early days is to be indorsed without reserve.

Your seniors also find themselves

irritated and depressed because modern girls are louder-voiced and more bouncing than their predecessors, and because their boy-associates are somewhat rougher and more familiar toward them than used to be thought well-bred. But even these things, distasteful as they are, should not be the ground of very bitter complaint. It requires more serious charges than these to impeach the capacity and intentions of those who are soon to be in full charge of this world. Every generation has — with one important abatement — the right to fashion its own code of manners.

The final right of each generation to its own code depends upon the inner significance of those manners. When they express such alterations in the fibre of the human creature as are detrimental to the welfare of the race, then, and perhaps then only, are our criticisms completely justified.

From the generation earlier than my own, still survive gentlewomen who are like old lace and opals, gentlemen all compounded of consideration and courtliness. Their graces are not due to their length of life, but to the lights by which they have lived. They are adorable. None of us born since the Civil War approach them in respect to some fine nameless quality that gives them charm and atmosphere. Yet, if we are not less stanch and unselfish than they, I take it we also have not failed in giving the world that nourished us its due.

Is the quality of the human product really falling off? That is the humiliating question you must ask yourselves. If the suspicion which runs about the world is true, then, youngsters, as you would elegantly phrase it, it is 'up to you.'

One of the advantages of living long in the world is that one steadily acquires an increasingly interesting point

of view. Even in middle life one begins to see for one's self the evolution of things. One gets a glimpse of the procession of events, the march of the generations. The longer an intelligent being lives, the more deeply experience convinces him that there is a pattern in the tapestry of our lives, individual as well as national and racial, at whose scope we can only guess.

Yet the things we actually see and can testify to are profoundly suggestive. I know of my own knowledge how greatly the face of life in this country has altered since my own childhood. It is neither so simple nor so fine a thing as then. And the type of men of whom every small community then had at least half a dozen, the big-brained, big-hearted, 'old Roman' men, whose integrity was as unquestioned as their ability, is almost extinct. Their places are cut up and filled by smaller, less able, often much less honest men. It is not that the big men have gone to the cities — for they are not there; it is not that they left no descendants — for in more cases than I care to count, the smaller, less able, less honest men are their own sons. These latter frequently make as much money in a year as their fathers did in ten, and show less character in a lifetime than their fathers did in a year.

The causes of this are too complicated to go into here, but so far as you young people just coming on the stage are concerned, the result of this change of type in American life and American men is to make life a far harder problem. The world is itself smaller; it is harder for the individual to live by his own light. The members of the body politic are much more closely knit together in the mesh of common interest to-day than ever before. While political scandals, graft, and greed have always existed, there never has been a time when low standards in business and politics

have so assailed the honor and integrity of the people as a whole, by tempting them, through fear of loss, to acquiesce in the dishonesty of others. If better standards are to prevail, it is you who must fight their final battles. Your wisdom, patience, and moral earnestness are going to be taxed to the breaking-point before those battles are won. Have you the muscle for that fight?

Evidence in regard to the falling-off in the human product is necessarily fragmentary and chaotic. Let us run over a few of the points your elders have observed and recorded against you.

Veteran teachers are saying that never in their experience were young people so thirstily avid of pleasure as now. 'But,' one urges, 'it is the season when they should enjoy themselves. Young people always have — they always will.' 'Yes,' they answer, 'that is true, but this is different from anything we have ever seen in the young before. They are so keen about it — so selfish, and so hard!'

Of your chosen pleasures, some are obviously corroding to the taste; to be frank, they are vulgarizing. It is a matter of ordinary comment that the children of cultivated fathers and mothers do not, nowadays, grow up the equals of their parents in refinement and cultivation. There must, then, be strong vulgarizing elements outside the home, as well as some weakness within, so to counteract and make of little worth the gentler influences of their intimate life. How can anything avail to refine children whose taste in humor is formed by the colored supplements of the Sunday paper, as their taste in entertainment is shaped by continuous vaudeville and the moving-picture shows? These things are actually very large factors in children's lives to-day. How should they fail of their due influence on plas-

tic human material? Where the parents at the formative age saw occasional performances of Booth, Barrett, Modjeska, and 'Rip Van Winkle,' the children go to vaudeville, and go almost constantly. While most vaudeville performances have one or two numbers that justify the proprietors' claim of harmless, wholesome amusement, the bulk of the programme is almost inevitably drivel, common, stupid, or inane. It may not be actually coarse, but inanity, stupidity, and commonness are even more potent as vulgarizing influences than actual coarseness. Coarseness might repel; inanity disintegrates.

'I don't approve,' your fathers and mothers say anxiously, 'but I hate to keep Tom and Mary at home when all the other children are allowed to go.' These parents are conscientious and energetic in looking after Tom's teeth and eyes, Mary's hair, tonsils, and nasal passages, but seem utterly unconscious that mental rickets and curvature of the soul are far more deforming than crooked teeth and adenoids.

Our ancestors spoke frequently of fortitude. That virtue was very real and very admirable to them; we use the word too little; you, not at all. The saving grace of their everyday hardships has vanished. 'Even in a palace, life may be well lived.' One wonders how Marcus Aurelius would have judged the moral possibilities of flats or apartment hotels? When one gets light by pushing a button, heat by turning a screw, water by touching a faucet, and food by going down in an elevator, life is so detached from the healthy exercise and discipline which used to accompany the mere process of living, that one must scramble energetically to a higher plane or drop to a much lower one.

When the rising generation goes into the militia, it is, old officers tell us,

'soft' and incompetent, unpleasantly affected by ants and spiders, querulous as to tents and blankets, and generally as incapable of adapting itself to the details of military life as one would expect a flat-reared generation to be. The advocates of athletics and manual training in our schools and colleges are doing their utmost to counteract the tendency to make flabby, fastidious bodies which comes from too-comfortable living; but the task is huge.

Much more ado is made over this business of training the mind and body to-day than ever before. From the multiplied and improved machinery of education, it would seem that we must be far in advance of our fathers. But where are the results in improved humanity? The plain truth seems to be that the utmost which can be done for the child to-day is not enough to counterbalance the rapidly-growing disadvantages of urban life and modern conditions. Vast increase in effort and in cost does not even enable the race to keep up with itself. Forging ahead at full speed, we are yet dropping woefully behind.

Training is not a matter of the mind and body only. More fundamental to personality than either is the education of the soul. In your up-bringing this has been profoundly neglected — and here is your cruelest loss. Of the generation of your fathers and mothers it may be generally affirmed that they received their early religious training under the old régime. Their characters were shaped by the faith of their fathers, and those characters usually remained firm and fixed, though their minds sometimes became the sport of opposing doctrines. They grew up in a world that was too hastily becoming agnostic as a result of the dazzling new discoveries of science. It was a shallow interpretation that claimed science and religion as enemies to the death.

So much is clear now. But, shallow or not, such was the thought of the seventies. The rising generation of that day had to face it. A great many young people then became unwilling martyrs to what they believed the logic of the new knowledge. It was through inability to enlarge their ideas of Him, to meet the newly-disclosed facts about His universe, that they gave up their God. They lost their faith because imagination failed them.

The clamor and the shouting of that old war have already died away; the breach between science and religion is healed; the world shows more and more mysterious as our knowledge of it widens, and we acknowledge it to be more inexplicable without a Will behind its phenomena than with one. But that period of storm and stress had a practical result; it is incarnated in the rising generation.

In the wrack of beliefs, your parents managed to retain their ingrained principles of conduct. Not knowing what to teach you, they taught you nothing whole-heartedly. Thus you have the distinction of growing up with a spiritual training less in quantity and more diluted in quality than any 'Christian' generation for nineteen hundred years. If you are agnostic-and-water, if you find nothing in the universe more stable than your own wills — what wonder? Conceived in uncertainty, brought forth in misgiving — how can such a generation be nobly militant?

Before it occurred to me to analyze your deficiencies and your predicament thus, I used to look at a good many members of the rising generation and wonder helplessly what ailed them. They were amiable, attractive, lovable even, but singularly lacking in force, personality, and the power to endure. Conceptions of conduct that were the very foundations of existence to decent people even fifteen years their

seniors were to them simply unintelligible. The word 'unselfishness,' for instance, had vanished from their vocabularies. Of altruism, they had heard. They thought it meant giving away money if you had plenty to spare. They approved of altruism, but 'self-sacrifice' was literally as Sanscrit to their ears. They demanded ease; they shirked responsibility. They did not seem able to respond to the notion of duty as human nature has always managed to respond to it before.

All this was not a matter of youth. One may be undeveloped and yet show the more clearly the stuff of which one is made. It was a matter of substance, of mass. You cannot carve a statue in the round from a thin marble slab; the useful two-by-four is valueless as framing-timber for ships; you cannot make *folks* out of light-weight human material.

When these young persons adopted a philosophy, it was naïve and inadequate. They talked of themselves as 'socialists,' but their ideas of socialism were vague. To them it was just an 'ism' that was going to put the world to rights without bothering them very much to help it along. They seemed to feel that salvation would come to them by reading Whitman and G. B. S., or even the mild and uncertain Mr. H. G. Wells, and that a vague, general good-will toward man was an ample substitute for active effort and self-sacrifice for individuals. Somebody, some day, was going to push a button, and presto! life would be soft and comfortable for everybody.

Of socialism in general I confess myself incompetent to speak. It may, or it may not, be the solution of our acutely pressing social problems. But if men are too cheap, greedy, and sordid to carry on a republic honestly, preserving that equality of opportunity which this country was founded to secure, it

must be men who need reforming. The more ideal the scheme of government, the less chance it has against the inherent crookedness of human nature. In the last analysis, we are not ruled by a 'government,' but by our own natures objectified, moulded into institutions. Rotten men make rotten government. If we are not improving the quality of the human product, our social system is bound to grow more cruel and unjust, whatever its name or form.

'But of course you believe,' said one pink-cheeked young socialist, expounding his doctrine, 'that the world will be a great deal better when everybody has a porcelain bath-tub and goes through high school. Why — why, of course, you *must* believe that!'

Dear lad, I believe nothing of the kind! You yourself have had a porcelain bath-tub from your tenderest years. You also went through high school. Yet you are markedly inferior to your old grandfather in every way, — shallower, feebler, more flippant, less efficient physically and even mentally, though your work is with books, and his was with flocks and herds. Frankly, I find in you nothing essential to a man. God knows what life can make of such as you. I do not. Your brand of socialism is made up of a warm heart, a weak head, and an unwillingness to assume responsibility for yourself or anybody else — in short, a desire to shirk. These elements are unpleasantly common in young socialists of my acquaintance. I know, of course, that a very passion of pity, a Christlike tenderness, brings many to that fold, but there are more of another kind. It was one of the latter who was horrified by my suggestion that he might have to care for his parents in their old age. It would interfere too much, he said, with his conception of working out his own career!

What can one say to this? The words

character and duty convey absolutely nothing to young people of this type. They have not even a fair working conception of what such words mean. Did I not dispute a whole afternoon with another young man about the necessity for character, only to learn at the end of it that he did n't know what character was. He supposed it was 'something narrow and priggish — like what deacons used to be.' And he, mind you, was in his twenties, and claimed, *ore rotundo*, to be a Whitmanite, a Shavian, and a socialist. Also, he was really intelligent about almost everything but life — which is the only thing it is at all needful to be intelligent about.

The *culte du moi* is one thing when it is representative, when one rhapsodizes one's self haughtily as a unit of the democratic mass, as Whitman undoubtedly did; and quite another when it is narrowly personal, a kind of glorification of the petty, personal attributes of young John Smith, used by him to conceal from himself the desirability of remodeling his own personality; but that is what young John Smith, who calls himself a Whitmanite, is making of it. I knew one of these young persons — I trust his attitude is exceptional — who refused special training for work he wanted to do on the ground that he was 'repelling interference with his sacred individuality.'

Twenty years ago there were faint-hearted disciples of Whitman who took him as an antidote for congenital unasertiveness. His insistence on the value of personality supplied something needed in their make-up, and they found in wearing a flannel shirt and soft tie a kind of spiritual gymnastic that strengthened the flabby muscles of their Ego. The young Whitmanites of to-day have no flabby muscles in their Ego.

The same temperamental qualities operate when they name themselves Shavians. Their philosophy has been set forth lucidly in a recent *Atlantic* article.¹ Its keynote is the liberation of the natural will, with the important modifications that the natural will must hold itself to an iron responsibility in its collisions with other wills, must not obstruct the general good of society or the evolution of the race. To the unphilosophic eye, these modifications look suspiciously like duties — the old, old duties to God and man. Why go around Robin Hood's barn to arrive at the point where our ancestors set out? If the exercise were mentally strengthening, the *détour* might be justified, but the evidence of this is decidedly incomplete.

It may easily happen that the next twenty years will prove the most interesting in the history of civilization. Armageddon is always at hand in some fashion. Nice lads with the blood of the founders of our nation in your veins, pecking away at the current literature of socialism, taking out of it imperfectly understood apologies for your temperaments and calling it philosophy — where will you be if a Great Day should really dawn? What is there in your way of thought to help you play the man in any crisis? If the footmen have wearied you, how shall you run with the horsemen? In one way or another, every generation has to fight for its life. When your turn comes, you will be tossed on the scrap-heap, shoved aside by boys of a sterner fibre and a less easy life, boys who have read less and worked more, boys who have thought to some purpose and have been willing — as you are not — to be disciplined by life.

If you point out to one of these young

¹ "The Philosophy of Bernard Shaw," by ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, in the *Atlantic* for February, 1909. — THE EDITORS.

Whitmanshaws the fact that the Ten Commandments are concrete suggestions for so conducting life that it will interfere as little as possible with 'the general good of society and the evolution of the race,' and that the Golden Rule is a general principle covering the same ground, he will tell you that the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule are bad because they are promulgated on Authority, and nobody must take things on Authority — for Mr. Shaw says so! One must find it all out for himself. If you suggest that it is possible to regard Authority as the data collected by those who have preceded him along the trail, telling him what they found out about the road, so as to save him from trouble and danger; if you maintain that it is as unscientific to reject previous discoveries in ethics as in engineering, he may be silenced, but he will not be convinced, for his revolt is not a matter of logic but of feeling. He wants to do as he pleases. He desires to be irresponsible, and he will adopt any philosophy which seems to him to hold out a justification of irresponsibility, as he will adopt any theory of social organization which promises to relieve him of a man's work in the world. I am not exaggerating the shallowness of this attitude.

All educated young people are not 'intellectuals.' Most of them are perfectly contented without any articulate philosophy as an apology for their inclinations. There is also a considerable body of them who are already painfully commercialized even in their school-days. On the whole, the kind of young socialist who resents the idea of having to care for his parents in their helpless age is less of a menace to society as now constituted than the kind of young individualist who boasts how much money he acquired during his college course by making loans to his classmates upon the security of their

evening-clothes and watches. The latter, hard as nails and predatory, has already moulded himself into a distinctly anti-social shape; the former is still amorphous, still groping. There is yet a chance that he may make a man.

I am not a philosopher. I know only so much as the man in the street may know, the rough-and-ready philosophy that is born in us all. Just so long as any system of education or any philosophy produces folks that *are* folks, wisdom is justified of her children. That system has earned the right to stand. This point is not debatable. Even the new prophets concede it. For the end of all education, the business of all living, is to make men and women. All else is vain toil. The old conditions produced them; the new do not.

Certain qualities go to the making of any human being whom other human beings esteem. Certain ingredients are as necessary to a man as flour and yeast to bread, or iron and carbon to steel. You cannot make them any other way. There is a combination of steadiness of purpose, breadth of mind, kindness, wholesome common sense, justice, perhaps a flash of humor, certainly a capacity for the task in hand, that produces a worth-while person. The combination occurs in every rank in life. You find it as often in the kitchen as in the parlor; oftener, perhaps, in the field than in the office. The people who are so composed have spiritual length, breadth, thickness; they are people of three dimensions. Everybody feels alike about them, even you youngsters. For this saving grace I have noticed about you — you do, after all, know whom to like when types are put before you in the flesh. Never by any chance do you waste your real admiration on the one-dimension people who, like points, have 'position but no magnitude,' or

on the two-dimension people who, like planes, 'have length and breadth but no depth.' You frankly don't care much for the kind of creature your own ideas would shape. You want people to be stanch, patient, able, just as much as if you were not repudiating for yourselves the attitudes which produce these things.

Force, personality, the power to endure: these our fathers had; these you are losing. Yet life itself demands them as much as it ever did. For though we may be getting soft and losing our stamina (another word which, like fortitude, has gone out of fashion), the essential elements of life remain unchangeable. Life is not, and is not meant to be a cheap, easy matter, even for flat-dwellers. It is a grim, hard, desolate piece of work, shot through with all sorts of exquisite, wonderful, compensating experiences.

Consider the matter of your own existence and support that you accept with such nonchalant ease. Every child born into the world is paid for with literal blood, sweat, tears. That is the fixed price, and there are no bargain sales. Years of toil, months of care, hours of agony, go to your birth and rearing. What excuse have you, anyhow, for turning out flimsy, shallow, amusement-seeking creatures, when you think of the elements in your making? The price is paid gladly. That is your fathers' and mothers' part. Yours is, to be worth it. You have your own salvation to work out. It must be salvation, and it must be achieved by work. That is the law, and there is no other.

Our rushing, mechanical, agitated way of living tends to hide these root-facts from you. Years ago I asked a young girl, compelled for reasons of health to spend her winters away from her home, how she filled her days. 'It takes a good deal of time to find out

what I think about things,' she answered, explaining thereby, in part, the depth in her own character as well as the shallowness in whole groups of others. In simpler days, when there was more work and less amusement, there was more time for thinking, and thinking is creative of personality. Some of it must go to the making of any creature who counts at all, as must also some actual work. Also, and you ought to know this and to be able to rejoice in it, the other great creative elements in personality are responsibility and suffering. The unshapen lump of raw human material that we are cannot take on lines of identity without the hammer, the chisel, the drill — that comparison must certainly be as old as the art of moralizing, but it has not lost its force.

Sometimes you prattle confidently of growth by 'development,' as though that were an affair of ease. It is only experience, the reaction of our activities on the self, which develops; and experience has immense possibilities of pain. Have you forgotten what you learned in your psychology concerning the very kernel of selfhood? 'We measure ourselves by many standards. Our strength and our intelligence, our wealth and even our good luck, are things which warm our heart and make us feel ourselves a match for life. But deeper than all such things, and able to suffice unto itself without them, is the sense of the amount of effort we can put forth . . . as if it were the substantive thing which we *are*, and those were but the externals which we *carry*. . . . He who can make none is but a shadow; he who can make much is a hero.'

We are, obviously, here to be made into something by life. It seizes and shapes us. The process is sometimes very pleasant, sometimes very painful. So be it. It is all in the day's work, and

only the worthless will try to evade their proper share of either pain or pleasure. To seek more of the former would be bravado, as to accept less would be dishonor. The whole matter is of such a simplicity that only the suspicion of a concerted, though unconscious, attempt of an entire generation to get the pleasure without the due pain of living, would justify such a definite statement of it here.

The other day I beheld a woman whose husband earns something less than two hundred dollars a month, purchasing her season's wardrobe. Into it went one hat at fifty dollars and another at thirty dollars. Her neighbors in the flat-building admired and envied. One of the bolder wondered. 'Well, I can't help it,' said Mrs. Jones. 'I just tell Mr. Jones life is n't worth livin' if I can't have what I want.' This, you see, was her way of 'liberating the natural will.'

The truth is that life is n't worth livin' if you *can* have what you want — unless you happen to be the exceptional person who wants discipline, responsibility, effort, suffering.

From the thought of Mrs. Jones and her hats, I like to turn to a certain volume of memoirs, giving a picture of New England life in the first half of the nineteenth century. It is an incomparable textbook on the art of getting the most out of living. It sets forth in such concrete, vivid fashion as to kindle the most reluctant imagination, the habits and virtues of a plain-living, high-thinking, purposeful day. The delightful lady who is the subject of it found three dresses at a time an ample outfit, and six days' sewing a year sufficed for her wardrobe; but she had 'a noble presence and what would have been called stately manners had they not been so gracious.'¹ Before the

age of twenty she had read 'all the authors on metaphysics and ethics that were then best known,' and throughout life she kept eagerly in touch with the thought of the day. This did not interfere with her domestic concerns, as they did not narrow her social life. If she arose at four A. M. to sweep the parlors, calling the domestics and the family at six, it was that she might find time for reading during the morning, and for entertaining her friends in the evening, as she habitually did some three times a week. She managed a large house and a large family, and her wit, cultivation, and energy enriched life for everybody who knew her. She had 'no higher aim than to light and warm the neighborhood where God had placed her.' She and her sisters 'had never dreamed of a life of ease, or of freedom from care, as anything to be desired. On the contrary, they gloried in responsibility . . . with, all the intensity of simple and healthy natures.'

That day is gone, not to return, but its informing spirit can be recaptured and applied to other conditions as a solvent. If that were done, I think the Golden Age might come again, even here and now.

No generalizations apply to all of a class. Numerically, of course, many of the rising generation are fine and competent young people, stanch, generous, right-minded, seeking to give and to get the best in life and to leave the world better than they found it. I take it, any young person who reads the *Atlantic* will have chosen this better part — but, suppose you had n't! Suppose you discovered yourself to be one of those unfortunates herein described? Deprived of the disciplinary alphabet, multiplication-table, Latin grammar; dispossessed of the English Bible, most stimulating of literary as well as of ethical inheritances; despoiled of your

¹ *Recollections of My Mother*. By SUSAN I. LESLEY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

birthright in the religion that made your ancestors; destitute of incentives to hardihood and physical exertion; solicited to indolence by cheap amusements, to self-conceit by cheap philosophies, to greed by cheap wealth — what, then, is left for you?

Even if your predicament were, without relief, dire as this, you would at least have the chance to put up a wonderful fight. It would be so good a thing to win against those odds that one's blood tingles at the thought. But there are several elements which alter the position. For one, the lack of a definite religious training is not irreparable.

This is not a sermon, and it is for others to tell those how to find God who have not yet attained unto Him, but it is certain that the mature world around you with which you are just coming into definite relation is morally very much alive just now. That its moral awakening is not exactly on the lines of previous ones, does not make it less authentic or contagious. Unless you are prematurely case-hardened, it is bound to affect you.

Then — you are young. It is quite within your power to surprise yourselves and discomfit the middle-aged prophets of evil who write you pages of warnings. The chance of youth is always the very greatest chance in the world, the chance of the uncharted sea, of the undiscovered land.

The idealism of the young and their plasticity in the hands of their ideals have carried this old world through evil days before now. It has always been held true that so long as you are under twenty-five, you are not irrevocably committed to your own deficiencies. I wonder if you realize that for you, first among the sons of men, that

period of grace has been indefinitely extended?

The brain-specialists and the psychologists between them have given in the last ten years what seems conclusive proof of the servitude of the body to the Self; they have shown how, by use of the appropriate mechanism in our make-up, we can control to a degree even the automatisms of our bodies; they have demonstrated the absolute mastery of will over conduct. Those ancient foes, Heredity and Habit, can do very little against you, today, that you are not in a position to overcome. Since the world began, no human creatures have had the scientific assertion of this that you possess. Many wise and many righteous have longed to be assured of these matters, and have agonized through life without that certainty. Saints and sages have achieved by long prayer and fasting the graces that you, apparently, may attain by the easy process of a self-suggestion.

Coming as this psychological discovery does, in the middle of an age of unparalleled mechanical invention and discovery, it is almost — is it not? — as if the Creator of men had said, 'It is time that these children of mine came to maturity. I will give them at last their full mastery over the earth and over the air and over the spirits of themselves. Let us see how they bear themselves under these gifts.'

Thus, your responsibility for yourselves is such an utter responsibility as the race has never known. It is the ultimate challenge to human worth and human power. You dare not fail under it. I think the long generations of your fathers hold their breath to see if you do less with certainty than they have done with faith.

GERMAN AND BRITISH EXPERIENCE WITH TRUSTS

BY GILBERT HOLLAND MONTAGUE

LAST June, Congress voted two hundred thousand dollars to prosecute violations of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. During the past year, the federal government has prosecuted actions against several great railroad systems, and against combinations of dealers and manufacturers of beef-products, lumber, powder, licorice, sugar, oil, tobacco, fertilizer, elevators, salt, groceries, paper, drugs, ice, butter, cotton, and plumbers' supplies. At present, appeals are pending in the Supreme Court of the United States, involving the fate of the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company, and of about a hundred other concerns and individuals engaged in the manufacture and sale of various products of petroleum and tobacco. Upon the decision of the court in these cases, as appears from a tabulation in Moody's *Manual*, depend the validity and corporate life of 1198 'holding companies,' with 8110 subsidiaries and \$10,612,372,489 capital. This conflict between business enterprise, on the one hand, and the law-making and law-enforcing branches of the government, on the other, is to-day the most momentous fact in American industrial and political life.

To a foreigner, unmoved by the political passions which this conflict has unhappily engendered, this hostility toward industrial combination is incomprehensible. In Europe, combination is generally approved as a normal force in industrial development; and instead of prohibiting combination, the law — if legislation is found necessary

— merely forbids specific fraudulent and wrongful practices, whether they occur in small businesses or in the largest combinations. A foreigner cannot fail to wonder, in the words of the Honorable Seth Low, 'that a people who have constituted the greatest republic in history by the combination of many states should, even for a moment, deny to its own commercial agencies the opportunity of giving better service, by proceeding along the same lines'; for in Europe such development is heartily encouraged.

In Germany the trust movement is older than the Empire. Early in the sixties, combinations arose among the salt-producers and steel-rail manufacturers. After the industrial crisis of 1873, the movement toward consolidation became very conspicuous.

Until 1875, the states of Prussia and Anhalt owned all the mineral potash mines in Germany. Private manufacturers, however, worked up the raw material, and in 1876, after new mines had been opened by private companies, their destructive competition led them to make a temporary agreement upon prices. In self-protection, the states of Prussia and Anhalt, in 1879, formed a combination which lasted until 1883. Meanwhile, Prussia erected state factories to manufacture the product of her own mines, in order that she might strengthen her position to control prices. In 1883, the combination was extended until 1888; and Prussia, by virtue of her dominant position in the industry, obtained the right to veto

any increase in the price of the product.

This combination, which has continued to the present time, has been operated with scrupulous regard for the public interest. By the terms of the combination agreement, the administrative powers of the combination were vested in an executive committee, composed of the representatives of all the mines and factories. A special selling agency, composed of two or three members, took charge of all the sales. All contracts were made through this agency, and the filling of the contracts was intrusted to the different producers, who were paid directly by the consumers. Each factory kept an account of the sums received, and from time to time an adjustment of receipts was made upon the basis fixed by the combination agreement. An increase of production could be compelled by the Prussian Minister of Commerce and Industry, after affording an opportunity for a hearing to the executive committee of the combination. In the first instance, the executive committee of the combination could fix the price of the product. The Prussian Minister, however, could veto any increase of price; and after hearing the executive committee, he could fix exceptionally low prices for German farmers. This right he has generally exercised so as to favor domestic agriculture at the expense of foreign trade, and to reduce the exportation of potash. By the terms of the combination agreement, the mine-owners were compelled to deliver a specified quantity of raw material to the manufacturers, and were forbidden to sell outside the combination. The manufacturers, on the other hand, were required to observe the rules of the combination regarding prices and production. Private concerns in the combination were compelled to deposit Prussian securities in large amount to

guarantee the faithful performance of their agreements. The Prussian mine-owners and manufacturers could leave the combination at the end of any calendar year and thus break the monopoly whenever it seemed desirable. These are the rules under which the potash combination has operated for nearly a quarter of a century.

Similar conditions prevail in the salt industry. In 1887, three combinations were formed, out of which grew the North German and South German salt *kartells*. Any member of these *kartells* may leave them at will; but the members themselves are largely groups of plants which organized to escape the demoralization of prices after salt ceased to be a governmental monopoly, and there seems little desire to break away. One of the chief purposes and achievements of these *kartells* has been to extend the sale of salt as widely as possible, and to keep the retail price as low as is consistent with fair profits. To this end the managers have insisted that the profits of producers and wholesalers be limited to a figure fixed by the *kartell*.

In 1910, the Reichstag passed a statute which, in effect, enacted into law the rules of the potash combination agreement. This statute fixed the amount of production and the maximum price of the product; provided that every two years the production of each concern must be redetermined, on the basis of the demand for the preceding years, and required that any concern producing more than its allotment must pay a prohibitive governmental charge.

In 1881, a combination was formed of the coal-mines of the Westphalian District. Subsequently, a firm organization of coke manufacturers was formed, called the Westphalian Coke Syndicate. Various local combinations of coal-dealers proved so successful

that, in 1893, the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate was incorporated for the purpose of selling the coal, coke, and briquettes produced in Western Germany. All the mine-owners agreed to deliver their entire output to the syndicate, which undertook to market the entire product and to distribute all orders received among the different mine-owners, according to their output. At the end of the year, a general reckoning was made, and mine-owners who had delivered more than their required share paid over to the syndicate a sum sufficient to make their profits proportional, which sum was distributed among those who had delivered less than their entire share. For breach of this agreement, the mine-owner became liable to a large fine.

The German iron trade was organized no less efficiently than the coal trade.¹ With equal rapidity, combina-

tions were formed in other branches of German trade. As early as 1880, international combinations between German producers and foreign producers were organized. In 1897, forty-one such combinations existed, including in their membership concerns in England, Austria, and South America, as well as in Germany. During the years from 1888 to 1901, the trust movement in Germany exceeded in importance that in the United States. In 1897, there were in Germany about two hundred and fifty known and identified combinations of national importance, not including single concerns which had attained trust size, and local combinations and associations or speculative rings. The chemical industry showed eighty-two such combinations, the iron industry eighty, the stone and clay industry fifty-nine, the textile industry thirty-eight, and the paper industry nineteen.

As regards the industries concerned, and the relative proportion of trade affected, the German movement toward consolidation is fairly comparable to the American trust movement. Both demonstrate the natural and inevitable tendency toward combination. The Industrial Commission of the United States reported to Congress in 1901 that 'in Germany it is probable that the movement has extended as far as in the United States; and that the combinations there, speaking generally, exert as great power over prices, over wages, and in other directions, as they do here.' Speaking of the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate, the Commission stated that 'that form of organization seems, on the whole, to have been very successful and to have brought about what is, perhaps, on the whole, the largest and most effective combination in Germany, if not, indeed, in the world.' A comparison is fairly invited, therefore, between the

¹ The Consolidated Pig Iron Syndicate, organized in 1897, had its head office in Düsseldorf, and combined three subsidiary syndicates — the Rhenish-Westphalian Syndicate, formed in 1894, the Association for the Sale of Pig Iron of the Siegerland, formed in 1896, and the Comptoir of Lorraine and Luxemburg, formed in 1896. The Ingot and Billet Steel Syndicate, known as the Halbzeng-Verband, organized in 1897 and 1898, also had its head office in Düsseldorf, and included the steel works of the Moselle, the Saar, the Luxemburg, the Rhine, and Westphalia. In the same building with this syndicate was the Consolidated Girder Syndicate, organized in 1899 and comprising three subsidiary syndicates — the South German Girder Syndicate, formed in 1884, composed of the rolling-mills of the Saar District and of Luxemburg, the Girder Syndicate of the Lower Rhine and Westphalia, whose operations extend to Northern Germany, and finally the Peine works in Hanover, which supply Eastern Germany. The Wire Rod Syndicate, formed in 1896, had its head office at Hagen, Westphalia. The Plate Syndicate, projected in 1897 and incorporated in 1898, had its head office at Essen-on-the-Ruhr. The Drawn Wire Syndicate, organized in 1899, located at Hamm, in Westphalia, and operated in Northern and Northwestern Germany, Saxony, Silesia, and South Germany. — THE AUTHOR.

American attitude toward trusts and the treatment of trusts in Germany.

In response to an inquiry of the American Consul-General at Berlin, Doctor Ernest von Halle, professor in the University of Berlin, who wrote the well known authoritative book entitled *Trusts in the United States*, declared:—

‘I do not hesitate to say that, according to my opinion, Germany would be already in the midst of a dangerous industrial crisis but for the modifying and regulating influence of our kartells, in most branches of production and distribution. The country, with its dense population and increasing capital that seeks employment, could not stand that reckless speculation that would result from unrestrained competition. Modern production, by means of steam-driven machinery, cannot stand unlimited competition, which too often leads to the destruction of the value of large capital. Machine production requires close technical regulation, and does not admit of economic anarchy. So the effect of kartells seems to have been to initiate a more harmonious industrial system, permitting promoters to invest their capital in many instances with ease and safety, where without combinations they might have been too timid to assume the risks of competition. The relatively low quotations of German consols and other public securities may be partly attributed to the great number of safe investments in kartellized industrial undertakings. . . . Opposition to trusts has nowhere been made a plank of political platforms, or been used in election contests. Among officials, scientists, and lawyers, kartells are not considered unwholesome or objectionable *per se*. The Supreme Court of the Empire (*Reichsgericht*), in March, 1898, officially recognized the economic

justification of combinations, and their right to legal protection, unless they use unlawful methods of checking competitors who decline to join them.’

The German Government emphatically favors the trust form of industry. In the Prussian Reichstag, in 1900, a member charged that the Coal Syndicate had greatly increased the price of coal and coke, and urged the ministry to take action against the Syndicate. Herr Brefeld, Minister of Trade and Commerce, replied with a careful review of prices and trade conditions, and concluded as follows:—

‘No one can justly make complaints against the workings of the Syndicate. It has had the result of making the development of prices and wages more even, steady, and certain than it was formerly. I am firmly convinced that if the Syndicate had not existed we should now have prices less satisfactory than those which we have had, and that we should hereafter have to complain of a depression in prices.’

But the strangest contrast to American conditions is presented by the German laws and the decisions of their courts. While the American states have been vying with one another in passing lax corporation laws, Germany, through strict corporation laws, has rigorously and successfully been eliminating fraudulent corporate methods and encouraging the growth of sound business enterprise. The Germans have enacted no prohibitory legislation on the subject of trusts. Instead of hounding industry with barbarous anti-trust statutes, they have favored in the utmost degree combinations designed to prevent ruinous competition and to attain industrial efficiency. The German courts have valiantly assisted the efforts of the German law-makers. How different from the procrustean laws of trade which American anti-trust legislation compels our

courts to enforce, is the sensible business logic of this opinion of the German Reichsgericht:—

‘When in a branch of industry the prices of a product fall too low, and the successful conduct of the industry is endangered or becomes impossible, the crisis which sets in is detrimental, not merely to individuals, but to society as a whole. It is in the interests of the community therefore that inordinately low prices should not exist in any industry for a long time. The legislatures have often, and recently, tried to obtain higher prices for products by enacting protective tariffs. Clearly it cannot be considered contrary to the interests of the community when business men unite with the object of preventing or limiting the practice of underselling, and the fall of prices. On the contrary, when prices for a long time are so low that financial ruin threatens the business men, their combination appears to be not merely a legitimate means of self-preservation, but rather a measure serving the interests of the entire community.’

Thus did the highest court in the German Empire expound the law in consonance with modern economic development. The reference to protective tariffs has almost an American sound, and is respectfully commended to the attention of every American Congressman.

In the case just quoted the lower court had held—as most American courts, under present laws, would have to hold—that an agreement whereby several producers bound themselves to sell their product through a joint selling agency was unlawful and could not be enforced. But the Reichsgericht reversed this decision and upheld the agreement.

Since this decision was rendered, the Reichsgericht has also upheld the val-

idity of the agreement upon which the great Rhenish-Westphalian Syndicate was created.

Turning to Great Britain, the tendency toward combination appears, in many industries, to have distanced both Germany and the United States. Particularly is this true in the textile trades. The history of the great thread combination of J. and P. Coats is a classic in trust literature.

In 1826, James Coats built at Paisley a small mill for the manufacture of sewing-thread which, under the control of three generations of able business men, expanded until it reached throughout the world. In 1890, the business was turned over to the limited liability company of J. and P. Coats for £5,750,000. This combination acquired the mills at Paisley, and also the Conant Thread Company, with works at Pawtucket, Rhode Island. In 1895, the combination acquired Kerr and Company of Paisley, and in 1896 it purchased Clarke and Company of Paisley, James Chadwick and Company of Boulton, founded in 1820, and Jonas Brook and Company of Meltham, established in 1810. These four great rivals had for some time been allied through the Central Thread Agency, which marketed the products of all its members; and it was the successful working of this association that led to their permanent consolidation. J. and P. Coats thus controlled sixteen plants, including mills in the United States, Canada, and Russia; and sixty branch houses, and one hundred and fifty depots; and employed five thousand working people. Since then, the company has acquired a coal-mine, and control over the supply of cotton through the purchase of an interest in the Fine-Cotton Spinners and Doublers' Association. Its capital stock has been increased to £12,000,000, and

throughout this period its dividends have ranged from twenty to fifty per cent.

Meanwhile, the thread concerns outside the Coats combination were combining. In 1897, fourteen firms, including companies located in France and Canada, combined to form the English Sewing-Cotton Company with a capitalization of £2,250,000, and made an alliance with J. and P. Coats, who took £200,000 of the stock. The English Sewing-Cotton Company next absorbed the great Glasgow firm of R. F. and J. Alexander, and purchased L. Ardern of Swetport; and, in 1898, organized the American Thread Company, which acquired thirteen American firms and was capitalized for £3,720,000. The closeness of this great combination appears from the fact that the English Sewing-Cotton Company took a majority of the common stock of the American Thread Company, and J. and P. Coats took £100,000 of preferred shares; and when, in 1899, the English Sewing-Cotton Company increased its capitalization to £3,000,000, the American Thread Company purchased 125,000 shares of the new issue. This alliance completely controlled the thread industry, not only in Great Britain, but throughout the world.

In 1899, the Calico Printers' Association was incorporated, taking in fifty-nine firms and companies, comprising eighty-five per cent of the trade in Great Britain, with a capitalization of £8,226,840. In 1900, the Bleachers' Association was formed, taking in fifty-three concerns capitalized at £6,820,096.

In 1898, the Fine-Cotton Spinners and Doublers' Association was formed for the consolidation of thirty-one concerns producing spun Sea Island cotton. Subsequently, mills were purchased in France — a Lille company

and the Delebart Mallet Fils Company, — and more mills and a colliery in England. Up to 1905, the company comprised upwards of fifty associated concerns, and was capitalized for £7,250,000. The union between the Fine-Cotton Spinners and Doublers' Association and J. and P. Coats, already referred to, has effected the strongest textile combination in the world.

These examples of combination were duplicated in the experience of the iron and steel trade. Beginning in 1881, and continuing with varying success until 1887, the producers of Cleveland pig iron and Scotch warrants, in their local metal exchanges and at their quarterly association meetings in Birmingham, combined to prevent overproduction and ruinous competition, and to sustain reasonable prices. Similar combinations existed as early as 1886 in the Scotch malleable iron trade. In 1883, the famous International Rail Syndicate was formed, which included all but one of the eighteen British steel-rail manufacturers, all but two of the German manufacturers, and all the Belgian manufacturers. This syndicate dissolved in 1886. Various temporary combinations of British steel-rail manufacturers organized and dissolved during the next eighteen years. In 1904, to meet ruinous competition from Germany, which was dumping rails abroad at thirty shillings less than the home price, an agreement was made between the rail-makers of Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, and France, by which the foreign trade was syndicated for three years on the basis of 1,300,000 tons annually. Great Britain obtained a priority in the home market, and fifty-three per cent of the foreign trade; and the rest of the foreign trade was thus apportioned: twenty-eight per cent to Germany, seventeen per cent

to Belgium, and the rest to France. The United States Steel Corporation and several other American corporations are understood to have become parties to this agreement, in 1905, and to have obtained thereby a priority in the American market.

One phase of British industrial combination particularly impresses the American observer — the working agreements between naturally competing firms, which bring them into a loose but effective alliance. In America, since the passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, such agreements and alliances have been condemned by the courts and denounced by legislatures more bitterly than has the ordinary single-combination form of trust. It was by breaking up a similar alliance in the Addyston Pipe Case, in 1898, that Judge Taft, while on the federal bench, paved the way for the great trust-smashing suits that have followed. In Great Britain, however, this form of combination seems especially favored. A great English authority has declared: 'We may expect, in no very remote future, to see the iron industry governed by loose federations of great power, each large firm belonging to a number of associations according to the variety of its products; and there is a final possibility that these may unite into a general union on the lines of German *Stahlwerksverband*.'

An excellent case in point is the development of the historic firm of Bell Brothers and their allied companies. In 1844, Bell Brothers began the manufacture of Cleveland pig iron, and during the succeeding half-century they acquired collieries, iron-mines, rolling-mills, steel plants, and railway connections, all of which were valued at upwards of £1,270,000. Meanwhile, their rivals Dorman, Long and Company had established themselves in the manufacture of bars and angles,

had purchased the Britannia Works, and had entered upon the manufacture of girders and open-hearth steel. In 1899, Dorman, Long and Company acquired the sheet-iron works of Jones Brothers and the steel-wire works of the Bedson Wire Company. In 1900, they employed three thousand men in all their plants, and turned out three thousand five hundred tons of finished material weekly, and had begun a rolling-mill and steel-making. Competition between Bell Brothers and Dorman, Long and Company being threatened, Dorman, Long and Company, in 1902, increased their capital stock and acquired a controlling interest in Bell Brothers. In 1903, Dorman, Long and Company acquired the ordinary shares of the Northeastern Steel Company, capitalized at £800,000, and owning a Bessemer plant and rolling-mills. The total capital involved in all these transactions amounted to £3,309,549.

These examples of combination are especially helpful to a rational understanding of the American trust situation, because they have all developed without the aid of tariffs, and in the face of unhindered foreign competition, and unaffected by any legislation whatsoever on the subject of combinations or trusts. The justification of the trust movement cannot better be established than by the trust movement in Great Britain.

The British attitude toward trusts has never been hostile. The Industrial Commission of the United States found that, aside from the universal phenomenon of hostility among a few radicals against every kind of wealth, no antipathy existed against trusts, and that 'the strong feeling on the subject, which has been manifested for some years in the United States, seems to have found only a very faint echo in England.' Trusts have never been

a political issue in Great Britain. On the whole, the British view their trust development with complacency and satisfaction.

The secret of this peace and contentment — so different from the political and industrial turmoil in which the anti-trust crusade has plunged our own country — is not hard to find. While Congress and the various state legislatures were enacting the most stringent legislation to repress the trust movement, the English were recognizing and accepting the economic necessity of combination.

The divergence of the policies of England and the United States is striking. Prior to the early eighties, neither country had passed any laws on the subject, and by the unwritten law of the courts of both countries, restraints of trade which were general or unreasonable were invalid. In the United States, this doctrine was subsequently pushed to the extreme, and enacted by Congress and by the legislatures of three fourths of the states into drastic statutes, prohibiting not merely unreasonable restraints of trade, but also every kind of restraint of trade, large or small, particular or general, whether by combination or otherwise.

In England, a diametrically opposite course was pursued. No new laws were enacted or even agitated, and the unwritten law of the courts was actually relaxed, in deference to the economic changes of the time. In 1894, four years after Congress enacted the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, while American legislatures were passing anti-trust laws with enormous penalties, the House of Lords, sitting as the highest Court of Great Britain, escaped the incongruities which have embarrassed law and business in the United States, and announced the new and broadened view which ever since has harmonized English law with English

business. The occasion of this pronouncement by the House of Lords was an action to test the validity of the contract by which Nordenfelt, the famous manufacturer of guns and ammunition, sold his entire plant, patents, business and good-will, to the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company. The transaction was alleged to be in restraint of trade, and therefore void. The House of Lords held that it was valid, and Lord Morris stated the new doctrine as follows: —

‘The weight of authority up to the present time is with the proposition that general restraints of trade are necessarily void. It appears, however, to me, that the time for a new departure has arrived, and that it should be now authoritatively decided that there should be no difference in the legal considerations which would invalidate an agreement whether in general or partial restraint of trading. These considerations, I consider, are whether the restraint is reasonable and is not against the public interest. In olden times all restraints of trading were considered *prima facie* void. An exception was introduced when the agreement to restrain from trading was only from trading in a particular place and upon reasonable consideration, leaving still invalid agreements to restrain from trading at all. Such a general restraint was in the then state of things considered to be of no benefit even to the covenantor himself; but we have now reached a period when it may be said that science and invention have almost annihilated both time and space. Consequently there should no longer exist any cast-iron rule making void any agreement not to carry on a trade anywhere. The generality of time or space must always be a most important factor in the consideration of reasonableness, though not *per se* a decisive test.’

Thus was removed, decisively and

forever, from the British industrial world, the cloud that has been gathering and ominously hanging over the American industrial world.

The results of the trust policy of Germany and England — if let-alone treatment may be called a policy — are everywhere conceded to be fortunate. The Industrial Commission of the United States reported: 'There is, relatively speaking, little objection to combinations in Europe, and in some countries the governments and the people seem to believe that they are needed to meet modern industrial conditions. . . . There seems to be no inclination toward the passage of laws which shall attempt to kill the combinations. That is believed to be impossible and unwise.'

Simple specific statutes, directed merely against the plain evils of corporate management and business competition, and not affecting the legitimate and normal forms of industrial growth, have accomplished these results. The possibility of political corruption by corporations scarcely exists in Great Britain. The Standing Orders of both Houses of Parliament require that private bills — that is, bills which grant any corporate privileges or affect any private rights — must undergo a quasi judicial procedure. Thus, all bills that confer any powers on railways, tramways, electric-lighting, gas or water companies, must be introduced on petition, instead of on motion. Notice of such bills must be given by advertisement to all persons interested, three months before the meeting of Parliament, and copies of the bills must be deposited in the Private Bill Office of the House of Commons, where memorials from opponents may also be filed. Only after these requirements have been fulfilled is the petition presented to the House. After the second reading of the bill, it is referred to a

committee, which grants hearings to the promoters and the opponents, and takes testimony under oath regarding every clause of the bill, and finally reports the bill back to the House with its opinion, where its future progress is like that of any public bill. Every private bill must be in charge of a parliamentary agent, who is required to register his name with the proper parliamentary official and to give a bond in a considerable sum to secure his obedience to the Standing Orders. No statement regarding any private bill can be circulated in the House, unless signed by a registered parliamentary agent, who is held personally responsible for its accuracy. Under this procedure, Parliament is as immune from corporate corruption as are the courts. By further providing that candidates for office cannot exceed a fixed scale of lawful expenditure, and by requiring an exceedingly exhaustive account of contributions and expenditures, political corruption by corporations is well-nigh completely prevented.

Coercion, force, and fraud are the particular methods by which monopolists try to effect their purposes. These methods are as truly anarchistic in the realm of business as assassination is in the field of politics. Each of them, unless specifically forbidden and punished, destroys every condition of healthy competition. Each is sometimes resorted to by obscure and unsuccessful competitors, as well as by occasional conspicuous and successful concerns. In Great Britain, as well as in Germany, these practices are punished by simple, specific statutes. Whether the offender be great or small, he is governed by the same law.

Strict corporation laws, in comparison with which ours grow pale, compel fair dealing with investors, and publicity to stockholders and the state.

These obvious remedies, which prevent specific fraudulent and wrongful practices, whether they occur in the smallest concerns or in the largest trusts, have proved, in Germany and England, a complete solution of the trust problem.

In the United States, trust evils have been increased and intensified by foolish statutes, which prohibit every form of combination. As President Roosevelt said of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act: 'It is a public evil to have on the statute-books a law incapable of full enforcement, because both judges and

juries realize that its full enforcement would destroy the business of the country; for the result is to make decent men violators of the law against their will, and to put a premium on the behavior of the willful wrongdoers.' Until American anti-trust legislation ceases to prohibit all combination in restraint of trade, and seeks merely to prevent specific wrongful practices, which through fraud, coercion, or force violate legitimate business competition, the trust problem of America must continue to embroil politics and business.

CODDLING THE CRIMINAL

BY CHARLES C. NOTT, JR.

LET us suppose that to a man hesitating on the verge of committing an embezzlement, the following statement should be made as to the certainty or uncertainty of punishment following upon the commission of that crime:—

'If you commit this crime, you may or may not be found out. That will depend largely upon you. If you are found out you will be taken into custody (if caught), and later, if sufficient evidence against you is obtained, you will be put to trial. In this legal encounter your adversary will, figuratively speaking, have one hand strapped behind his back and will be governed by Marquis of Queensberry rules. You will have both hands free and will not be governed by any rules, but may strike below the belt or kick or trip. Should you win, you will be free, and no appeal will lie from any decision by the judge in your favor.

Should you lose, you may or may not be sentenced. If you are, you may take an appeal. Upon this appeal, no conduct of yours or of your attorney during the trial is brought up for review, but any infraction of the law of evidence, unfavorable to you, by the judge or district attorney, will set aside the result of the trial, and give you another chance. If the conviction should be affirmed and you can then be found, you will have to go to prison, but in all probability need not stay there long if you behave yourself while there.'

To most people this would savor more of an invitation to commit crime than of a warning against so doing; yet as a matter of fact it very fairly states the chances.

The fact is that our administration of the criminal law has as nearly reached perfection in guarding the innocent (and

guilty) from conviction as is possible for any human institution; but in securing the safety and order of the community by the conviction of the guilty it is woefully inadequate.

While figures are but dry mental food, the following will illustrate very well the safeguards which the law throws around persons accused of crime. In the year 1909, 6401 cases of felony were disposed of in the county of New York. Let us see what the chances were that out of this large number an injustice could have been done *as against a defendant* — not as against the state. The grand jury in that year dismissed 1342 cases, leaving 5059, no defendant as yet having been wronged. Of these 5059 cases the district attorney recommended the discharge of defendant, or dismissal of the indictment, in 928 cases, leaving 4131 cases, and no defendant wronged as yet. Of these 4131 cases, 481 were disposed of in various ways (such as bail forfeitures, discharges on writs of habeas corpus, etc.) favorable to defendants, leaving 3650 cases, and no defendant wronged as yet. In 2602 of these 3650 cases, the defendants pleaded guilty, leaving 1048 cases, and still no possibility of injustice to a defendant. In 585 out of these 1048 cases, acquittals, either by direction of the court or by verdict, resulted, leaving only 463 cases out of 6401, in which any mistake against a defendant could have been committed. These 463 cases, winnowed out of 6401, were invariably presented to juries under instructions by the court that twelve men would have to be convinced as one man, *beyond a reasonable doubt*, of the defendant's guilt before convicting; and in each of these 463 cases, twelve men were so convinced, and returned a verdict of guilty. The law still further safeguarded the rights of these defendants. While the state was allowed no appeal in any of the 585 cases in which it was unsuccessful,

each defendant convicted had an absolute right of appeal, and 104 appeals were taken during the year, resulting in eleven reversals of convictions, and leaving 452 cases, in the final result, in which there *could* have been any chance of injustice to a defendant. Of these 452 defendants many received suspended sentences, and to the remainder an application for executive clemency, or action in case of injustice, is always open.

When we come, however, to consider the rights of the state and the punishment of the guilty, the above figures are not calculated to inspire confidence in the effectiveness of the criminal law.

The appalling amount of crime in the United States, as compared with many other civilized countries, is due to the fact that it is known generally that the punishment for crime is uncertain and far from severe. The uncertainty of punishment is largely due to the extension in our criminal jurisprudence of two principles of the common law which were originally just and reasonable, but the present application of which is both unjust and unreasonable. This change is due to the fact that under the common law an accused was deprived of many rights which he now possesses, and was subjected to many burdens and risks of which he is now relieved. But, although the reason and necessity for the two principles referred to have long since ceased to exist, the principles are not only retained, but have been stretched and expanded to the infinite impairment of the efficiency and justice of our criminal law. The two principles are: that no man shall be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb for the same offense; and that no man shall be compelled to give evidence against himself.

Under the common law as it existed long after these principles originated, every felony was a capital offense, and every misdemeanor was punished with

branding, mutilation, or transportation. There were no prisons except those for detention for trial. After conviction the defendant was hanged, or his ears were cropped, or he was transported to the colonies. At his trial he was not entitled to counsel. He could not take the stand and testify in his own behalf, even if there were no witnesses available to him. If convicted he was allowed no appeal.

This being the state of the law, the justice of the two principles referred to is obvious. Should a man be acquitted after having run the risk of death through such an ordeal, common humanity required that he should not again be subjected to it, nor have a new trial granted against him after an acquittal when he could not obtain one for himself after a conviction. And it was manifestly unfair to compel a man, who could not testify in his own behalf, to give evidence against himself.

But the original situation no longer exists. Capital punishment is abolished in most states, save in cases of murder in its first degree, and mutilation and transportation no longer exist as punishment for crimes. The accused is entitled to the advice and services of counsel. He may take the stand in his own behalf. The right of appeal is granted him, *while denied to the state*.

Taking up now the consideration of the present interpretation of the principle forbidding a second 'jeopardy of life or limb,' and remembering that at the common law *neither* side could appeal, it is obvious that the rule was intended to prevent a defendant's being arbitrarily re-tried after an acquittal—a purpose with which no one can find fault; and it is no less obvious that the rule never contemplated that a re-trial should be granted to a defendant after the reversal on appeal of a conviction, but should be denied to the state after

a reversal of an acquittal on appeal. In other words, the common law said to the state, 'As neither side can appeal, a verdict either way shall settle the litigation, and you shall not continue trying a defendant over and over again until you obtain a favorable verdict.' It did not say, 'A re-trial after a reversal of an acquittal is duly had in an appellate court constitutes the forbidden second jeopardy.'

The fact that a defendant can appeal from a conviction, and can review on appeal all errors committed by the trial judge or any misconduct on the part of the district attorney, while the state can take no appeal from an acquittal, no matter how glaring may be the errors of the trial judge or the misconduct of the defendant's attorney, has an enormous practical effect on the conduct of the trial; none the less so for all that it is not commonly understood or appreciated.

When a judge who is timid as to his 'record' of cases appealed has only to rule consistently against the prosecution to avoid any *reversible* error, the temptation is so strong as to be resisted by but few. There are some judges who rule on a question of law purely as such in a criminal as in a civil case; and some who even hold that as the state is remediless if an error of law be made, while the defendant is not, the state should have the benefit of a doubt on the law, even as the defendant has the benefit of a doubt on the facts; but the number of such judges is all too small.

On the other hand, the great number of judges take refuge in the helplessness of the prosecution when any question that strikes them as at all doubtful arises; and some judges take advantage of the situation to act as if the prosecution had no rights at all that the judge is bound to respect, and as if it were for the judge to decide whether he would be bound by

any law of evidence whatever. Thus recently a judge in New York County, when the prosecutor handed up 'requests to charge the jury,' informed him that the district attorney had no right to request the court to charge anything, and refused to receive them. Another judge in the same county recently, in reply to a perfectly proper objection made by a prosecutor to a speech the defendant was making from the witness-chair, remarked that the district attorney had no right to object, that this man was the defendant and could say anything he wanted to; while another stated that he knew certain evidence offered by the defendant was incompetent, but that he (the judge) would 'suspend the rules of evidence' — in so far only as they applied in favor of the prosecution, of course. Indeed the trial of a criminal case often degenerates into a proceeding which cannot be dignified by the name of a trial in a court of law, but which amounts simply to a hearing conducted arbitrarily in defiance of all rules of law, and in accordance with the whims of a judge who has taken an oath of office to do justice 'according to law,' and not according to his own whims.

It is a safe assertion that, under our present system, fully seventy-five per cent of judgments of acquittal could be reversed on appeal for errors committed against the prosecution. If the state could take an appeal, this percentage would at once drop enormously, even if the right to appeal were but seldom resorted to, and such arbitrary acts as those just cited would practically cease.

If the principle, as it was originally intended to be applied, were reasonable and just, namely, that a defendant (who, if convicted, had no right of appeal) should not arbitrarily be put on trial again, if acquitted; and if the present extension of the principle be unrea-

sonable and unjust; namely, that a convicted defendant can appeal and secure a new trial, but that the state is precluded from so doing in all cases where acquittal results; it may properly be asked: What objection can there be to placing parties litigant upon an even footing to the extent of allowing an appeal by the state, with a re-trial where a judgment of acquittal is reversed for errors of law?

It may be urged that an impecunious defendant would be unable to bear the expense of an appeal and would have to let it go by default. But the court could always assign counsel to defend upon appeal, as the courts now do to defend upon trial. The state, being the appellant, would be obliged to incur the expense of preparing and printing the record on appeal; and the state, having taken the appeal, should bear the expense of the printing of the defendant's brief, the only expense to be incurred by the defendant.

Should the objection be taken that defendants, having been necessarily liberated upon acquittal, would rarely be apprehended again upon a subsequent reversal of an acquittal, the answer is that the object of the change is to secure fair trials by giving both sides equal rights, and it is of small importance whether any particular defendant escapes or not. If the state were given the right to appeal, the character of criminal trials would so improve that the right would only have to be availed of in comparatively few instances.

When we turn to the second principle of the common law, that no man shall be compelled to give testimony against himself, the same condition of things confronts us, — a principle just and reasonable in its original application, warped and stretched out of all reason and justice.

This principle was originally intend-

ed to prevent the use of the rack and thumb-screw to wring a true confession from a guilty man, or a false confession from an innocent man. The fact that a defendant was precluded from testifying in his own favor also enhanced the justice of the rule. But why should the rule be stretched further than to the prevention of confessions by force or improper means of any sort? The extent to which it is stretched is well illustrated by the present law, which forbids all reference by the prosecution to the failure of the defendant to take the stand, and entitles the defendant to have the jury charged that no inference can be drawn against him because of such failure. This is done on the theory that if the failure of a defendant to take the stand could be used against him, he would be *compelled* to testify and give evidence *against* himself. What objection is there in reason to calling, through a magistrate, upon a defendant immediately upon his arraignment, to state his explanation, upon pain of being precluded from testifying upon the trial, if he refuse to give such explanation when required by the magistrate?

It cannot be too firmly kept in mind that the present practice is *solely* for the benefit of the *guilty*. The innocent man is always eager to give his explanation and does so at the first opportunity, and it is always to his interest so to do. But the guilty is now enabled by the law to remain mute, to learn the evidence against him, to concoct his defense pending trial, and to come into court fully acquainted with the case against him, while the district attorney only knows that the defendant has pronounced the two words 'not guilty,' under which he may prove an *alibi*, self-defense, insanity, or any other defense applicable to the case.

It requires no argument to show that no system could be better adapted than this to encourage and promote con-

cocted defenses, *while giving nothing of any practical advantage to the defendant with an honest defense*. Moreover, if a public and orderly inquiry into the defense were held before the committing magistrate, the abuses in obtaining information from defendants, known as the 'third degree' system, and popularly supposed to be very prevalent, would at once disappear. The prisoner on arraignment before the magistrate would be informed of his right to counsel, that whatever he might say would be used against him, and that, should he decline to answer the questions put to him, he would not be allowed thereafter to testify in his own behalf when put on trial. Such a procedure no more compels a man to testify against himself than does now the fear that a failure on his part to take the stand may result unfavorably. *It merely calls upon a defendant to make an earlier choice whether to testify or not*, and calls upon him to make that choice before he has had the chance (in criminal vernacular) to 'frame up' a defense.

A somewhat similar proceeding has long been one of the most important and distinctive features of the administration of the criminal law in France. There the accused is at once brought before the *juge d'instruction*, who examines him at length, remanding him from time to time in order to afford opportunity for verifying his statements. In case of refusal by a defendant to answer, the judge has a wide discretion in detaining him and endeavoring to break down his silence. It would certainly be inadvisable to import into our criminal procedure this power of detention in a committing magistrate; but, in the method advocated above, the magistrate would have no such power, being obliged, upon the defendant's refusal to answer, either to discharge him or hold him for the grand jury as the case might require.

To those so fortunate as never to have had any actual experience in the administration of criminal law, all of these proposed changes may appear theoretical and abstract. But they who have taken part in criminal trials and are familiar with the practical workings of our system, will appreciate the enormous practical difference that would be wrought by such changes. To-day we have a practice under which an accused is made acquainted with the case against him, even to being furnished with the names of the witnesses who have testified against him before the grand jury; the accused stands mute save for his plea of 'not guilty,' and comes into court with a defense unknown to the prosecutor, and with witnesses whose names are not known to the district attorney until they are called to the stand, when, of course, it is too late (in the ordinary criminal trial) to investigate them. The defense knows that it has everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by getting into the case anything and everything favorable to the defendant, whether competent or not, and by trying to keep out everything unfavorable to him, no matter how material, relevant, and competent; the defendant's counsel knows that no misconduct on his own part will be subjected to judicial review and criticism, and a large pro-

portion of the criminal bar customarily resort to methods in the preparation of their defenses and the trial of their cases which would not be tolerated on the part of the district attorney.

All of this state of affairs would be practically reformed by two changes in the law: the first granting a right of appeal to the state, to review all errors of law committed upon the trial; and the second providing for an examination of the defendant by the committing magistrate, and forbidding the defendant to take the stand upon his trial in case of his refusal to answer. We should then have both sides coming into court apprized respectively of the cause of action and the defense, as has been the practice from time immemorial in civil cases; we should find the number of perjured defenses decreasing and the number of honest pleas of guilty increasing; we should have trials conducted with fairness to both sides, and due regard for the law of evidence; we should have the defendants' attorneys subjected to that wholesome regard for the consequences of evil and unprofessional conduct that now exists only upon the part of their opponents; in short, we should have a marked improvement in both the effectiveness of the criminal law and the moral tone of the courts and criminal bar.

MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE SIERRA¹

BY JOHN MUIR

June 18, 1869. — Another inspiring morning; nothing better in any world can be conceived. No description of Heaven that I have ever heard or read seems half so fine. At noon the clouds occupied about .05 of the sky, white, filmy touches drawn delicately on the azure. The high ridges and hilltops beyond the woolly locusts are now gay with monardella, clarkia, coreopsis, and tall tufted grasses, some of them tall enough to wave like pines. The lupines, of which there are many ill-defined species, are now mostly out of flower; and many of the compositæ are beginning to fade, their radiant corollas vanishing in fluffy pappus like stars in mist.

June 20. — Some of the silly sheep got caught fast in a tangle of chaparral this morning, like flies in a spider's web, and had to be helped out. Carlo found them and tried to drive them from the trap by the easiest way. How far above sheep are intelligent dogs! No friend and helper can be more affectionate and constant than Carlo. The noble St. Bernard is an honor to his race.

The air is distinctly fragrant with balsam and resin and mint, — every breath of it a gift we may well thank God for. Who could ever guess that so rough a wilderness should yet be so fine, so full of good things. One seems to be in a majestic domed pavilion in which a grand play is being acted with scenery and music and incense, — all

the furniture and action so interesting we are in no danger of being called on to endure one dull moment. God himself seems to be always doing his best here, working like a man in a glow of enthusiasm.

June 23. — Oh, these vast calm measureless mountain days, inciting at once to work and rest. Days in whose light everything seems equally divine, opening a thousand windows to show us God. Never more, however weary, should one faint by the way who gains the blessings of one mountain day; whatever his fate, long life, short life, stormy or calm, he is rich forever.

June 24. — Our regular allowance of clouds and thunder. Shepherd Billy is in a peck of trouble about the sheep; he declares that they are possessed with more of the evil one than any other flock from the beginning of the invention of mutton and wool to the last batch of it. No matter how many are missing, he will not, he says, go a step to seek them, because, as he reasons, while getting back one wanderer he would probably lose ten. Therefore runaway hunting must be Carlo's and mine.

Billy's little dog Jack is also giving trouble by leaving camp every night to visit his neighbors up the mountain at Brown's Flat. He is a common-looking cur of no particular breed, but tremendously enterprising in love and war. He has cut all the ropes and leather straps he has been

¹ An earlier portion of this journal was published in the January *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

tied with, until his master in desperation, after climbing the brushy mountain again and again to drag him back, fastened him with a pole attached to his collar under his chin at one end, and to a stout sapling at the other. But the pole gave good leverage, and by constant twisting during the night, the fastening at the sapling end was chafed off, and he set out on his usual journey, dragging the pole through the brush, and reached the Indian settlement in safety. His master followed, and making no allowance, gave him a beating, and swore in bad terms that next evening he would 'fix that infatuated pup' by anchoring him unmercifully to the heavy cast-iron lid of our Dutch oven, weighing about as much as the dog. It was linked directly to his collar close up under the chin, so that the poor fellow seemed unable to stir. He stood quite discouraged until after dark, unable to look about him, or even to lie down unless he stretched himself out with his front feet across the lid, and his head close down between his paws. Before morning, however, Jack was heard far up the height howling Excelsior, cast-iron anchor to the contrary notwithstanding. He must have walked, or rather climbed, erect on his hind legs, clasping the heavy lid like a shield against his breast, a formidable iron-clad condition in which to meet his rivals. Next night dog, pot-lid, and all were tied up in an old bean-sack, and thus at last angry Billy gained the victory.

Just before leaving home, Jack was bitten in the lower jaw by a rattlesnake, and for a week or so his head and neck were swelled to more than double the normal size; nevertheless he ran about as brisk and lively as ever, and is now completely recovered. The only treatment he got was fresh milk, — a gallon or two at a time forcibly poured down his sore, poisoned throat.

June 30. — Half cloudy, half sunny, clouds lustrous white. The tall pines crowded along the top of the Pilot Peak Ridge look like six-inch miniatures exquisitely outlined on the satiny sky. Average cloudiness for the day about .25. No rain. And so this memorable month ends, a stream of beauty unmeasured, no more to be sectioned off by almanac arithmetic than sun-radiance or the currents of seas and rivers, — a peaceful, joyful stream of beauty. Every morning, rising from the death of sleep, the happy plants and all our fellow animal creatures great and small, and even the rocks, seemed to be shouting, 'Awake, awake, rejoice, rejoice, come love us and join in our song. Come! Come!' Looking back through the stillness and romantic enchanting beauty and peace of the camp grove, this June seems the greatest of all the months of my life, the most truly, divinely free, boundless like eternity, immortal. Everything in it seems equally divine — one smooth pure wild glow of Heaven's love, never to be blotted or blurred by anything past or to come.

July 1. — Summer is ripe. Flocks of seeds are already out of their cups and pods seeking their predestined places. Some will strike root and grow up beside their parents, others flying on the wings of the wind far from them, among strangers. Most of the young birds are full feathered and out of their nests, though still looked after by both father and mother, protected and fed and to some extent educated. How beautiful the home-life of birds. No wonder we all love them.

I like to watch the squirrels. There are two species here, the large California gray and the Douglas. The latter is the brightest of all the squirrels I have ever seen, a hot spark of life, making every tree tingle with his prickly toes, a condensed nugget of fresh moun-

tain vigor and valor, as free from disease as a sunbeam. One cannot think of such an animal ever being weary or sick. He seems to think the mountains belong to him, and at first tried to drive away the whole flock of sheep as well as the shepherd and dogs. How he scolds, and what faces he makes, all eyes, teeth, and whiskers! If not so comically small he would indeed be a dreadful fellow. I would like to know more about his bringing up, his life in the home knot-hole, as well as in the tree-tops, throughout all the seasons. Strange that I have not yet found a nest full of young ones. The Douglas is nearly allied to the red squirrel of the Atlantic slope, and may have been distributed to this side of the continent by way of the great unbroken forests of the north.

The California gray is one of the most beautiful, and, next to the Douglas, the most interesting of our hairy neighbors. Compared with Douglas he is twice as large, but far less lively and influential as a worker in the woods, and he manages to make his way through leaves and branches with less stir than his small brother. I have never heard him bark at anything except our dogs. In search of food he glides silently from branch to branch, examining last year's cones to see if some few seeds may not be left between the scales, or gleans fallen ones among the leaves on the ground, since none of the present season's crop is yet available. His tail floats now behind him, now above him, level or gracefully curled like a wisp of cirrus cloud, every hair in its place, clean and shining and radiant as thistle-down in spite of rough, gummy work. His whole body seems about as unsubstantial as his tail.

The little Douglas is fiery, peppery, full of brag and fight and show, with movements so quick and keen they almost sting the onlooker; and the

harlequin gyrating show he makes of himself turns one giddy to see. The gray is shy, and oftentimes stealthy in his movements, as if half expecting an enemy in every tree and bush, and back of every log, wishing only to be let alone apparently, and manifesting no desire to be seen or admired or feared. The Indians hunt this species for food, a good cause for caution, not to mention other enemies, — hawks, snakes, wildcats. In woods where food is abundant they wear paths through sheltering thickets and over prostrate trees to some favorite pool where in hot and dry weather they drink at nearly the same hour every day. These pools are said to be narrowly watched, especially by the boys, who lie in ambush with bow and arrow, and kill without noise. But, in spite of enemies, squirrels are happy fellows, forest favorites, types of tireless life. Of all Nature's wild beasts, they seem to me the wildest. May we come to know each other better.

The chaparral-covered hill-slope to the south of the camp, besides furnishing nesting-places for countless merry birds, is the home and hiding-place of the curious wood-rat (*Neotoma*), a handsome, interesting animal, always attracting attention wherever seen. It is more like a squirrel than a rat, is much larger, has delicate, thick, soft fur of a bluish slate color, white on the belly; ears large, thin, and translucent; eyes soft, full, and liquid; claws slender, sharp as needles; and as his limbs are strong, he can climb about as well as a squirrel.

No rat or squirrel has so innocent a look, is so easily approached, or expresses such confidence in one's good intentions. He seems too fine for the thorny thickets he inhabits, and his hut also is as unlike himself as may be, though softly furnished inside. No other animal inhabitant of these moun-

tains builds houses so large and striking in appearance. The traveler coming suddenly upon a group of them for the first time will not be likely to forget them. They are built of all kinds of sticks, old rotten pieces picked up anywhere, and green prickly twigs bitten from the nearest bushes, the whole mixed with miscellaneous odds and ends of everything movable, such as bits of cloddy earth, stones, bones, deer-horn, etc., piled up in a conical mass as if it were got ready for burning.

Some of these curious cabins are six feet high and as wide at the base, and a dozen or more of them are occasionally grouped together, less perhaps for the sake of society than for advantages of food and shelter. Coming through the dense shaggy thickets of some lonely hillside, the solitary explorer happening into one of these strange villages is startled at the sight, and may fancy himself in an Indian settlement, and begin to wonder what kind of reception he is likely to get. But no savage face will he see, perhaps not a single inhabitant, or at most two or three seated on top of their wigwams, looking at the stranger with the mildest of wild eyes, and allowing a near approach. In the centre of the rough spiky hut a soft nest is made of the inner fibres of bark chewed to tow, and lined with feathers and the down of various seeds such as willow and milkweed. The delicate creature in its prickly, thick-walled home suggests a tender flower in a thorny involucre. Some of the nests are built in trees thirty or forty feet from the ground, and even in garrets, as if seeking the company and protection of man, like swallows and linnets, though accustomed to the wildest solitude.

Among housekeepers *Neotoma* has the reputation of a thief, because he carries away everything transportable to his queer hut, — knives, forks, tin cups, combs, nails, spectacles, etc., —

merely however to strengthen his fortifications, I guess. His food at home, as far as I have learned, is nearly the same as that of the squirrels, — nuts, berries, seeds, and sometimes the bark and tender shoots of the various species of *ceanothus*.

July 2. — Warm, sunny day, thrilling plant and animals and rocks alike, making sap and blood flow fast, and making every particle of the crystal mountains throb and swirl and dance in glad accord like star-dust. No dullness anywhere visible or thinkable. No stagnation, no death. Everything kept in joyful rhythmic motion in the pulses of Nature's big heart.

Pearl cumuli over the higher mountains, — clouds, not with a silver lining, but all silver. The brightest, crispest, rockiest-looking clouds, most varied in features and keenest in outline, I ever saw at any time of year in any country. The daily building and unbuilding of these snowy cloud-ranges — the highest Sierra — is a prime marvel to me, and I gaze at the stupendous white domes, miles high, with ever fresh admiration. But in the midst of these sky and mountain affairs a change of diet is pulling us down. We have been out of bread a few days, and begin to miss it more than seems reasonable, for we have plenty of meat and sugar and tea. Strange we should feel food-poor in so rich a wilderness. The Indians put us to shame, so do the squirrels, — starchy roots and seeds and bark in abundance, yet the failure of the meal-sack disturbs our bodily balance and threatens our best enjoyments.

July 4. — The air beyond the flock range, full of the essences of the woods, is growing sweeter and more fragrant from day to day, like ripening fruit.

Mr. Delaney is expected to arrive soon from the lowlands with a new

stock of provisions, and as the flock is to be moved to fresh pastures we shall all be well fed. In the mean time our stock of beans as well as flour has failed; everything but mutton, sugar, and tea. The shepherd is somewhat demoralized and seems to care but little what becomes of his flock. He says that since the boss has failed to feed him he is not rightly bound to feed the sheep, and swears that no decent white man can climb these steep mountains on mutton alone. 'It's not fittin' grub for a white man really white. For dogs and coyotes and Indians it's different. Good grub, good sheep. That's what I say.' Such was Billy's Fourth of July oration.

July 5. — The clouds of noon on the high Sierra seem yet more marvelously, indescribably beautiful from day to day as one becomes more wakeful to see them. The smoke of the gunpowder burned yesterday on the lowlands, and the eloquence of the orators has probably settled or been blown away by this time. Here every day is a holiday, a jubilee ever sounding with serene enthusiasm, without wear or waste or cloying weariness. Everything rejoicing. Not a single cell or crystal unvisited or forgotten.

July 6. — Mr. Delaney has not arrived, and the bread famine is sore. We must eat mutton a while longer, though it seems hard to get accustomed to it. I have heard of Texas pioneers living without bread or anything made from the cereals for months without suffering, using the breast-meat of wild turkeys for bread. Of this kind they had plenty in the good old days when life, though considered less safe, was fussed over the less. The trappers and fur-traders of early days in the Rocky Mountain regions lived on bison and beaver meat for months. Salmon-eaters

too there are among both Indians and whites who seem to suffer little or not at all from the want of bread. Just at this moment mutton seems the least desirable of food, though of good quality. We pick out the leanest bits, and down it goes against heavy disgust, causing nausea and an effort to reject the offensive stuff. Tea makes matters worse, if possible. The stomach begins to assert itself as an independent creature with a will of its own. We should boil lupine leaves, clover, starchy petioles, and saxifrage root-stocks like the Indians. We try to ignore our gastric troubles, rise and gaze about us, turn our eyes to the mountains, and climb doggedly up through brush and rocks into the heart of the scenery. A stifled calm comes on, and the day's duties and even enjoyments are languidly got through with. We chew a few leaves of ceanothus by way of luncheon, and smell or chew the spicy monardella for the dull headache and stomach-ache that now lightens, now comes muffling down upon us and into us like fog. At night more mutton, flesh to flesh, down with it, not too much, and there are the stars shining through the cedar plumes and branches above our beds.

July 7. — Rather weak and sickish this morning, and all about a piece of bread. Can scarce command attention to my best studies, as if one could n't take a few days' saunter in the Godful woods without maintaining a base on a wheat-field and grist-mill. Like caged parrots we want a cracker, any of the hundred kinds, — the remainder biscuit of a voyage round the world would answer well enough, nor would the wholesomeness of saleratus biscuit be questioned. Bread without flesh is a good diet, as on many botanical excursions I have proved. Tea also may easily be ignored. Just bread and water and delightful toil is all I need, — not

unreasonably much, yet one ought to be trained and tempered to enjoy life in these brave wilds in full independence of any particular kind of nourishment. That this may be accomplished is manifest, so far as bodily welfare is concerned, in the lives of people of other climes. The Eskimo, for example, gets a living far north of the wheat-line, from oily seals and whales. Meat, berries, bitter weeds, and blubber, or only the last, for months at a time; and yet these people all around the frozen shores of our continent are said to be hearty, jolly, stout, and brave. We hear too of fish-eaters, carnivorous as spiders, yet well enough so far as stomachs are concerned, while we are so ridiculously helpless, making wry faces over our fare, looking sheepish in digestive distress amid rumbling, grumbling sounds that might well pass for smothered ba-as. We have a large supply of sugar, and this evening it occurred to me that these belligerent stomachs might possibly, like complaining children, be coaxed with candy. Accordingly the frying-pan was cleansed and a lot of sugar cooked in it to a sort of wax, but this stuff only made matters worse.

Man seems to be the only animal whose food soils him, making much washing necessary, and shield-like bibs and napkins. Moles living in the earth and eating slimy worms are yet as clean as seals or fishes, whose lives are one perpetual wash. And, as we have seen, the squirrels in these resiny woods keep themselves clean in some mysterious way; not a hair is sticky, though they handle the gummy cones, and glide about apparently without care. The birds too are clean, though they seem to make a good deal of fuss washing and cleaning their feathers. Certain flies and ants I see are in a fix, entangled and sealed up in the sugar-wax we threw away, like some of their ancestors in amber.

Our stomachs, like tired muscles, are sore with long squirming. Once I was very hungry in the Bonaventure graveyard near Savannah, Georgia, having fasted for several days; then the empty stomach seemed to chafe in much the same way as now, and a somewhat similar tenderness and aching was produced, hard to bear, though the pain was not acute. We dream of bread, a sure sign we need it. Like the Indians, we ought to know how to get the starch out of fern and saxifrage stalks, lily-bulbs, pine-bark, etc. Our education has been sadly neglected for many generations. Wild rice would be good. I noticed a species of leersia in wet meadow edges, but the seeds are small. Acorns are not ripe, nor pine nuts, nor filberts. The inner bark of pine or spruce might be tried. Drank tea until half intoxicated. Man seems to crave a stimulant when anything extraordinary is going on, and this is the only one I use. Billy chews great quantities of tobacco, which I suppose helps to stupefy and moderate his misery. We look and listen for the Don every hour. How beautiful upon the mountains his big feet would be!

In the warm hospitable Sierra, shepherds and mountain-men in general, so far as I have seen, are easily satisfied as to food-supplies and bedding. Most of them are heartily content to 'rough it,' ignoring Nature's fineness as bothersome or unmanly. The shepherd's bed is often only the bare ground and a pair of blankets, with a stone, a piece of wood, or a pack-saddle for a pillow. In choosing the spot, he shows less care than the dogs, for they usually deliberate before making up their minds in so important an affair, going from place to place, scraping away loose sticks and pebbles and trying for comfort by making many changes, while the shepherd casts himself down anywhere, seemingly the least skilled of all rest-seekers.

His food, too, even when he has all he wants, is usually far from delicate, either in kind or cooking. Beans, bread of any sort, bacon, mutton, dried peaches, and sometimes potatoes and onions, make up his bill-of-fare, the two latter articles being regarded as luxuries on account of their weight as compared with the nourishment they contain; a half-sack or so of each may be put into the pack in setting out from the home ranch, and in a few days they are done. Beans are the main stand-by, portable, wholesome, and capable of going far, besides being easily cooked, although curiously enough a great deal of mystery is supposed to lie about the bean-pot.

No two cooks quite agree on the methods of making beans do their best, and when, after petting and coaxing and nursing the savory mess, — well oiled and mellowed with bacon boiled into the heart of it, — the proud cook will ask, after dishing out a quart or two for trial, 'Well, how do you like *my* beans?' as if by no possibility could they be like any other beans cooked in the same way, but must needs possess some special virtue of which he alone is master. Molasses, sugar, or pepper may be used to give desired flavors; or the first water may be poured off and a spoonful or two of ashes or soda added to dissolve or soften the skins more fully, according to various tastes and notions. But, like casks of wine, no two potfuls are exactly alike to every palate. Some are supposed to be spoiled by the moon, by some unlucky day, the beans having been grown on soil not suitable; or the whole year may be to blame as not favorable for beans, and so forth.

Coffee too has its marvels in the camp kitchen, but not so many, and not so inscrutable as those that beset the bean-pot. A low complacent grunt follows a mouthful drawn in with a gurgle, and

the remark cast forth aimlessly, 'That's good coffee.' Then another gurgling sip and repetition of the judgment. 'Yes, sir, that is good coffee.' As to tea, there are but two kinds, weak and strong, the stronger the better. The only remark heard is, 'That tea's weak,' otherwise it is good enough and not worth mentioning. If it has been boiled an hour or two or smoked on a pitchy fire, no matter, — who cares for a little tannin or creosote? they make the black beverage all the stronger and more attractive to tobacco-tanned palates.

At last Don Delaney comes down the long glen, — hunger vanishes, we turn our eyes to the mountains, and to-morrow we go climbing toward cloudland.

Never while anything is left of me shall this first camp be forgotten. It has fairly grown into me. Not merely as memory-pictures, but as part and parcel of mind and body alike. The deep hopper-like hollow, with its majestic trees through which all the wonderful nights the stars poured their beauty. The flowery wildness of the high steep slope toward Brown's Flat, and its bloom-fragrance descending at the close of the still days. The embowered river-reaches with their multitude of voices making melody, the stately flow and rush and glad exulting onswEEPing currents caressing the dipping sedge-leaves and bushes and mossy stones, swirling in pools, dividing against little flowery islands, breaking gray and white here and there, ever rejoicing, yet with deep solemn undertones recalling the ocean, — the brave little bird ever beside them, singing with sweet human tones among the waltzing foam-bells, and like a blessed evangel explaining God's love.

And the Pilot Peak Ridge, its long withdrawing slopes gracefully modeled and braided, reaching from climate to climate, feathered with trees that are the kings of their race, their ranks nobly

marshaled to view, spire above spire, crown above crown, waving their long, leafy arms, tossing their cones like ringing bells, — blessed sun-fed mountaineers rejoicing in their strength, every tree tuneful, a harp for the winds and the sun. The hazel and buckthorn pastures of the deer, the sunbeaten brows purple and yellow with mint and golden-rods, carpeted with chamœbatia, humming with bees. And the dawns and sunrises and sundowns of these mountain days, — the rose light creeping higher among the stars, changing to daffodil yellow, the level beams bursting forth, streaming across the ridges, touching pine after pine, awakening and warming all the mighty host to do gladly their shining day's work. The great sun-gold noons, the alabaster cloud-mountains, the landscape beaming with consciousness like the face of a god; and the sunsets, when the trees stood hushed awaiting their good-night blessings. Divine, enduring, unwastable wealth.

July 8. — Now away we go toward the topmost mountains. Many still, small voices, as well as the noon thunder, are calling, 'Come higher.' Farewell, blessed dell, woods, gardens, streams, birds, squirrels, lizards, and a thousand others. Farewell. Farewell.

Up through the woods the hoofed locusts streamed beneath a cloud of brown dust. Scarcely were they driven a hundred yards from the old corral ere they seemed to know that at last they were going to new pastures, and rushed wildly ahead, crowding through gaps in the brush, jumping, tumbling like exulting, hurrahing flood-waters escaping through a broken dam. A man on each flank kept shouting advice to the leaders, who in their famishing condition were behaving like Gadarene swine; two other drivers were busy with stragglers, helping them out of brush-

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tangles; the Indian, calm, alert, silently watched for wanderers likely to be overlooked; the two dogs ran here and there, at a loss to know what was best to be done, while the Don, soon far in the rear, was trying to keep in sight of his troublesome wealth.

As soon as the boundary of the old eaten-out range was passed, the hungry horde suddenly became calm, like a mountain stream in a meadow. Thenceforward they were allowed to eat their way as slowly as they wished, care being taken only to keep them headed toward the summit of the Merced and Tuolumne divide. Soon the two thousand flattened paunches were bulged out with sweet-pea vines and grass, and the gaunt, desperate creatures, more like wolves than sheep, became bland and governable, while the howling drivers changed to gentle shepherds, and sauntered in peace.

I miss my river songs to-night. Here Hazel Creek at its topmost springs has a voice like a bird. The wind-tones in the great trees overhead are strangely impressive, all the more because not a leaf stirs below them. But it grows late, and I must to bed. The camp is silent; everybody asleep. It seems extravagant to spend hours so precious in sleep. 'He giveth his beloved sleep.' Pity the poor beloved needs it, weak, weary, forespent; oh, the pity of it, to sleep in the midst of eternal, beautiful motion instead of gazing forever, like the stars.

July 9. — Exhilarated with the mountain air, I feel like shouting this morning with excess of wild animal joy. The Indian lay down away from the fire last night, without blankets, having nothing on, by way of clothing, but a pair of blue overalls and a calico shirt wet with sweat. The night air is chilly at this elevation, and we gave him some horse-blankets, but he did n't seem to

care for them. A fine thing to be independent of clothing where it is so hard to carry. When food is scarce he can live on whatever comes in his way, — a few berries, roots, bird-eggs, grasshoppers, black ants, fat wasp or bumblebee larvæ, without feeling that he is doing anything worth mention, so I have been told.

We passed a number of charming garden-like meadows lying on top of the divide or hanging like ribbons down its sides, imbedded in the glorious forest. Some are taken up chiefly with the tall white-flowered *Veratrum Californicum*, with boat-shaped leaves about a foot long, eight or ten inches wide, and veined like those of cypripedium, — a robust, hearty, liliaceous plant, fond of water and determined to be seen. Columbine and larkspur grow on the dryer edges of the meadows, with a tall handsome lupine standing waist-deep in long grasses and sedges. Castilleias, too, of several species make a bright show with beds of violets at their feet. But the glory of these forest meadows is a lily (*L. parvum*). The tallest is from seven to eight feet high with magnificent racemes of ten to twenty or more small orange-colored flowers, while it stands out free in open ground, with just enough grass and other companion plants about it to fringe its feet, and show it off to best advantage. This is a grand addition to my lily acquaintances, — a true mountaineer, reaching prime vigor and beauty at a height of seven thousand feet or thereabouts. It varies, I find, very much in size even in the same meadow, not only with the soil, but with age. I saw a specimen that had only one flower, and another within a stone's throw had twenty-five.

And to think that the sheep should be allowed in these lily-meadows! after how many centuries of Nature's care planting and watering them, tucking

the bulbs in snugly below winter frost, shading the tender shoots with clouds drawn above them like curtains, pouring refreshing rain, making them perfect in beauty, and keeping them safe by a thousand miracles; yet, strange to say, allowing the trampling of devastating sheep. One might reasonably look for a wall of fire to fence such gardens. So extravagant is Nature with her choicest treasures, spending plant-beauty as she spends sunshine, pouring it forth into land and sea, garden and desert. And so the beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, wolves and sheep, birds and bees, but so far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy these gardens. Awkward, lumbering bears, the Don tells me, love to wallow in them in hot weather, and deer with their sharp feet cross them again and again, sauntering and feeding, yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them. Rather, like gardeners, they seem to cultivate them, pressing and dibbling as required. Anyhow, not a leaf or a petal seems misplaced.

The trees round about them seem as perfect in beauty and form as the lilies, their boughs whorled like lily leaves in exact order. This evening, as usual, the glow of our camp-fire is working enchantment on everything within reach of its rays. Lying beneath the firs, it is glorious to see them dipping their spires in the starry sky, the sky like one vast lily meadow in bloom! How can I close my eyes on so precious a night!

Have greatly enjoyed all this huge day, sauntering and seeing, steeping in the mountain influences, sketching, noting, pressing flowers, drinking ozone and tamarac water. Found the white fragrant Washington lily, the finest of all the Sierra lilies. Its bulbs are buried in shaggy chaparral tangles, I suppose for safety from pawing bears; and its magnificent panicles sway and rock

over the top of the rough snow-pressed bushes, while big, bold, blunt-nosed bees drone and mumble in its polleny bells. A lovely flower worth going hungry and footsore endless miles to see. The whole world seems richer now that I have found this plant in so noble a landscape.

A log house serves to mark a claim to the tamarac meadow, which may become valuable as a station in case travel to Yosemite should greatly increase. Belated parties occasionally stop here. A white man with an Indian woman is holding possession of the place.

Sauntered up the meadow about sundown, out of sight of camp and sheep and all human mark, into the deep peace of the solemn old woods, everything glowing with Heaven's unquenchable enthusiasm.

July 12. — The Don has returned, and again we go on pilgrimage. 'Looking over the Yosemite Creek country,' he said, 'from the tops of the hills you see nothing but rocks and patches of trees; but when you go down into the rocky desert you find no end of small grassy banks and meadows, and so the country is not half so lean as it looks.' There we'll go and stay until the snow is melted from the upper country.

I was glad to hear that the high snow made a stay in the Yosemite region necessary, for I am anxious to see as much of it as possible. What fine times I shall have sketching, studying plants and rocks, and scrambling about the brink of the great valley alone, out of sight and sound of camp!

We saw another party of Yosemite tourists to-day. Somehow most of these travelers seem to care but little for the glorious objects about them, though enough to spend time and money and endure long rides to see the famous valley. And when they are fairly

within the mighty walls of the temple and hear the psalms of the falls, they will forget themselves and become devout. Blessed indeed should be every pilgrim in these holy mountains.

The Mono Trail crosses the range by the Bloody Cañon Pass to gold-mines near the north end of Mono Lake. These mines were reported to be rich when first discovered, and a grand rush took place, making a trail necessary. A few small bridges were built over streams where fording was not practicable on account of the softness of the bottom, sections of fallen trees cut out, and lanes made through thickets wide enough to allow the passage of bulky packs; but over the greater part of the way scarce a stone or shovelful of earth has been moved.

The woods we passed through are composed almost wholly of *Abies magnifica*, the companion species, *concolor*, being mostly left behind on account of altitude, while the increasing elevation seems grateful to the charming *magnifica*. No words can do anything like justice to this noble tree. At one place many had fallen during some heavy windstorm, owing to the loose sandy character of the soil, which offered no secure anchorage. The soil is mostly decomposed and disintegrated moraine material.

July 14. — How deathlike is sleep in this mountain air, and quick the awakening into newness of life! A calm dawn, yellow and purple, then floods of sun-gold, making everything tingle and glow.

In an hour or two we came to Yosemite Creek, the stream that makes the greatest of all the Yosemite falls. It is about forty feet wide at the Mono Trail crossing, and now about four feet in average depth, flowing about three miles an hour. The distance to the verge of the Yosemite wall, where it makes

its tremendous plunge, is only about two miles. Calm, beautiful, and nearly silent, it glides with stately gestures, a dense growth of the slender two-leaved pine along its banks, and a fringe of willow, purple spirea, sedges, daisies, lilies, and columbines. Some of the sedges and willow boughs dip into the current, and just outside of the close ranks of trees there is a sunny flat of washed gravelly sand which seems to have been deposited by some ancient flood. It is covered with millions of erethrea, eriogonum, and oxytheca, with more flowers than leaves, forming an even growth slightly dimpled and ruffled here and there by rosettes of *spraguea umbellata*.

Back of this flowery strip is a wavy up-sloping plain of solid granite, so smoothly ice-polished in many places that it glistens in the sun like glass. In shallow hollows there are patches of trees, mostly the rough form of the two-leaved pine, rather scrawny-looking where there is little or no soil. Also a few junipers (*J. occidentalis*), short and stout, with bright cinnamon-colored bark and gray foliage, standing alone mostly, on the sun-beaten pavement, safe from fire, clinging by slight joints—a sturdy storm-enduring mountaineer of a tree, living on sunshine and snow, maintaining tough health on this diet for perhaps more than a thousand years.

Up toward the head of the basin I see groups of domes rising above the wave-like ridges, and some picturesque castellated masses, and dark strips and patches of silver fir, indicating deposits of fertile soil. Would that I could command the time to study them. What rich excursions one could make in this well-defined basin. Its glacial inscriptions and sculptures, how marvelous they seem, how noble the studies they offer! I tremble with excitement in the dawn of these glorious mountain

sublimities, but I can only gaze and wonder, and, like a child, gather here and there a lily, half-hoping I may be able to study and learn in years to come.

The drivers and dogs had a lively, laborious time getting the sheep over the creek, the second large stream thus far that they have been compelled to cross without a bridge; the first being the North Fork of the Merced near Bower Cave. Men and dogs shouting and barking drove the timid, water-fearing creatures in a close crowd against the bank, but not one of the flock would launch away. While thus jammed, the Don and the shepherd rushed through the frightened crowd to stampede those in front, but this would only cause a break backward, and away they would scamper through the stream-bank trees and scatter over the rocky pavement. Then with the aid of the dogs the run-aways would again be gathered and made to face the stream, and again the compacted mass would break away, amid wild shouting and barking that might well have disturbed the stream itself and marred the music of its falls, to which visitors no doubt from all quarters of the globe were listening.

‘Hold them there! Now hold them there!’ shouted the Don; ‘the front ranks will soon tire of the pressure, and be glad to take to the water, then all will jump in and cross in a hurry.’ But they did nothing of the kind; they only avoided the pressure by breaking back in scores and hundreds leaving the beauty of the banks sadly trampled.

If only one could be got to cross over, all would make haste to follow; but that one could not be found. A lamb was caught, carried across, and tied to a bush on the opposite bank, where it cried piteously for its mother. But though greatly concerned, the mother only called it back. That play on maternal affection failed, and we began to

fear that we should be forced to make a long roundabout drive and cross the widespread tributaries of the creek in succession. This would require several days, but it had its advantages, for I was eager to see the sources of so famous a stream. Don Quixote, however, determined that they must ford just here, and immediately began a sort of siege by cutting down slender pines on the bank and building a corral barely large enough to hold the flock when well pressed together. And as the stream would form one side of the corral he believed that they could easily be forced into the water.

In a few hours the inclosure was completed, and the silly animals were driven in and rammed hard against the brink of the ford. Then the Don, forcing a way through the compacted mass, pitched a few of the terrified unfortunates into the stream by main strength; but instead of crossing over, they swam about close to the bank, making desperate attempts to get back into the flock. Then a dozen or more were shoved off, and the Don, tall like a crane and a good natural wader, jumped in after them, seized a struggling wether, and dragged it to the opposite shore. But no sooner did he let it go than it jumped into the stream and swam back to its frightened companions in the corral, thus manifesting sheep-nature as unchangeable as gravitation.

Pan with his pipes would have had no better luck, I fear. We were now pretty well baffled. The silly creatures would suffer any sort of death rather than cross that stream. Calling a council, the dripping Don declared that starvation was now the only likely scheme to try, and that we might as well camp here in comfort and let the

besieged flock grow hungry and cool, and come to their senses, if they had any.

In a few minutes after being thus let alone, an adventurer in the foremost rank plunged in and swam bravely to the farther shore. Then suddenly all rushed in pell-mell together, trampling one another under water, while we vainly tried to hold them back. The Don jumped into the thickest of the gasping, gurgling, drowning mass, and shoved them right and left as if each sheep was a piece of floating timber. The current also served to drift them apart; a long bent column was soon formed, and in a few minutes all were over and began baaing and feeding as if nothing out of the common had happened. That none were drowned seems wonderful. I fully expected that hundreds would gain the romantic fate of being swept into Yosemite over the highest waterfall in the world.

As the day was far spent, we camped a little way back from the ford, and let the dripping flock scatter and feed until sundown. The wool is dry now, and calm, cud-chewing peace has fallen on all the comfortable band, leaving no trace of the watery battle. I have seen fish driven out of the water with less ado than was made in driving these animals into it. Sheep brain must surely be poor stuff. Compare to-day's exhibition with the performances of deer swimming quietly across broad and rapid rivers, and from island to island in seas and lakes; or with dogs, or even with the squirrels that, as the story goes, cross the Mississippi River on selected chips, with tails for sails comfortably trimmed to the breeze. A sheep can hardly be called an animal; an entire flock is required to make one foolish individual.

(To be continued.)

THE FIELD OF SCARLET TREASURE

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

It is Tilly Clapsaddle who always finds out first.

She, on a certain day in early June, appears at our front gate. She presses against the pickets a dark-skinned, wide-mouthed, slightly cross-eyed face.

We cordially greet her.

'Hullo, Tilly.'

'Got any sassafras root, Tilly?'

'Can't you come in and help us play Indians?'

For answer, Tilly's rough hand reaches over the pickets. It holds a small cluster of something scarlet and green and white, something that shakes with little trembling balls. It is a bunch of wild strawberries.

'Fer yer ma,' explains Tilly. 'Ast her, kin yer come wid me up back er my house a-berryin'. The fields is red with 'em.'

Down drops Blue Overalls from the apple tree. Up springs Red Hat from the sand-heap. Sunbonnet leaps sharply as an arrow from the swing.

These three individuals, with no word to Tilly Clapsaddle, make a bee-line around the house to the breakfast-room door.

'Tilly's here — she wants to know —'

'Tilly Clapsaddle says, can we —'

'Tilly Clapsaddle —'

But the bunch of scarlet and white and green pendants, handed up to the Highest Authority, is better than kingly seal or papal *bulle*. It is better even than the mighty name of Tilly Clapsaddle. The Highest Authority accepts it. She holds it a minute to her smiling face, then in exquisite homage tucks it

in her belt. She smiles on us, tying the necktie of one, smoothing from his hot forehead the hair of another, settling the sunbonnet of a third. At last she says, —

'I see no objection.'

We catch up three little baskets. We hasten back to Tilly. We find her leisurely waiting, twisting knobs of amber-colored gum from the trunks of our cherry trees.

'She says we can go if you'll take care of us, Tilly.'

'She says — don't let us get our feet wet.'

'She says we can stay until dinner-time, or until your mother calls you in.'

'My mother won't never call me in,' swaggers Tilly Clapsaddle. 'She leaves me come when I like, she leaves me do all what I like — except who I play with; she won't leave me play with nobody that ain't reefined.'

We stand proudly and confidently before our visitor, suggesting, 'We are reefined, Tilly.'

'I bet yer,' responds Tilly Clapsaddle. She claws off a last globule of resin-colored gum, adding, 'My maw says yer are. She says you'm the ree-finedest, and the high-toned'st and the greatest-hands-for-queer-talk-young-ones she ever see.'

We are reassured, complimented, awaiting Tilly's pleasure. This flattering person, having stowed in her apron pocket quite a lavish store of gum, now opens the gate, marshals us through it, and locking us together by a perfected

system of hand-holding, — in which the weaker and more uncertain of step is placed in the centre, and the valiant and more experienced on the two ends, — off we start down the shady side-walk.

As we clatter along, Sunbonnet, for some occult reason known only to herself, objects to walking on the outside, near the gutter. Sunbonnet makes outcry of dissatisfaction.

We all stop. Sunbonnet explains. Tilly, reviewing the situation, casts about for a remedy. She tries mental healing, giving forth this adage, —

'Walk outside
Ye'll come home a bride.'

It is enough. We are, male and female, henceforth eager to walk on the outside and come home brides; but Sunbonnet, with calm superiority, now holds tenaciously to the position near the gutter. Tilly's ruse succeeds.

Another time the flying wedge of walkers comes to a halt because of the protests of Sunbonnet and Blue Overalls against Red Hat, who, as he proceeds, tries to step on every crack where the pavements join. This irregularity of the unit results in the halting and undecided march of the aggregate. There is mutual criticism. Again Tilly makes investigation. Finally she remarks, —

'Step on a crack
Yer break yer mother's back.'

Once more, peace. Red Hat, not wishing to be weighted down with this crime, desists. We proceed in more orderly fashion.

Soon we get away from village pavements. We go adventuring up a side street, turn into a lane, and skip across a field. We come to a little gladed hollow. Here we scramble down a red clay bank, cross, by a single risky plank, a brown brook, and are beginning to toil up the clay bank on the other side, when Red Hat pauses.

'Gee!' breathes Red Hat ecstatically; 'gee!' He looks longingly at the water. He casts an appreciative eye at a hollow tree, at patches of eddy foam, the green walls of birch, maple, and alder, the curious netted effect of the sun on gravelly ripples. Red Hat sniffs the air, he pricks up his ears, he plants his feet.

'Come on!' orders Tilly Clapsaddle.

'I won't,' says Red Hat decidedly. 'You can go on without me. I — I'm going to stay here. I like it. I'm going to build a tent out of branches and be Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. It's like pirates here, there's a hollow tree and everythin' — Oooh! look at those smarty skippers walking up hill on the water. I'm going to see if I can't drown 'em. Say, Tilly, I bet there's all sorts of queer things round here.'

We gaze at Red Hat in dismay. Tilly Clapsaddle is stern; she deals firmly with the deserter.

'Guy!' ejaculates Tilly Clapsaddle. We have been instructed to the effect that it is a pity such a nice, bright girl as Tilly should say 'Guy,' which is not a word used by ladies. Yet we are thrilled when she says it now. She jerks off a small birch twig, strips it of its leaves, and chews sagely on its bark, remarking, 'Guy! I would n't stay here — not if I wuz to git a dimond ring and a silk dress for it.'

What? *She* would n't? We stare at her in wide-eyed wonder. Tilly Clapsaddle, daughter of valorous Clapsaddles, who would, no doubt, be extremely fascinating in a silk dress and a diamond ring, — Tilly would n't stay here? — why not?

We gaze vaguely into the shadows around us. We peer up and down the bosky brook. We start at the sight of old blackened stumps, at the haughty flare of skunk-cabbages, at objects that take on menacing shapes, at mysterious signs and wavings over our heads.

We become suddenly afraid of the water voices, of the cynical teasing buzz of brook midges. When, for a moment, the sun goes behind a cloud and the hollow darkens, our hearts beat wildly, and we move closer together.

'Why would n't you — Tilly?' we inquire.

'On 'count *snakes*,' explains the succinct Tilly. She points to walls of crumbling rock, to nooks and crannies, suggesting the cool sunless apartments of reptiles, continuing, 'Copperheads. They'm thick as frogs, here. My paw, he's killed more snakes 'an he ever seen dollars, but he ain't never killed no copperheads. Nobody can't kill none, that's why there's so many. There's more this side the brook,' indicating where we stand, 'than there is yander, acrost the brook, bekuz copperheads ain't like black snakes, they won't go acrost water. Black snakes will swim acrost the 'Lantic Ocean, once they set their minds to it.'

Though impressed with this idea of the mental control of black snakes, we revert to the more conservative copperheads. 'Why can't your father kill them?' inquires Red Hat.

'Guy!' says the explosive Tilly, 'they got gold dollars on their heads. That gives 'em a charm like. If yer could once git near enough to knock the gold dollars off, yer could git 'em easy enough. They'd be tame as jumpin'-ropes. But a good many has tried it. My paw, he's — now — pegged rocks at 'em, rocks enough to sink a ship, but he ain't never dared git near enough one to knock its gold dollar off.'

We are awed; speechless. In view of the failure of Mr. Clapsaddle to decimate the copperheads, we feel that the ravine is for us spoiled. Even for Red Hat. Red Hat feels that snake propinquity would destroy the perfect peace of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. He, like us, is ready to move on. We wait

only for Tilly Clapsaddle, now flat on her stomach, sucking up between her closed teeth long horse-like drinks of brook water. She rises, snub-nose dripping.

'I wuz that dry,' she excuses herself impressively. 'Did yer see how I done it? I allus shuts my teeth like that, to keep from swallerin' pond-eggs. I dast drink brook water, bekuz I'm thirteen, but you nee'nter.'

'Why not, Tilly?' we demur.

We are immediately seized with a thirst that beggars description. We devise original means of getting at the water. We would enjoy drawing it to our eager mouths through hollow stalks, dipping it up in leaf-cups and empty tin cans. We tell our guide this.

'Well, did I say yer could n't?' remarks Tilly Clapsaddle with cold reserve. 'I don't say yer *kin't* — I only say yer *nee'nter*. Yer got as good right as I have, only yer liable to swallow baby snakes. A good many has swallowed their first snakes with drinkin' brook water. Lizards, too. My mother's cousin — she — now —'

As we toil up the clay hill, and out of the shadowy hollow, we hear all there is to hear about Tilly Clapsaddle's mother's cousin. And it is a poignant tale, reeking with mortification and despair. Every dusty chicken we pass, pausing in its nervous search for the Ultimate Bug, bows its head and gives a low, confirming cluck; every cow, glaring, sighs heavy acknowledgment of its truth.

Oh, Tilly Clapsaddle's mother's cousin — what a noble, free, confident character! Unconsciously, in a moment of glad abandon and natural thirst, drinking what was apparently innocuous brook-water, swallowing, all unknowingly, one or two baby snakes — or was it pond-eggs, cousin? — and thereafter suffering incredible torment. Oh, Tilly Clapsaddle's mother's cousin,

thou art all heroine, martyr, and we drink to thy memory — but not — forgive the painful precaution — not in brook water!

By this time we feel that we are far away from home, really embarked on the sunny ways that lead to the Field of Scarlet Treasure. The mystery of novel things comes to our sense, hints of the foreign, the unexplained. We walk away from the familiar. We walk toward the unfamiliar. We, with our little baskets and our eager chatter, had, before, barely realized this, but now it is revealed to us by our approach to what Tilly calls the 'woods,' — a bit of timber, dusking both sides of the country highway.

To us, as we pass down the cool bit of road, where the shadows steal from either side, and sniff the pungent smell of wild growths, the 'woods' mean the best times we have ever had or are likely to have. They are the nadir of our dreams. They are the possible that holds our impossible. But, though they are potentially the picnic and frolic of our lives, they are also potentially its shadow and nemesis. Though they hold Golden Hair's house, so do they also the Three Bears. They shelter the fairies, but they also shelter goblins. They harbor Red Riding Hood, but — alack — they also harbor the Wolf!

Now, in the cool bit of road, passing between the two dark walls of woodland, we gaze into the shifting gleam and dimness, speak in low voices, and are sobered.

Red Hat: It — it looks dark — in there!

Blue Overalls: It looks like old men with beards.

Sunbonnet: It looks like camels, and elephants, and things growling!

Tilly Clapsaddle: It looks like — now — like the cemet'ry — 'n them rocks is dead people.

Tilly, it appears, is sensitive. Something has got on her nerves. She is gloomy. She has moments of thrilling indecision. Sometimes she starts, snorts, and looks vaguely around. Once she jumps and squawks, 'What's that?' We stare at her open-mouthed. The goose-flesh pops out on our skins.

Tilly has long since completed her ballad of the mother's cousin. She has been having her lyric moments over water-cresses and artichokes, and the shiny leaves she calls 'bread and butter.' Now, the effect of the 'woods' upon her, she grows epic. Suddenly she stops short, gives a gasp, chortles, 'Cheese it!' seizes our hands, links us anew, and orders hoarsely, 'Run, — run like the doosed!'

We obey. Perhaps no one ever knows what running is, unless he has run as we do now, from an absolutely unnamed, unformed, unseen fear. The highway dust rises in snarls that seem to trip our flying feet. The daisies, their wide eyes staring in horror, flash by. Grasses, birds, stand helpless, looking on, and Tilly Clapsaddle with arm-bruising clutch, gasps, 'He's a-chasin' us! He's a-chasin' us! Run, — run like the doosed!'

After what seems years of stumbling flight, we reach a turn in the road, the turn that takes us out of the wooded belt. The safe blue sky, the mild maternal fields, cheer us. We all stop, while Tilly, with expressions of doubt and fear, looks over her shoulder. We dare now question her.

'What was it, Tilly?' we implore.

'Guy!' snorts Tilly Clapsaddle. She plucks a feathery grass, conveys it to her mouth, and chews recklessly. We all do likewise. 'Guy!' says theatric Tilly. 'Did yer see that ole tramp, settin' there in the woods, hollerin' at us?'

No, Tilly. No, resourceful one, we had not seen. Tell us, pray, more of this old tramp.

'Here he was, down behind a rock, lookin' at us, like this,' — Miss Clapsaddle, crouching, her sunbonnet on one ear, gives us swift portrayal of the 'old tramp's' fiendish leer. She also illustrates his slightly lame gait as he emerges from the wood, and, as she says, 'chases' us.

'Did n't yer see him, behind that big rock?'

Red Hat rises to the challenge. He also accepts the vernacular.

'I seen him,' says Red Hat.

We others are not to be outdone. 'We seen him,' we say. In joyful acceptance of Tilly's suggestion, we insist upon it. 'We seen him — we seen his white vest, in the bushes.'

'Huh,' corrects Tilly Clapsaddle. 'Huh, tramps don't wear no white vests.' She goes on to explain how a tramp never dresses like a dude. She hints that it may have been a white chicken we 'seen,' a white chicken that the tramp had stolen.

We stand, looking back, conjecturing. Our hearts are pounding. We are nearly suffocated with the sense of danger. And yet, curiously enough, each one of us is perfectly aware of the truth. In spite of the Homeric Tilly's very evident excitement, we know that she saw no tramp. She knows we know it. We all know — and yet — that strange foreboding look of the 'woods'; the 'dead' rocks! the unsolved tangle and confusion and hidden motives of vines, the apparent movelessness of things that one distinctly saw move. — Ahem — well — if a tramp had not chased us, something had, and so we congratulate each other, we have done well to run!

By this time we reach the lonely notch, where, in a rock-strewn clearing, stands Tilly's house, gray, ramshackle. We, of all things interested in the dwelling that shelters our comrade, are agog. Tilly, however, shows no

pride, until, as we approach nearer, and hear proceeding from a dilapidated lean-to, a curious syncopation of grunts, she remarks, —

'Them's the pigs.'

We are alert with interest. We concentrate on the dilapidated lean-to. We can see, inserted in a broad crack of the pen, four odd-looking things, sliding back and forth. Nearer examinations prove them to be restless pink snouts.

We shout with joy. We run forward delightedly. At the same moment something comes strongly, repellently, to our own sophisticated noses, and we pause.

'Ugh, Tilly, — what a horrid smell!'

'Pooh!' says the experienced Tilly, 'that ain't nothing. You can't have pigs without that.'

Red Hat contradicts. 'I could,' he asserts. 'I would have nice, clean pigs. Ugh — ugh! that awful smell makes me sick!'

'Ah!' says Tilly — 'that's you. Them's pigs. Anything that *don't* smell bad makes a pig sick.'

Red Hat is silenced. We ponder. Oh, strange world — where an odor so painful to us should make four pigs so happy!

In the centre of Tilly's 'yard' is a thorn-bush. The thorn-bush is bare of leaves, it boasts no flowers of its own. But it has, instead, a mock efflorescence, a burgeoning of inverted eggshells, stuck here and there, blooming palely upon the arid branches. We three behold it with approval, we are deeply impressed. Heavens! This egg tree is wonderful! We commend the ethereal conception, the divine afflatus of Clapsaddle temperament, that should conceive and portray a tree blossoming eggs. We lean against the broken fence, where the component parts of the Clapsaddle wash are hung, to look through the knot-holes and ex-

patiate. We compliment Tilly upon the egg tree. But our friend, for some reason, scorns this praise. She appears anxious, restive, intent upon getting by her residence without being observed from within.

Suddenly the door of the ramshackle house swings open. A gaunt woman appears. It is Mrs. Clapsaddle. We, who never before have seen Mrs. Clapsaddle without her bonnet and shawl, apply stealthy eyes to our respective knot-holes, interested to study her in this new phase. She is at present wearing a greasy black-and-white wrapper, her hair is in a rough braid, and she has a piece of red flannel around her throat. We find her enchanting.

Mrs. Clapsaddle does not at first see us, who are not tall enough to do more than reach to the knot-holes. But she has spied the admirable Tilly, who, with the swiftness characteristic of her, immediately ducks. Tilly flings herself down by the base-board of the fence. She concentrates a defiant eye on a knot-hole. 'Lay low,' she mutters to us. 'Lay low!'

'I seen you, you young goat,' calls Mrs. Clapsaddle feelingly. 'Where you bin, you pig-nut? Come in here and I'll skin you alive.'

Tilly ignores the maternal invitation. She presses her face in dock and plantain leaves. 'Lay low—lay low,' she thrillingly adjures us.

But we three do not 'lay low.' How can we, when we are consumed with interest and curiosity at beholding Mrs. Clapsaddle for the first time, as it were, unveiled? She, according to our traditions, is a person of enormous sagacity and cleverness. She, mysterious woman, is of the train of circumstance conjoining the stork, the doctor, the new baby, and a visit to grandmother's. She, sublime artist, puts up currant-jelly, makes crullers. She evolves from the fruit of gayly wound

rag-balls, the brilliant distillation known as rag-carpet. And now we know her, modest female, for the designer, the achiever, the owner, of the succulent egg tree. We have no thought but joyously to greet her.

'How do you do, Mrs. Clapsaddle!'

'Good-morning, Mrs. Clapsaddle!'

'How is the baby calf, Mrs. Clapsaddle?'

The courtesy, the cordial unrestraint of these salutations, seem for the moment to jar upon the lady's ear. She has in her hand a small switch. At the sound of our voices she drops it. She calls up a twist of countenance intended for benevolence, and advances toward the fence. We clamber up to smile and bow.

'Lord save us — if it ain't the little Martins! How's yer maw, children? So yer going strawberryin'? Takkare yer don't git a sunstroke. My! Sissy, yer growin', ain't yer? Land of Goshen, bub, where'd yer git them eyes? Ain't yer got no tongue, sonny?'

Oh, Mrs. Clapsaddle! *Et tu*, Clapsaddle! 'Diamond, Diamond, you little know' — etc. What is the matter with grown-ups, anyway? QUI FIT? In that one short speech, this lady, otherwise admirable, breaks every rule known to our etiquette. To call the Highest Authority our 'maw' is to us hideous. 'Sissy' — vile familiarity of commoners. 'Bub' — low patronage not to be defined. But hold! A truce! Mrs. Clapsaddle, we will bear this! You own the egg bush, you are the mother of Tilly!

This latter fact Our Lady of the Wrapper appears to remember. She peers over the fence at her offspring, lying recumbent on the ground, still obstinately 'laying low.' Tilly's black eyes meet her mother's in sour undiscipline; she appears, by her silent bracing, to anticipate retribution. But Mrs. Clapsaddle, mindful of our observa-

tion, vouchsafes only languid and 'ree-fined' reproof.

'Well, Tully deer,' with indulgent tolerance, 'ain't yer got no manners? Sugar, — don't yer want to give 'em all a piece?'

The erstwhile apprehensive 'goat' and 'pig-nut,' but now enormously relieved 'sugar,' scrambles to her feet and over the fence. She gives a wild whoop and runs into the ramshackle house. When, later, she emerges, she bears triumphantly three 'pieces.' She hands us each one, her mother nodding approval.

Ye gods! These things are all on the scale of the egg bush. We are struck speechless with the luxury of the entertainment. At home, we, born of the simple life, are permitted only butter on our bread. Tilly, Princess of the Egg Bush, is accustomed, so we know by what we now devour, to bread and butter, and *sugar*!

As we take leave of Mrs. Clapsaddle and climb up the stony lane leading to the Field of Scarlet Treasure, we meditate on these things. We meditate so hard that when we reach the hilltop, and prepare to crawl under the lane-bars into the field itself, it is without a thrill. It is the entrance to Paradise. We are casually aware that we are at last where we would be, — but we are calm about it. There is a moment's pause, the call of a crow, the bumble of a bee in a buttercup, the sight of daisies and grasses blowing in the wind. Calm, aqueous flood of sky and air, the sweet friendly presence of gentle trees, nothing else — until — all of a sudden — *we see red* — !

It is a teasing thing now, trying to catch and hold the spell, the old charm of the Field of Scarlet Treasure. One wonders as one stands at the bars to-day, what was so free and adventurous about it. One's heart aches to get the old feel of it as it was, a place for-

eign, bewitched, pregnant with meaning and opportunity. One cannot help letting one's eye rove wistfully over it as one murmurs, 'Is this really all there was? An old field, an old, unused field, with an oak tree and a few maples and some rocks and grasses and flowers?'

Not that it has lost a bit of its beauty. The birds still flash through the oak tree branched like the seven-branched candlestick. The blue bal-dacchino of the sky still spreads over the high altars of rock, and the scarlet berries hang like rosaries in the chapels of tall grass. Only — something has gone. Red Hat says so; Red Hat owns a hundred strawberry fields now. Blue Overalls agrees with me; Blue Overalls is quite a personage these days. And these gentlemen explain that it is not because one's mind has grown so very far away from the old things, nor that the place itself has become so familiar; they hold that it is simply because we now view the whole world as through a glass, darkly. We have no longer Tilly Clapsaddle to interpret things for us.

Tilly Clapsaddle! One of us sits at tables where the salt, above or below, as the case may be, has lost its savor. Tilly Clapsaddle! One of us smokes his cigar with the magnates and presidents of the material world, and says it profiteth him nothing. Tilly Clapsaddle! One of us has voyaged and adventured, and found nothing so strange and free and wild and splendid as you. Wherever you are, Tilly Clapsaddle, whatever you do, take it from us: there never was, there never will be, a comrade like unto you.

Our ardent leader, standing hatless, her unbraided hair blowing in her eyes, now points out ecstatically the far-off corner of the field where the berries grow thickest. She prepares for the charge. She stoops, drags up the garters over her brown knees. She throws her old hat recklessly by, she grabs her

basket in firm hold, darting off on the morning wind, crying the challenge: —

'Last one down the hill knows what he is!'

'Last one down the hill knows what he is.' Keats's band of revelers, coming over the pale blue hills, were but shadows of it.

'Last one down the hill knows what he is.' Comus and his rollicking crew were a mere Sunday-school class in their appreciation of it.

'Last one down the hill knows what he is.' Bacchus and his followers — well, they, perhaps, had dim glimmerings. They knew the feeling.

Galumphing drunkenly over stock and stone, tripping over blackberry vines, dashing over hummock and tufty ant-hill, until — oh, Tilly! — oh, Heaven! — the strawberries! We fall on our knees. We grunt and sigh for joy. We are, as our guide, philosopher, and friend says, surrounded by 'crowds and crowds of 'em.'

Now Tilly, the regent, allots us our little strawberry fiefs, where we may pick without infringing upon her strawberry marches. Now she advises us to line our baskets with grapevine leaves, to fasten other leaves upon our hatless heads. From time to time she calls warnings: —

'Look out fer poison ivy!'

'Handle that hop-toad and you'll git warts!'

'Don't look at a crow too long, he'll pick yer eyes out!'

'Cheese it! — that's a stingin' spider!'

'Don't eat none of them blue berries, they'm deadly night-shade!'

One can hear those warnings now. One can hear, following close upon them, the bloodcurdling histories of different members of the House of Clapsaddle, who, failing to heed like warnings, thereby, man and woman, suffered lingering tortures, which invariably ended in death and affecting last words.

'So then, my pa's brother, my Uncle Dave — he, now — he gives three grunts and he says to my Aunt Maidy — he says, now — he says — "Where's the rest of them night-shade berries I had for me supper?" He says, "Don't leave the young ones eat none," he says — and then, he — now — gives three more grunts, and then he dies!'

Glad calls float up and down the sunny strawberry slope.

'How many you got?'

'I only got my basket half-full. How many've you got?'

'I haven't many yet. I've only been finding teeny-weeny ones, that are n't any good except to eat right away.'

So we, enjoying the social side of berrying, exchanging our wonderful experiences, digress. Tilly, on the other hand, picks fast and furiously. When at last her basket is full of berries, she withdraws. She wanders to where a young maple tree, green, and shaped like a canopy, is set like a tent in the broad sunny field. Sitting in its shade, she begins swiftly and technically to hull her berries. We appreciate the charm of thus withdrawing from the heat to this convent of the maple tree. We envy her her air of privacy. We ourselves have not many berries, but such as they are, we feel they should be hulled at once. We join Tilly under the little green tent-tree. With expressions of fatigue we drop down on the grass beside her. She eyes our baskets.

'Huh!' says Tilly pityingly. 'Huh, yer ain't got many. I tell yer what, say you don't pick no more? It makes yer sweat so. What say we play house with your'n, and we take mine home to yer maw so she won't jaw?'

It is only for a moment that we are confused by Tilly's allusion to the Highest Authority as a person who could or would 'jaw.' Next minute we are exulting over the idea of 'playing house.' The full basket, with its cover-

ing of fresh grapevine leaves is set carefully aside in the shade; we gleefully enter upon the most rapturous of pastimes — playing house.

Playing house! — who has n't played it? Will the children of the next generation play it? If they have the instinct, will they have the fields? Oh, children of the next generation, if you do have a field or two, will you care to go and find it with its hidden Scarlet Treasure? Will you know the joy of picking out a flat rock, topped like a table, and spreading it over with rich patterns of tulip-tree leaves and bits of fuzzy moss? Will you search the woods for little acorn cups and saucers, and birch-bark plates and dishes? Will you add, for the sake of the general scheme of decoration, your hoarded bits of blue and red glass, your much-prized 'lucky stones,' your tinfoil and mica and quartz? Oh, children of the future, God help you! God see to it, that some time in your lives you get the chance to play 'house,' in the fields, under the open sky!

At last the berries from our three baskets, rather smashed, few in number, but very red and of tempting perfume, are counted out in equal division on four green leaves. These preparations made, and the feast spread before us in the wilderness, we stand aside to view it. Our table looks to us barbaric in splendor, the entertainment luxurious. Like the Romans of old, we recline around our board on grassy beds of pleasance and ease. We eat. We converse. We sing. And while, afar off, we see spread of cloud and tree, the miraculous marquetry of light and shadow, the melting picture of green field and gray boulder and golden country road, we give ear to the unwearying minstrelsy, the thrilling harp of Tilly Clapsaddle.

The morning, like a bright skein, rolls up on the ball of Time. We, like

happy little animals, lie close to the earth, dreaming, kicking up our short legs, and licking our scarlet fingers. It, therefore, is with the most avid surprise, the keenest regret, that we at last hear a voice, a very boomerang of echo, swinging up the pasture.

'Tulleeee — Tulleeee!'

We turn inquiring eyes upon our leader.

'Dinner-time,' says Tilly curtly.

'Tulleeeee!'

'Yeeeee-s'm,' responds Tilly. She answers in apparent willingness, but in undertones she disrespectfully mocks the voice, muttering naughtily, 'Yer red-headed sinner, come down to yer dinner!' a snatch whose vulgarity we vaguely feel but which we cannot help regarding as spicy repartee.

Tilly reluctantly rises. She drags futilely at her stockings. 'Come on,' she says shortly.

We admiringly follow her.

It is a quicker, less exuberant party that comes out on the highroad in front of Tilly's house. We are all tired. We have pains in our stomachs. We do not guess that these pains are merely hunger, we feel that they may be some fatal, mortal qualm, such as those experienced by defunct Clapsaddles. As we somewhat forlornly clamber over the stone wall and stumble into the dusty road by Tilly's house, she faces us. Some thought seems hidden in her mind; she fixes us with a look somewhat colder than her former patronizing gaze, and she ruthlessly inquires,—

'Is youse scared of goin' home alone?'

'Scared' of it? Scared of going home alone? We pause, considerably taken aback. Oh, Tilly, — oh faithless one, — to foregather with us all morning long, on unwritten terms of fidelity, then thus to desert, to plant the knife in our bosoms!

We halt, undecided. We read each others' faces. We *are* scared of going

home alone. We admit it. Blue Overalls is so scared that the tears come into his eyes and he kicks doggedly at the dust, saying nothing. Sunbonnet, sitting dejectedly by the wayside, looks at the sun through her empty basket, and is speechlessly scared. Red Hat, however, chokes down the lump in his throat and bravely answers, —

‘Naw, — we ain’t afraid. I ain’t afraid. Gee — I’m going on eight. I go everywhere alone, to New York and the post-office and — and church, and everything. If — if I saw a lion, or a tramp, coming, I’d just — I’d just —’ Red Hat’s voice trails away into uncertainty.

But Tilly, Machiavellian, seizes on the principal statement.

‘All right,’ she says nonchalantly. ‘I’ll leave youse go alone, then. Youse hurry, and git home in time for dinner, or yer ma’ll blame me.’ She then seizes on the only basket of berries. ‘What say,’ says the unfathomable Tilly, ‘what say I keep this ’ere basket of berries, so yer maw won’t be pestered with ’em? They’d be so much trash to her.’

We look desperately at one another, we who are not versed in the ways of the world. We cannot grasp the situation. We had gleefully supposed this basket, brimming with red fruit, to be our trove of the Field of Scarlet Treasure. We are about to burst into lamentation, when Red Hat speaks again, —

‘All right,’ says Red Hat carelessly. ‘They are trash, ain’t they? They’re all melted with the sun. They look nasty as *anything*. We don’t want ’em. We’ — Red Hat draws himself up — ‘*we get candy and cake and lemonade at every meal* — we would n’t have room for strawberries!’

We part from Tilly. Need I say, in

silent, inarticulate sorrow? Our guide, bearing the full basket, — which we now believe she retained solely as propitiation to her uncertain parent, — disappears in the ramshackle house. We three, defenseless and alone, our empty baskets cumbering us, start fearfully down the road.

We keep up a semblance of cheer, though our throats are dry with apprehension. We keep frightened eyes on the lookout for those two walls of ‘woods,’ wherein lives and moves and has its being — nameless dread. We scuttle rapidly along, shoes white with dust, hearts wildly beating.

Oh, who is this we see afar off, coming slowly toward us, waving a handkerchief, with clear voice calling?

‘It’s — it’s a *gypsy*!’ gasps Blue Overalls. ‘It’s an *Indian*, I see his tomahawk — it’s a — a *tiger*, I see his tail.’ Blue Overalls stops short in the road, grasping his little stained basket, ready to fly.

‘May — maybe, it’s Pocohontas,’ suggests Red Hat hopefully; ‘she — she was a *good Indian*, you know.’ He hesitates, shading his eyes with berry-red fingers, almost sobbing with distorted fears. — ‘She’s calling to us.’

We all stop, petrified.

‘It’s — it’s a lady — she’s got a parasol — she looks as if she was laughing — she called my name! — why — it’s — it’s —’

There is a prolonged and delighted screech. Three figures break into a run. Three pairs of arms wave, three voices shout acclamation. And when at last the Highest Authority turns back with us for home, she is listening to the Chant of the Field of Scarlet Treasure, of bread and butter and sugar, of the — yes — the incomparable virtues of Tilly Clapsaddle!

LEE AND THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

VIRGINIA seceded on the seventeenth of April, 1861, one day previous to Lee's critical interviews with Blair and Scott. On the twenty-third of April, Lee was invited to appear before the state convention and was offered the position of commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces. He accepted in a simple and dignified speech, saying, with a sincerity which is beyond question, 'I would have much preferred that your choice had fallen upon an abler man.'

The newly-appointed general at once made ready to organize the state troops and prepare for a vigorous defense against invasion. But things moved rapidly, and on the twenty-fifth of April Virginia joined the Confederacy. What Lee thought of this step, and what his opinions at this time were in regard to the organization and future policy of the Confederate Government, is in no way revealed to us. But Alexander H. Stephens, the Confederate Vice-President and commissioner to secure Virginia's adhesion, has given a most striking picture of Lee's perfect willingness to sacrifice his own position and prospects to the best interests of his state.

Stephens had an interview with Lee. 'General Lee heard me quietly, understood the situation at once, and saw that he alone stood between the Confederacy and his State. The members of the convention had seen at once that Lee was left out of the proposed compact that was to make Virginia one of the Confederate States, and I knew

that one word, or even a look of dissatisfaction, from him would terminate the negotiations with which I was intrusted. . . . General Lee did not hesitate for one moment . . . he declared that no personal ambition or emolument should be considered or stand in the way. . . . Nominally General Lee lost nothing; but practically, for the time being, he lost everything. The Government moved to Richmond, and Mr. Davis directed General Lee to retain his command of the Virginia troops, which was really to make him recruiting and drill inspector.' In this way Lee worked in more or less subordinate or inconspicuous positions during the whole first year of the war; and it was not till the spring of 1862, by the wounding of Johnston, that he was given a fair chance to display his military ability.

We have seen that one of the most striking elements in Lee's attitude toward Davis was the instinct of subordination, of subjection of military to civil authority. The same thing appears everywhere in the general's broader relation to the Confederate Government as a whole. Politics were not his business. Even policy was not his business. Let others plan and order, he would execute.

Wellington said to Greville that while 'unquestionably Napoleon was the greatest military genius that ever existed, . . . he had advantages which no other man ever possessed in the unlimited means at his command and his absolute power and irresponsibility.'

Turning from Napoleon's dispatches to Lee's, one is instantly struck with the difference in this regard. Napoleon says, Go here, do this, let these troops be on this spot at that date. They are there. It is done. Lee suggests cautiously, insinuates courteously. But his greatest art is to keep still. It is very rare that he goes so far as the reported humorous saying, 'that he had a crick in his neck from looking over his shoulder toward Richmond.' Such military command as is delegated to him he will exercise absolutely, but he draws with watchful care the line between his responsibility and that of others, and is at all times reluctant to overstep it.

An interesting instance of this tendency to disclaim all interference with the civil authority is Lee's position in regard to prisoners of war. While they are on the field, they are in his charge. 'He told me that on several occasions his commissary-general had come to him after a battle and reported that he had not rations enough both for prisoners and the army . . . and that he had always given orders that the wants of the prisoners should be first attended to.' Yet even here mark the reservation when the question becomes more general. '*While I have no authority in the case*, my desire is that the prisoners shall have equal rations with my men.'

Once in the military prisons, the captives were the care of the War Department, not Lee's. When he testified before the Reconstruction Committee, he was asked, 'Were you not aware that those prisoners were dying from cold and starvation?' He answered, 'I was not. . . . As regards myself, I never had any control over the prisoners except those that were captured on the field of battle. Those it was my business to send to Richmond to the provost-marshal. In regard to their disposition afterwards I

had no control. I never gave an order about it.'

The most curious point in this matter of prisoners of war is Lee's correspondence with Grant in October, 1863, as to recaptured slaves. It is curious as a piece of argument in which, given the premises, both sides were logically right. It is still more curious when we find that Lee, while appearing to speak his own mind, is in reality only a mouthpiece, a department clerk, writing at the dictation of Seddon, — that is, probably, of Davis.

But no matter how submissive a man may be, no matter how rigorously trained in military discipline, he cannot command a great army through a great disastrous war in a republic and not meddle with things that do not concern him. What does concern him, and what does not? It is thus that we see Lee forced to advise and even to dictate sharply to his superiors, more and more as the struggle goes on. In matters semi-military or affecting other military departments, not Lee's own, this was inevitable. As at the North, the newspapers were troublesome in telling what they should not, and Lee begs the Secretary of War to control them. 'I am particularly anxious that the newspapers should not give the enemy notice of our intention.' 'I beg you will take the necessary steps to prevent in future the giving publicity in this way to our strength and position.'

A commander in the field may do his best to preserve discipline, but he is terribly hampered when the War Department permits all sorts of details, furloughs, and transfers, and is lenient to desertion. Again and again Lee is forced to protest vigorously against abuses of this nature.

A general may wish to confine himself to his own sphere of responsibility; but movements in the north-

east are dependent on movements in the southwest, and strengthening one command means weakening another. Therefore Lee is brought, as it were against his will, to make suggestions and requests as to Bragg in Tennessee and Johnston in Georgia. 'I think that every effort should be made to concentrate as large a force as possible under the best commander to insure the discomfiture of Grant's army' [in the West]. He writes to Bragg for more men: 'unless they are sent to me rapidly, it may be too late.' He urges upon Seddon the utmost activity in general measures of defense: 'Whatever inconvenience and even hardship may result from a vigorous and thorough preparation for the most complete defense we can make, will be speedily forgotten in the event of success, or amply repaid by the benefit such a course will confer upon us in case of misfortune.'

The best general can do nothing with the best army, unless it is fed and clothed; and food and clothing — the accumulation, the transportation, the distribution — depend upon the energy and capacity of the government. Lee loved his army as if they were his children. He knew they were neither clothed nor fed. He was by no means satisfied that the people at Richmond were either energetic or capable. 'As far as I can judge, the proper authorities in Richmond take the necessities of this army very easily,' he writes in February, 1863. How could a commander give his best thought to fighting, when he saw but one day's food before him? 'We have rations for the troops to-day and to-morrow. I hope a new supply arrived last night, but I have not yet had a report. Every exertion should be made to supply the depots at Richmond and at other points. All pleasure travel should cease and everything be devoted to

necessary wants.' Sometimes he feels that other armies are preferred to his, and protests vigorously. 'I have understood, I do not know with what truth, that the armies of the West and that in the Department of South Carolina and Georgia are more bountifully supplied with provisions. . . . I think that this army deserves as much consideration as either of those named, and, if it can be supplied, respectfully ask that it be similarly provided.' He is convinced that supplies are to be had and does not pick — or rather does pick — his words in saying so. 'I know that there are great difficulties in procuring supplies, but I cannot help thinking that with proper energy, intelligence, and experience on the part of the Commissary Department, a great deal more could be accomplished. There is enough in the country, I believe, if it was properly sought for.' And finally, in January, 1865, he takes the matter into his own hands and issues a personal appeal to the farmers of Virginia, which, for the time, affords considerable relief.

From the supplying of armies to other things, equally vital, but quite as much civil as military, the steps are imperceptible, but taken with an almost logical necessity. Lee finds his soldiers refused passage on the railways, and insists on their claims being recognized. Passports are given indiscriminately to persons who convey information to the enemy. Lee exerts his authority to control the practice. The illegal traffic in cotton and tobacco is tolerated by the government for its own purposes. Lee gives assistance and advice as to the regulation of such traffic. The greatest difficulty, of all the many difficulties of the Confederacy, was perhaps that of properly managing its finances. Lee has a word about this also, writing to urge the authorities to make treasury notes a

legal tender; and elsewhere, in connection with the much-desired reduction of the currency, suggesting payment for certain consignments of wood in Confederate bonds.

Political even more than military was the nice question of retaliation, which was made the subject of hot dispute by persons in authority and out of it. Critics of the administration attacked its lenient policy, to the point of suggesting that Davis opposed violent measures because he wished to keep well with the North in view of possible defeat. In extreme cases Lee does not hesitate to order prompt retaliatory action. 'I have directed Colonel Mosby, through his adjutants, to hang an equal number of Custer's men in retaliation for those executed by him.' But as to the general principle he is thoroughly in sympathy with Davis, both on grounds of humanity and on grounds of policy. 'I differ in my ideas from most of our people on the subject of retaliation. Sometimes I know it to be necessary, but it should not be resorted to at all times, and in our case policy dictates that it should be avoided whenever possible.'

Lee here frankly and naturally admits that his invasion proclamations, so lauded by Southern writers, were founded as much on common sense as on lofty principle. One can admire the noble tone, and still more the rigid enforcement, of those proclamations, without forgetting that Napoleon also said to his soldiers in Vienna, 'Let us treat the poor peasants with kindness, and be generous to this loyal people who have so many claims to our esteem; let us not be puffed up by our success, but see in it another proof of the divine justice which punishes ingratitude and treachery.'

Although Lee does not hesitate to go outside of his own peculiar province

in many of these special instances, it is very rare indeed to find him making any general criticism of the civil authorities. The following remarks as to the Confederate Congress have, therefore, an exceptional interest and significance: 'What has our Congress done to meet the exigency, I may say extremity, in which we are placed? As far as I know, concocted bills to exempt a certain class of men from service, and to transfer another class in service, out of active service, where they hope never to do service. Among the thousand applications of Kentuckians, Marylanders, Alabamians, and Georgians, etc., to join native regiments out of this army, who ever heard of their applying to enter regiments in it, when in face of the enemy? I hope Congress will define what makes a man a citizen of a state.'

The most striking of all Lee's incursions into the realm of civil government was his effort, toward the very end of the war, to have the Negroes enlisted as soldiers. The measure was, of course, in one sense purely military; but it affected so intimately the social organization and the ethical theories on which the whole Confederacy was founded, that the military significance of it was almost dwarfed by the political. As Pollard justly points out, it seemed to imply an equality between the two races which was utterly repugnant to all Southern feeling on the subject, and nothing shows more clearly Lee's immense influence than the fact that he was able to persuade his countrymen to accept his view. All his arguments are summed up in a clear and forcible letter to Hunter, — otherwise extremely important as showing Lee's whole position as to slavery, — and in response to this Congress voted briefly, 'that the General-in-chief be and hereby is invested with the full power to call into the service of the

Confederate government, to perform any duty to which he may assign them, so many of the able-bodied slaves within the Confederate government as, in his judgment, the exigencies of the public service require.'

The comment of the *Examiner* on this is intensely interesting as probably summing up the opinion of hundreds of thousands of Lee's fellow citizens. After expressing frankly grave doubts as to the expediency of the measure, the editorial concludes, in words of almost startling solemnity: 'This clothes him with great power, and loads him with heavy responsibility. If he is willing to wield that power and shoulder that responsibility, in the name of God, let him have them.'

In the name of God, let Lee save us, if he will: no one else can. There is no doubt that this was the spirit of a majority of Southerners in February, 1865. There is no doubt that this was the spirit which led to his being practically offered the military dictatorship by Congress. 'The ablest officers of the Confederate States,' says the *Examiner*, 'would, we feel assured, gladly see the supreme direction of their conduct placed in the hands of General Lee, and would receive his orders with pleasure. All citizens, and more emphatically, all soldiers, now know . . . that the one thing needful to fill the army with enthusiasm, and to inspire the people for new effort, is to feel that our military force is to be wielded by one capable hand and directed by one calm, clear intelligence.'

Lee, however, absolutely refused to violate his subordination to the President in any way, and according to Pollard 'went so far as to declare to several members of the Richmond Congress that whatever might be Davis's errors, he was yet constitutionally the President, and that nothing could tempt himself to encroach upon pre-

rogatives which the Constitution had bestowed upon its designated head.'

What could an ambitious, unscrupulous man have accomplished in that emergency, — or even a patriot who would have been willing to over-ride scruple for the good of his country? Would Napoleon or Cromwell have said to Davis, 'You may do what I want or go'? have gone direct to Congress and enforced his will? have swept fraud and incompetence out of the executive departments? have handled the whole military force like one great machine, and so concentrated it as to accomplish results which seemed at that late hour impossible? 'Of one thing I am certain,' wrote in January, 1865, the diarist Jones, who had the very best opportunities of forming an opinion, 'that the people are capable of achieving independence, if they only had capable men in all departments of the government.' In any case Lee preferred to remain the loyal servant of the civil authority, which was left to work out its political problems as best it could.

What interests us in our study of Lee's character is the motive which led him not only to this final refusal, but to his general attitude of non-interference with the Confederate government. It has often been suggested — and Grant was of this opinion — that he was consistent in his state loyalty and cared for Virginia only, not for the Confederacy as a whole, preferring to do his fighting to the end upon his native soil. The writer of the excellent *Nation* review of Long's *Life of Lee* (Cox?), basing his conclusions on the Townsend anecdote which I have quoted in 'A Hero's Conscience,' holds that Lee had little faith in the Confederate cause from beginning to end. Some suspicion of the kind was undoubtedly at the bottom of Pollard's harsh charges. 'The

fact was that, although many of General Lee's views were sound, yet, outside of the Army of Northern Virginia, and with reference to the general affairs of the Confederacy, his influence was negative and accomplished absolutely nothing.' Again: 'His most notable defect was that he never had or conveyed any inspiration in the war.' And Pollard quotes from a Richmond paper after the Wilderness: 'When will he [Lee] speak? Has he nothing to say? What does he think of our affairs? Should he speak, how the country would hang upon every word that fell from him!'

I believe that this theory of Lee's lack of interest in the Confederacy is utterly false, and that from the very first he merged Virginia in the larger loyalty. 'They do injustice to Lee who believe he fought only for Virginia,' said Davis. 'He was ready to go anywhere for the good of his country.' The cheerful energy which the general showed when sent to South Carolina in the early part of the war confirms this, as does passage after passage of his correspondence. 'Let it be distinctly understood by every one that Charleston and Savannah are to be defended to the last extremity. If the harbors are taken, the cities are to be fought street by street, house by house, so long as we have a foot of ground to stand upon.' A writer in the *Southern Historical Papers* asserts that 'those whose privilege it was to hear the great chieftain talk most freely of the cause for which he fought, bear the most emphatic witness that it was "the independence of the South," "the triumph of constitutional freedom," for which he struggled so nobly.'

But by far the most striking and interesting testimony to Lee's thorough espousal of Confederate nationality and sober, earnest grasp of the whole problem before him, is his conversation

with Imboden near the beginning of the struggle. General Imboden declares that his report is 'almost literal,' but for our purpose its substantial correctness is all-sufficient. 'Our people are brave and enthusiastic, and are united in defense of a just cause. I believe we can succeed in establishing our independence, if the people can be made to comprehend at the outset that they must endure a longer war and far greater privations than our forefathers did in the Revolution of 1776. We will not succeed until the financial power of the North [the political insight of this is noteworthy] is completely broken. . . . The conflict will be mainly in Virginia. She will be the Flanders of America before this war is over, and her people must be prepared for this. If they resolve at once to dedicate their lives and all they possess to the cause of constitutional government and Southern independence and to suffer without yielding as no other people have been called upon to suffer in modern times, we shall, with the blessing of God, succeed in the end; but when it will be, no man can foretell. I wish I could talk to every man, woman, and child in the South now and impress them with these views.'

No; if Lee was modest, it was from genuine modesty. If he shunned burdens and responsibilities, it was because he truly felt himself unable to undertake them. It is a most curious point in the man's character, this nice avoidance of duties that did not belong to him. 'Be content to do what you can for the well-being of what properly belongs to you,' he writes to Mrs. Lee. 'Commit the rest to those who are responsible.' It is in this spirit that he is eager to make clear to the Reconstruction Committee that the government's foreign policy was no concern of his. 'I know nothing of the policy

of the government; I had no hand or part in it; I merely express my own opinion.' Even in military matters he is careful to draw the sharpest line between his own task and that of his subordinates: 'I think and I act with all my might to bring up my troops to the right place at the right moment; after that I have done my duty.' He is so careful that at times one feels a certain sympathy with the otherwise negligible Northrop when he complains of Lee's reservations, 'There is, in my judgment, no isolation of the responsibility in any of the machinery of war.'

One wonders that a man could be so sensitive about the limits of responsibility and yet command absolutely for three years an army of from fifty to a hundred thousand men, lead them again and again to victory, make such terrible decisions as that of Jackson's movement at Chancellorsville and the attack at Gettysburg. And then one reflects that it was probably just this clear sense of what others ought to do and should be left to do that made his power. Smaller men fret over executive details or rush readily into what they do not understand. He knew his own training, his own character, knew his own work and did it, letting others do theirs, if they could. It is with this explanation in view that we should read his remarkable colloquy with B. H. Hill, toward the close of the war.

"General, I wish you would give us your opinion as to the propriety of changing the seat of government and going farther south."

"That is a political question, Mr. Hill, and you politicians must determine it. I shall endeavor to take care of the army, and you politicians must make the laws and control the government."

"Ah, General," said Mr. Hill, "but you will have to change that rule and

form and express political opinions; for if we establish our independence, the people will make you Mr. Davis's successor."

"Never, sir," he replied, with a firm dignity that belonged only to Lee; "that I will never permit. Whatever talents I may possess (and they are but limited) are military talents, my education and training are military. I think the military and civil talents are distinct, if not different, and full duty in either sphere is about as much as one man can qualify himself to perform. I shall not do the people the injustice to accept high civil office, with whose questions it has not been my business to become familiar."

"Well, but, General, history does not sustain your view. Cæsar and Frederick of Prussia and Bonaparte were great statesmen as well as great generals."

"And great tyrants," he promptly replied. "I speak of the proper rule in republics, where I think we should have neither military statesmen nor political generals."

"But Washington was both and yet not a tyrant."

'With a beautiful smile he responded, "Washington was an exception to all rules and there was none like him."

Probably Lee underestimated his aptitude for civil government—at any rate in comparison with that of others. The patience, the foresight, above all the tact in handling men, which made him a great general, would have made him a great president also. But taking all things into account, I doubt whether he could have done more for the Confederacy than he did, or whether even Washington would have attempted to do more.

Granted, however, that Lee's modesty was the chief cause of his not interfering further in political action,

I think another consideration must have influenced him to some extent. What possible future had the Confederate government? It is really remarkable that in all the mass of Southern — or for that matter Northern — historical writing, so little notice is taken of this vital question. Supposing that the North had given in and let the South go, what would have happened? Few soldiers or statesmen seem to have troubled themselves much about the matter, so far as I can find out. It may be said that neither did the patriots of the Revolution trouble themselves about their future. But the case was different. It was a logical necessity, a natural development, for America to separate from England. Some adjustment between the colonies was sure to be found; but even with none they would be better free.

For the Confederacy there would seem to have been but two possibilities. A great slave empire might have been formed, centralized for necessary strength, supporting a standing army of half a million men, not one man more than would have been required at any moment to face the military power of the United States in disputes that would have arisen daily over territory, emigration, tariff, and especially over slavery complications. Or the absurd incompatibility of this with all the ideas for which the South originally went to war would have made itself felt. State rights would have asserted themselves everywhere. The Confederate group would have broken into smaller groups, these again would have dissolved into the original states, and these, after a probably brief period of dissension and strife, would have been reabsorbed, with humiliation and disgust, into the Union from which they had been rent away. Is it easy to paint any more satisfactory picture of the possible

future of the Confederate States of America?

Such speculation is useless now. It would seem to have been eminently practical and necessary for the men who were leading millions of their fellows into such an abyss of uncertainty. What did Lee think about it? The answer is not easy, for his words on the subject are few and non-committal. Pollard's accusation that 'never, at any time of the war, and not even in the companionship of the most intimate friends, on whom he might have bestowed his confidence without imprudence, did he ever express the least opinion as to the chances of the war,' is absurdly exaggerated; but it is true that Lee had little to say that has come down to us about the future of the Confederacy. Before the war, before the issue was squarely presented, we know that he took much the view that I have indicated above. 'Secession is anarchy.' 'I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice anything but honor for its preservation.'

Then it came to the point where either honor or the Union must be sacrificed, and he did not hesitate. But anarchy, but the accumulation of all evils must have been clearly before him. Apparently he shut his eyes to them. Do the immediate duty of the day. Get independence. 'The Confederate States have but one great object in view, the successful issue of their war of independence. Everything worth their possessing depends on that. Everything should yield to its accomplishment.' Independence once achieved, the rest would take care of itself. Or those who, unlike Lee, had the responsibility of civil affairs, would take care of it. Or God would

take care of it. Here is the key to what in much of Lee's action seems strangely puzzling to those whose standpoint is somewhat different from his. Do the plain duty. Let the rest go. God will take care of it. In this connection a conversation of Lee's with Bishop Wilmer is immensely significant.

'In what temper of mind he entered this contest, I can speak with some confidence, from personal interviews with him soon after the commencement of hostilities.

"Is it your expectation," I asked, "that the issue of this war will be to perpetuate the institution of slavery?"

"The future is in the hands of Providence," he replied. "If the slaves of the South were mine, I would surrender them all without a struggle to avert this war."

'I asked him next upon what his calculations were based in so unequal a contest, and how he expected to win success; was he looking to divided counsels in the North, or to foreign interposition?

'His answer showed how little he was affected by the hopes and fears which agitated ordinary minds. "My reliance is in the help of God."

"Are you sanguine of the result?" I ventured to inquire.

"At present I am not concerned with results. God's will ought to be our aim, and I am contented that his designs should be accomplished and not mine."

Naturally the good bishop was charmed; but an ordinary mind is tempted to hope that it is not incompatible with the deepest love and admiration for Lee to recall the candor and profoundly human truth of Barbe Bleue's confession: '*C'est en ne sachant jamais où j'allais moi-même que je suis arrivé à conduire les autres.*'

The object of all war is peace, and with the thousand doubts and dif-

ficulties that were pressing upon him, Lee must have been anxious from the beginning to arrive at almost any reasonably satisfactory conclusion of hostilities. Here again was a political question, yet one that it was almost impossible for a commanding general to avoid. In the earlier part of the war Lee urged a peace attitude upon Davis, with some apology 'in view of its connection with the situation of military affairs.' The general thought the Northern peace party should be encouraged, without fear of that encouragement resulting in a reestablishment of the Union. 'We entertain no such apprehensions, nor doubt that the determination of our people for a distinct and independent national existence will prove as steadfast under the influence of peaceful measures as it has shown itself in the midst of war.'

In this, as in a score of other passages, Lee makes it perfectly evident that his idea of peace was an ample acknowledgment of Confederate independence. Yet it has been maintained, and with reliable testimony, that toward the close of the struggle he grew ready to accept some less radical basis of agreement. The apparent contradiction is perfectly explicable. Lee believed from first to last that the people of the South could get free, if they really wished to. They had the men, they had the resources, if they would endure and suffer and sacrifice. As late as February, 1865, he addressed to Governor Brown of Georgia this most remarkable appeal, remarkable for its earnestness and enthusiasm of conviction in the midst of despair: 'So far as the despondency of the people occasions this sad condition of affairs, I know of no other means of removing it than by the counsel and exhortations of prominent citizens. If they would explain to the people that the cause is not hopeless; that the

situation of affairs, though critical, is critical to the enemy as well as to ourselves; that he has drawn his troops from every other quarter to accomplish his designs against Richmond, and that his defeat now would result in leaving nearly our whole territory open to us; that this great result can be accomplished if all will work diligently and zealously; and that his successes are far less valuable in fact than in appearance, I think our sorely tried people would be induced to bear their sufferings a little longer and regain some of the spirit that marked the first two years of the war. If they will, I feel confident that, with the blessing of God, our greatest danger will prove the means of deliverance and safety.'

But, alas, the spirit was crushed, the courage was broken, never to be re-animated again. Lee knew it, however much he fought the conviction. If the people were no longer behind him, what could he do? 'General Lee says to the men who shirk duty,' writes Mrs. Chesnut, "'This is the people's war: when they tire, I stop.'" Or, as he himself writes, more solemnly, 'Our people have not been earnest enough, have thought too much of themselves and their ease, and instead of turning out to a man, have been content to nurse themselves and their dimes, and leave the protection of themselves and families to others.' It was this that made him so hopeless about obtaining supplies that in December, 1864, he told a committee of Congress that 'he could devise no means of carrying on the war.' It was this that made him so despondent in his talk with Hunter, about the same time that the above letter was written to Brown. 'In the whole of this conversation he never said to me that he thought the chances were over; but the tone and tenor of his remarks made that impression on my mind.' It was this, finally, that

made him say what he is reported to have said shortly after the war was over: 'In my earnest belief peace was practicable two years ago and has been since that time, whenever the general government should see fit to give any reasonable chance for the country to escape the consequences which the exasperated North seemed ready to visit upon it.'

Yet here again, Lee was the soldier, not the president. So long as the civil government said fight, he fought, till fighting had become, in any reasonable sense, impossible. The distress of mind involved in this attitude is nowhere more clearly indicated than in the words reported by General Gordon. 'General Gordon, I am a soldier. It is my duty to obey orders. It is enough to turn one's hair gray to spend one day in that Congress. The members are patient and earnest, but they will neither take the responsibility of action nor will they clothe me with authority to act for them. As for Mr. Davis, he is unwilling to do anything short of independence, and feels that it is useless to try to treat on that basis.'

But when at last Davis had left the capital and practically the control of affairs, the commander of the Army of Northern Virginia acted his final scene with the dignity, the sacrifice, the true patriotism which Mr. Adams has so nobly commemorated. Instead of scattering the desperate remnant of his forces to carry on a murderous guerilla warfare, Lee recognized the inevitable verdict of necessity, and surrendered his army on conditions certainly in no way hurtful to its lasting glory. With that surrender the government of the Confederate States in reality ceased to exist.

These studies of Lee in his relation to the civil government do not perhaps show him at his best or in the most splendid manifestation of his genius.

Yet hardly anything in the man's character is grander than the way in which he instantly adapted himself to new circumstances and began to work as a loyal and devoted citizen, even when the United States still refused him the rights and privileges of citizenship. The importance of his influence in this regard, over his friends and family, over his old soldiers, over every Southern man and woman, can hardly be exaggerated. 'When he said that the career of the Confederacy was ended, that the hope of an independent government must be abandoned, and that the duty of the future was to abandon the dream of a Confederacy and to render a new and cheerful allegiance to a reunited government — his utterances were accepted as true as holy writ. No other human being upon earth, no other earthly power, could have produced such acquiescence or could have compelled such prompt acceptance of the final and irreversible judgment.' There was no grudging, no holding back, no hiding of despair in dark corners, but an instant effort to do, and to urge others to do, everything possible to rebuild the fair edifice that had been overthrown.

'When I had the privilege, after his death, of examining his private letter-book, I found it literally crowded with letters advising old soldiers and others to submit to all authorities and become law-abiding citizens,' writes his biographer. 'I am sorry,' writes Lee himself, 'to hear that our returned soldiers cannot obtain employment. Tell them

they must all set to work, and if they cannot do what they prefer, do what they can. Virginia wants all their aid, all their support, and the presence of all her sons to sustain and recuperate her.' 'To one who inquired what fate was in store for us poor Virginians, he replied, "You can work for Virginia, to build her up again, to make her great again. You can teach your children to love and cherish her."' And if any one urges that this is still the old leaven, after all, Virginia, always Virginia, we answer, No; this man was great enough to forget, and forget at once; to blend Virginia even then with a larger nationality. As a matter of policy he expresses this with clear insight: 'The interests of the state are, therefore, the same as those of the United States. Its prosperity will rise or fall with the welfare of the country.' As a matter of feeling, he expresses it with profound and noble emotion, saying to a lady who cherished more bitterness than he, 'Madam, don't bring up your sons to detest the United States government. Recollect that we form one country now. Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans.'

Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans. What finer sentence could be inscribed on the pedestal of Lee's statue than that? Americans! All the local animosities forgiven and forgotten, can we not say that he too, though dying only five years after the terrible struggle, died a loyal, a confident, a hopeful American, and one of the very greatest?

MISERERE, DOMINE !

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

UNFATHOMABLE One,
Maker of all things, breath
Of all breath, spirit-spun
Thread inwoven in birth and life and death, —
 Whence came for thee the mood
To make? What vision, seen by thee alone,
Urged thee from solitude
To an uneasy throne,
Where sounds forever the sad monotone
Of souls in worlds unnumbered, from the dust
Crying for justice against thee, the Just?
 Did darker thoughts harass,
And drive thee to these noises, —
Lulled, as on storms thy sea-bird, brooding, poises?
Or hast thou mirrored thee, unveiled, in man,
As for mere vanity
A girl dotes on her image in a glass;
And so thy sorry plan
Is but a shadow-show to flatter thee?
 Or, restless evermore,
Hast shaped this jarring scheme because thy peace
Is not of strife surcease,
But instant victory in constant war?
Or was thy making blind
Willfulness, which has brought
Life out of life, moved by no further thought;
Wherefore, unlit by mind,
Thy world is groping out of naught to naught?
 Master, what is thy will
For us! *Peace? Love?* Thou seest, Lord, our life:
Does it thine ends fulfill?
— Yea, they have peace, the strong, the conquerors;
While whipped men nurse their sores.

MISERERE, DOMINE!

Yet though cowed rage awhile may sheathe the knife,
 Hate hides behind; and strife
 But waits upon occasion, — till old scores
 Blood shall have blotted: leagued, the wolf-pack preys
 But should a leader limp or lag, it slays.

Thou seest blind love enmesh
 The wills of men: how in the baser crew
 Flesh hungers after flesh,
 And feeds; hungers afresh,
 And dies; and how the few
 Grasp at an iris-bow
 Of many-colored hopes that come — to go.

Where is that love supreme
 In which souls meet, — where is it satisfied?
 Unless the bridegroom conjure his pale bride
 From insubstantial dream;
 Or, when a maid has died,
 Some brooding poet quicken vain desire
 With his own spirit's fire,
 And nursing in his soul the dear device,
 He make — and be — his own still paradise.

Enisled on heaving sands
 Of lone desire, spirit to spirit cries;
 While float across the skies
 Bright phantoms of fair lands
 Where fancies fade not, and where dreams abide.
 Then on a day the dear illusions lift:
 Sundered, upon a shoreless sea adrift,
 With eyes that yearn to eyes,
 Mute, with imploring hands,
 The twain go driven whither no land lies;
 And whether side by side,
 Or swept apart by some swift passionate tide,
 Each in the bark of each
 Lies bound; nor ever soul to soul shall reach.

Time was indeed when some,
 Gaunt, with averted eyes and voices dumb
 For all save thee, on rocky fastnesses,
 In woods, or by waste sands,
 Sought by self-scourging and bead-mumbled spell
 Guerdon of heaven: ah, why in silences

Fulfilled with thee, sighed they for vague dream-lands
 Of mystic asphodel,
 Who, long self-cloistered in disgust of men,
 Must greet on yonder multitudinous shore
 Those they but scorned before,
 Still in the spirit human — even as then?

Ancient of days, bemoan'st thou the rent bars
 Of sleep? — thine ere the inexplicable pang
 Stirred in their sockets thy fixed balls of sight,
 And thy lids loosened, and the vital light
 Flamed on the dust of uncompact stars,
 Until these joined and sang;
 And on the four winds rang
 The long thin shrill wild wail of a world's woe.
 Lord, with unshaken soul,
 Shalt thou forever, hearing, will it so?
 Not halt these spheres that roll
 Infect? Not with submissive knowledge own
 Good was for thee alone?
 Not then, withdrawing thee in thee, atone?

LIFE BEYOND LIFE

BY BEULAH B. AMRAM

'That seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books . . . an immortality rather than a life.' — MILTON'S *Areopagitica*.

'To the mortal, birth is a sort of eternity and immortality.' — *Diotima*, in *The Symposium*.

A WOMAN sat in the shade of an old wild-cherry tree. She had passed her first youth, — she had never been beautiful, but the glance that she cast at the child lying on the grass at her feet made her thoughtful face very pleasing. The little niece smiled lazily at the children playing at a distance behind the hedge.

The drowsy summer-world seemed full of little girls. But the woman's mind was less placid than her unruffled brow. She entertained no doubt as to her answer to the letter in her hand, but with a sentiment that she had thought could belong only to extreme youth, she felt unwilling to enter into so beautiful and momentous a relationship with any obscure corner of her heart harboring reluctance. It seemed to her a sort of *lèse majesté* even to question the desirability of marriage after those

rare, sweet, companionable months. Yet it seemed to her no less a treason to put her personal happiness before a task that she felt called to do, in the old, high, beautiful sense that a cynical modernity has relegated to the lumber-room of 'hopelessly old-fashioned' things. She found it difficult to reconcile herself to the obliteration of so rare and significant a figure as her father had been; and her chief desire, now, was to secure for him, through the irrevocable processes of the press, the life after death that her theology did not include among its consolations; thus, by a curious inversion, re-creating the life through which her own had come.

As a girl, she had, like most girls of her type, enjoyed the exhilaration of situations, even painful ones. Young emotions, like young muscles, crave activity. It is inertia that wears; it is when heroism takes the form of passive endurance, that eager emotions become acrid from disuse. One of her earliest memories was of reading, surreptitiously, an account of the unrepentant if not voluntary sacrifice of the Hindu suttee, and she had carried with her for days the desire to be placed in some difficult position that should test her powers. It was the same sentiment as that aroused in the diarist who records the terrible military degradation of Emerald Uthwart, 'a sort of desire to share his lot, — to be actually in his place for a moment,' — the appreciation of a difficult part nobly played under the stress of thrilling and heroic emotions. But she had passed that point, and no longer saw herself the protagonist in a drama, where, even in troublous moments, the interest was no less interesting than the tragedy was tragic; and her feeling now was one almost of annoyance at this interruption of the quiet stream of their well-ordered lives. Undoubtedly it was

Given unto the eagle's eye
To face the midday sky;

but now 'the heights the soul is competent to gain,' with their fierce wide view, drew her less than the mossy depths of the quiet valley, with a placid strip of detached sky above.

One predominant trait she had retained, however — the habit of seeing difficulties of solution in personal problems go down only before some great and overwhelming principle, to which opposition might fitly yield, — which should make submission easy, or at least afford the satisfaction of a moral victory.

On one strange August afternoon, a sudden veil of clouds, black with wind, cold with sleet, had rushed out of the north and east and south at once, covering all the sky, except for a narrow band in the west. The level rays lay over the darkened earth, touching here and there a low-hung branch, but diffusing no light, no warmth, strangely unreal — merely yellow fingers on the grass of a weird, gray world; like the unearthly light when an eclipse darkens the sun, and the stars come out and the cocks crow and people look a little fearfully in each other's faces. Such a half-light in human affairs chilled her. Her habitual need of the irradiation of some large and reconciling purpose in every conflict had become almost the equivalent of the old mystic article of faith that solved its problems by the arbitrary selection of Biblical texts, feeling that thus somehow the problem was taken out of human hands, away from human judgment. Could she then marry with a mind that looked back upon her filial duty as perhaps the strongest element in her nature?

She was not a child when her father had died, but so irreconcilable with mortality was his rare spiritual quality that she had felt an unusual shock at his loss, such as comes to the student at

the verge of doubt when he gives over his religion to the hand of the philologists and tries to agree with them that his God is dead. His memory was not to be effaced from the minds of those who knew him, but it must certainly die with them, 'for the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity.' What that influence had been she neither magnified nor minimized, and she was irresistibly impelled to attempt to preserve the memory of a soul instinct with idealism, which saw only unerring and lofty purpose, which was blind and deaf to the basic vices of our complex civilization.

Unfortunately, she thought, she herself belonged to the order of hopelessly old-fashioned things, and so was not at all helped in her problem by the doctrine of the modern individualist, for whose cant about considerations of the 'individual soul' as a thing 'entirely one's own' 'to do with as one pleases,' she had nothing but amused contempt. She was not at all sure that in the long run, that had begun so long ago and should run so far hence, the happiness of that soul troubled at all the peace of the high gods. She was not at all sure that the ratio of human happiness was so much higher in these days of theoretical liberty. She was not at all sure that women were not as much ridden to-day by the aggressive fear of mastery as once they had been by its actuality. Men and women seemed to her interesting and significant, not as separate and separable units, but as humble elements in one great and harmonious whole. And the only serene happiness seemed to her to lie in the attempt of each to preserve that harmony that linked individual to individual, people to people, age to age.

With all the resources of intellect, and armed with the best that educa-

tion can give, her father had chosen to care less about what might be in the problematical future than what had been in the known past. He had been one of those who argue that faith might easily and satisfactorily be taken whole, and human energies turned to more immediate and useful things. For surely, he had said, it was not faith that was at fault; even though it had been, for so many centuries, faith in the wrong thing. It had been the conjunction of worldly power with faith that had made of what should have been the greatest of blessings the most abhorred of weapons in the hands of Satan.

*Quando si porge la mano Cesare à Piero
Da quella stretta sangue umano stilla;
Quando il bacio si dan Chiesa ed Impero
Un astro di martirio in ciel sfavilla,*

wrote a poet who touched the opposite pole of religious thought, looking backward, not to Religion, but to Nationality with its immortal traditions, forward to Science, in that rare combination of power that inspires the modern Italian. But that fight was happily over, and Cæsar no longer stretched the hand to Peter. Enough had been gained thereby. Beyond that, how far should human reason reach to the heart of 'the world that took but six days to make, and is like to take six thousand to make out'? His doubts he had salved with the Psalmist, 'The Heavens are the Heavens of the Lord, but the earth hath he given to the children of men'—echoed by Euripides's chorus, 'This is the life that saves all pain, if a man confine his thoughts to human themes as is his mortal nature, making no pretense where heaven is concerned. . . . Sophistry is not wisdom, and to indulge in thoughts beyond man's ken is to shorten life.'

Different as were her views on matters of theology, she was too sympathetic not to see that such orthodoxy—

the conservatism of a man who could take religion out of the constraining barriers of dogmatism, and show it as undeniably related to as much of the eternal verities as humanity can grasp — cannot be contemptuously disposed of in Oscar Wilde's phrase, as being a mere 'facile unintelligent acquiescence.' Facile it certainly was not. Surely it was infinitely easier, as in Micah's day, to care for only 'the willful pleasure of the soul.' Still less was it unintelligent, for, as George Eliot says of Dinah Morris's rather primitive Methodism, every faith is a sort of 'rudimentary culture,' suffusing the imagination and taking the mind back through the past. Individualism bases itself on emotion; it is conservatism that is intellectual in its essence — not the conservatism of the multitude who follow merely the unalterable rule of prescribed duties, but of those who feel that nothing that is human, that has ever been thought beautiful and worthy to be expressed, and lived for, and sacrificed for, should be lost in the onward movement of things earthly and spiritual. So that even he who has irrevocably denied divine prescience in the plan may still wish to be linked to all that has gone before, and may call it humanism, perhaps, or the historic consciousness.

Strange and paradoxical that in such men humanism should become almost identical with the conservatism that was so long its persistent enemy. It was with him acquiescence in something that seemed of too lofty essence to be touched with uncovered hands, something that had revealed itself to great souls meditating in the midst of vast distances, beneath infinite spaces of sky. Lesser souls might easily reverence their loftiness, though they might doubt their inspiration.

Such orthodoxy, stripped of theology, might still hold the thoughtful and independent mind that confesses

to a lurking poetic sense. For through their inheritance of traditional beliefs and habits, men may bridge the abyss of the years, looking back through the near and clearly remembered and understood, reaching by easy gradations the visionary beginnings of things. In the synagogue, at the central point of the immemorial service, the officiant lifts the unrolled scroll in both hands and, turning to all sides, shows it to the congregation. And the layman says with him, 'This is the law that Moses set before the children of Israel by the mouth of the Lord'; recognizing that, in spite of his Biblical exegesis and his comparative jurisprudence, it *is* the law, inasmuch as millions of living men, who admitted no doubt, have so proclaimed it. Such customs find their sanction in something deeper than reason. When Reason shall have held sway over men as long as Authority has reigned, the gradual deposit of the new method may effectually rout the throng of associations that cling to customs but yesterday cast off, customs that found their origins in alien lands, among alien peoples, founded perhaps in unreason, perhaps in what we have learned to call superstition, but that bear with them the accretion of ages of human hopes.

He had never failed to recognize that it may — indeed, almost always had — become 'a terrible and paralyzing tyranny.' Side by side with the orderly festivals, the beautiful pagan seemly things, were the living torches of Nero, the cruelty and the slavery; behind the gorgeous, gold-decked processions in glorious churches, hid incredible inquisitorial terrors. Nevertheless he had doubted whether there was more danger of conservatism ossifying into the motionless rock than of individualism disintegrating into chaos. Shortly before his death, he had read with much pleasure Maeterlinck's charming fancy

that the dead live again whenever we think of them, and he had asked her whether they did not live forever, their acts, their memories, when successive generations willingly preserved the things they revered. Truly, a strange figure amidst the 'heads that are disposed unto schism and complexionally propense to innovation' that surrounded him in the modern world.

She had no delusions as to the ultimate value of his or any other man's work. Neither had she any of the deadening neurotic vanity that, seeing itself always in relation to the universe, despises all accomplishment. Happily many things, above all, the completion of this work, seemed to her to be eminently worth doing. The door to doubt that had persistently flown open in her almost morbid girlhood, she now kept firmly closed behind the barriers of common sense, — in its literal interpretation, meaning that those things that the sensations and sensibilities of all men at all times have agreed on, become, in themselves, true expressions of that 'law of nature,' dear to philosophers, 'inherent in nature and the human heart.' Philosophies that deny the credibility of men's senses, seeking for absolute standards, reach at last the pitiful position taken by Tolstoi, who would deny and destroy all that the intellect has so laboriously built up, so painfully struggled for, because, in his view, our impressions of the universe may be as far from the truth as are the impressions that the senses of tiny animals give of us. She felt, however, that human terms accord with human sensations, and that the agreement of men to call the grass green gives that color a definite existence, even though Rembrandt's green may have been what we now call brown.

The idealism that, denying reality, conceives the universe as merely a dream in the eternal mind, that shall

vanish some day when the dreamer wakes, had always seemed to her fantastic and merely literary, until she had come to understand it through two strange experiences. Once, at a time of profound mental exhaustion, objects around her had suddenly lost their objectivity and had seemed merely projections of her mind against space. Once, on her return from the far land of Anæsthesia, the familiar world on which her eyes opened seemed to her but a feeble reflection of the real world she had just left, and a vague sense almost of amusement at the ignorance and self-delusion that the surgeon shared with those around her, mingled with the remembered sense of awe at his great knowledge and daring skill. With the clearing of that state, she realized that that far land had existed only in her own mind, and she concluded that, if conceptions of absolute truth, independent of experience, had to be reached through such flashes of possible insight but at the cost of such really terrifying mental conflict, it was better for mankind to remain blind, unconscious of its blindness.

So, wise or foolish, men had agreed that death was disagreeable, annihilation undesirable, remembrance sweet. Religion, out of its hope that this fleeting world might not be all, evolved a doctrine of unending life in another world. The Greek, the Brahmin, gave the soul another habitat, and called their doctrine metempsychosis. The artist sought immortality in art, in self-expression — a form of creative impulse as irresistibly strong as that by which the world is peopled — the *cacoethes scribendi*, strong wherever life is strong, pouring out the countless memoirs of Erasmus, the hundred volumes of George Sand. Of all that formed the audiences of the ancient world, those live to-day who expressed themselves, those who thought in marble, who con-

ceived in bronze. With all men, since grateful Homer at Chios put his benefactor's name among the companions of Ulysses in the *Odyssey*, since Milton died happy that posterity would not willingly let his memory die, — it is mortality's protest against dissolution, the recoil from oblivion.

But there was another kind of immortality. With all her sympathetic understanding of her father's intellectual type, what he had deliberately taught, what he had taught by simply being what he was, with all her gift of expression, she knew that she never could show him as she felt him. He could never live in her pages as he lived in her. Even in the many matters in which, a child of her century, she differed from him, she still could understand completely his strong convictions and deepest incommunicable pre-occupations.

The child at her feet stirred in soft sleep, opened her eyes, and turned again to deeper sleep.

That morning, lured by a flash of color blazing unexpectedly through an open space, she had pushed past the detaining arms of her neighbor's barberry hedge and had come upon a formal old-fashioned garden, inclosed on three sides by tall, slim young Normandy poplars, broken only where through a low, stone, ivy-covered gate, a little girl was bending over a glow of scarlet geranium. She could see yet the riot of color in the formal beds, the pink and white and vermillion of the verbenas, the scarlet of the poppies, the countless blends of color on the sweet peas, and the dainty larkspurs flaunting their blue cups to a bluer sky, the purple sheet where the columbines hung their lovely bells between modest borders of pansies and alyssum. She could smell yet the odors in the warm air, of beds of heliotrope and lavender, mixed so subtly with the de-

licious fragrance of the roses. The unexpected vision had startled her, so near to her all summer as she had sat under the paternal arm of the old wild-cherry tree that hung so low in the corner of her garden.

And here this child, his grandchild, lay sleeping in the lulling summer quiet, and it was the face of her father that she saw as she had never seen it before — with the soft white hair, that hung so gently, changed to brown, but with the same pure outline, the same clear skin, the same placid mouth, the same deep brown eyes. She felt the branches spreading out behind that child, gathering from the ends of the earth the material that had gone to make her, concentrating in her, only to spread out again infinitely in the lives that should come after. In the likeness of so much of her own self to her father, she was reminded of a quaint fancy she had read of a metempsychosis of ideas as well as of souls, of opinions finding 'after certain revolutions men and minds like those that first begat them.' In the unconscious child, as in herself, she saw the indissoluble links between the countless armies 'who have passed through the body and gone,' who should bear on their lives, his life, forever to the countless armies 'fresh from the Protoplast, furnished for ages to come.' Thus might the heavy, earth-worn human mass be leavened!

The chilling half-light was gone as she came back from her abstraction. She looked around her at the lovely blooming world and there passed into her face 'beauty born of murmuring sound' — the murmuring as of running water in the leaves of the full-blown ash tree, the twittering of the young thrushes in the well-filled nests. A shadow fell on the grass beside her, and the deep eyes and the grave mouth smiled as she gave him both her hands.

ARCHÆOLOGY

BY ORIC BATES

I

FOR those whose work is the recovery, by researches carried on in the field, of such monuments of antiquity as time has spared to us, the public has always an inevitable question: 'What is archæology, and what is the good of it?' By this query, in one form or another, the archæologist is confronted at every turn. His profession, still so young as to be in a state of rapid evolution, is hardly yet an accepted fact, as is that of the lawyer or physician. The many laymen superficially interested in 'digging' and 'finds' are in most cases stimulated and appealed to by wholly secondary phases of this science of antiquities; by the fact, for example, that through archæological research many beautiful monuments of ancient art are being restored to us; by the recovery of material throwing light upon history; by the element of chance in all excavations; or even, in individual cases, by particulars such as new illustrations of ancient costume, ship-building, or athletics. Already manifold in its aspects, archæology interests for the most varied and often extraordinary reasons; but very rarely does it make its appeal through the vital and undying principle by which all its branches are — or should be — inspired, or the great and important ends which, at its best, it achieves.

To understand the principle which has slowly come to animate the best archæological work of the present day, one should first glance at the stages

through which the science has passed. The spirit in which the most advanced workers have, for the last ten years, undertaken the solution of the problems by which they have been confronted will be the more easily understood when contrasted with the narrower or more facile ideals which contented the earlier schools. The history of archæology, it will be seen, presents one strong analogy to the history of other sciences, such as chemistry or astronomy: from stages secondary and dependent, it develops by phases to the condition of a pure science worthy of pursuit for its own sake.

From its origin in the fifteenth century down to the middle of the nineteenth, archæology, generally speaking, concerned itself largely with the remains of Greece and Rome. It may be said to have begun in the eager search for gems, medals, and marbles which arose out of the passionate classicism of the Renaissance. The enthusiasm, uncritical and all-devouring, which followed the rediscovery of long-neglected Greek and Latin authors, manifested itself not only in the intense and even fanatical study of ancient literature, but in secondary phases of many sorts. *Inter alia*, the observation of classic Greece and Rome inaugurated, in the fifteenth century, a keen search for antiquities, especially for such as were portable and of a nature which made them desirable objects for the collections of the Italian *optimates* of the day. As typical of this epoch, we see such men as Ciriaco

d'Ancona. Breaking away from the trammelled merchant-life for which he was designed, he utters his splendid cry, 'I go to awaken the dead!' and begins a career of adventurous travel in Europe and the Levant, seeking for coins, gems, inscriptions, and sculptures, — for any link, in fine, with the brave, departed glory which had fired his imagination. He spends years in tireless search, renewing his energy at each discovery he makes. And in the end he dies, leaving a fascinating though rather untrustworthy record of his work, and having enriched the collections of his prince-patrons with things beautiful and precious. It is this last point which deserves, perhaps, most stress: the archæologist of the first period was for the greater part a mere collector, stimulated by the reigning passion of the day. Such archæological writing as was undertaken was in the nature rather of enthusiastic comment and fanciful explanation, than of conscientious and accurate description and logical deduction.¹

With the downfall of Humanism in the sixteenth century and the rise of that textual criticism which found its chief expression in the Dutch Renaissance, archæology entered upon its second stage. From the collecting of objects because they were beautiful, or Greek, or Roman, archæology passed into the service of classical scholarship. Men of learning, whose chief interest lay in the classic texts, now saw in the ancient monuments material valuable for illustrative purposes. Coins, for example, were used to elucidate passages in ancient writers; and the study of numismatics, a sound beginning for which had been made by the great French scholar Budæus, was steadily

advanced by the reproductions and discussions of ancient moneys in the variorum editions of classic authors.

In the seventeenth century the demand for archæological material to which the commentator might appeal was so great as to produce many writers on antiquities. Such, for instance, was the Italian Raffaele Fabretti, a careful and scholarly observer, who acquired his data at first hand, and made excellently good use of his facts once he had them. We see him poking about the Campagna on his wise old horse 'Marco Polo,' who, if his master is to be believed, came himself to have so much archæological sense that he was wont to 'point' antiquities as a dog will a partridge. This rider dismounts, measures, and sketches. He writes works on the topography of the Campagna Romana, on the Roman aqueducts, on the Column of Trajan. His is the work from which the contemporary editor of Livy or Horace may now and again extract material for a crabbed and lengthy footnote. For, as has been intimated, the second stage in the history of archæology is marked by the fact that ancient monuments were regarded primarily as material for the elucidation of classical writers.²

The eighteenth century saw the decline — one might perhaps say the petrification — of the commentator-archæologist. Lack of fresh material had led to stagnation. It should be borne in mind that, although there had been some hodge-podge excavation during the Renaissance, and even after the Catholic Reaction, it was of a very desultory sort, and most of the important

¹ I should not wish to be thought ignorant of the striking exceptions. Here, as in touching upon the succeeding periods, I am merely trying broadly to characterize. — THE AUTHOR.

² If one is curious to see the nature of the archæological writing of the seventeenth century, and to see to what extent it is subsidiary to the texts, the *Thesaurus Antiquitatum Romanorum*, 12 vols. folio, may be seen in most large libraries. Many of the articles therein are of an earlier period, but the bulk of the work is of the seventeenth century. — THE AUTHOR.

finds had been made accidentally. As a result of the rareness of field-work, the time came when every use to which the scholars of the day could put the material at their disposal had been made; and the archæology of the mid-eighteenth century was a dilettanti antiquarianism, rightly stigmatized, by the man who put an end to it, as 'pettifogging.'

The change, the greatest in the history of the science, was made by Johann Joachim Winkelmann. It would be out of place to dwell here on the good services of other men, such as Haverkamp, Spanheim, or Lessing; it must suffice us to grasp the essential nature of the revolution which followed Winkelmann, and of which he was the chief inaugurator.

Winkelmann's life, from his pathetic boyhood until the day of his assassination, was centred in love of, and reverence for, beauty. By an accident of temperament, the artistic expression of beauty which appealed to him most deeply was that which he found embodied in ancient sculpture. It is of no consequence that since his day the canons of taste have so altered that we now regard many of his opinions as worthless; the cases are like mistakes of fact, and despite them one may with truth still say, as did Goethe, that 'one might not learn much by reading Winkelmann, but one became something.'

The essence of Winkelmann's service to archæology is twofold: by his desire as a critic to illustrate the principles of ancient fine art, he turned the tables on the moribund school of commentators by *bringing the texts to illuminate the antiquities*; and he first clearly displayed to scholars and laymen the laws of the rise, culmination, and decay in art; that is, he presented to the world the analogy existing between art and any other organic entity — the

analogy which must, in some form or other, underlie all æsthetic theory. It was this change of attitude in regard to the relation of ancient texts to ancient monuments, and his clear and outspoken ideas of the *life of sculpture and painting* which, coupled with an unconcealed contempt for the 'antiquarians' of the day, brought Winkelmann into conflict with so many of his colleagues. His opponents were borne down by the fresh vigor of his views — views which, with modifications, endured through the century which they ushered in and the half-century after. For archæology in its third stage, from the publication of Winkelmann's *History of Ancient Art* until the end of the nineteenth century, has subordinated ancient literature to the study of ancient monuments. The philologist — in the narrower sense of the word — still avails himself of the results of the archæologist; but the needs of the former are no longer considered the chief excuse for the existence of the latter.

Winkelmann's influence upon archæology was in only one respect regrettable: the concentration of his energies upon ancient æsthetics so linked together the study of archæology and of classic art that, popularly, the view that they are inseparable still obtains.¹ In fact, there was a danger that archæology, once the servant of the philologist, would become a mere tool of the

¹ It pleased the late Mr. Pater, in his *Renaissance Studies*, to include an essay on Winkelmann on the plea that Winkelmann was a belated Humanist of the Renaissance type. Nothing could, I think, be unintentionally more unjust. Winkelmann's enthusiasm, though different from Lessing's, was yet like it in this, that it belonged rather to the Romantic Movement which followed it than to the Renaissance which had preceded it. He was not a follower of any older school so much as a precursor of later ones, and the sympathy and enthusiasm which he imparted, half a century after his death, to men of such a Romantic stamp as Baron Haller von Hallerstein, bear this out. — THE AUTHOR.

æsthetician; and it is only at the present day that it is taking its place as an independent and highly specialized science, of use to so many other branches of knowledge as to be under the shadow of no one of them.

Yet it is perhaps unfair to complain of the subordination of archæology, throughout the nineteenth century, to æsthetic interests. For although, through the indifference that was felt for material which, however valuable scientifically, made no appeal to the artistic sense, much was lost or overlooked, still this indifference has proved to be only temporary; and by recruiting its supporters from the ranks of those concerned with art, archæology became a matter of general interest. It was, indeed, by this recruiting that support was found for extensive excavation, and that, by slow stages now undergoing change, systematic field-methods were developed. The gulf between the methods employed — if the word 'methods' may be used — by the first excavators at Ægina, or by honest Colonel Vyse at the Pyramids of Ghizeh,¹ and the painful modern researches of Winkler at Boghaz-Keui, of Reisner in Egypt, is vastly wide. But it is largely due to the experience gained in work carried on by the means of men interested chiefly in ancient art that the advance has been brought about. The work of Winkelmänn, the Philhellenism of the Romantic Movement, the independence of Greece, — these elements, among others, each contributed to make the nineteenth century notably an epoch of excavation; and it is very largely, although not directly, through excavation that

archæology has reached its latest development, — its 'independent' phase.

The main aspects of the science since its origin have been already pointed out: its passage from '*antica*'-hunting actuated by the enthusiasm for the classical world in the Renaissance, to the more useful business of garnering material for the textual critic; the revolution brought about by Winkelmänn, which applied the written word to the explanation of ancient works of art; and Winkelmänn's great thesis of æsthetic growth and decline. It has just been noted that the nineteenth century was a period of active field-work; we are now ready to consider the archæology of the present, and to see in what way it differs from that of five-and-twenty years ago.

To begin with, it is thoroughly scientific in spirit. The change to this position from the older one, of which comparative æsthetics was, theoretically, the basis, — in reality the basis was often individual taste, — could not have been effected without passing beyond classical horizons. The early researches in Egypt which followed the publication of the Napoleonic *Description*, threw open a new field, a field toward which an immense impulse was given by the satisfactory decipherment of hieroglyphics. About the middle of the nineteenth century, Botta and Layard brought the western world face to face with the great Semitic civilizations of the Euphrates valley. At the same time, owing to the discovery of palæolithic implements in France, the antiquity of man became a subject of violent discussion throughout Europe. Anthropology, a science some aspects of which are coincident with archæology, developed with spectacular rapidity. The feeling that archæology was the study of Greek and Roman antiquities was shaken. Excavation in Egypt, Denmark, Karthage, Assyria, and

¹ It is due to the memory of Colonel Vyse to say that his book contains descriptions of the Pyramids so accurate as to be still of value. Yet one flinches at accounts of operations one of the principal factors of which was blasting-powder — in generous charges! — THE AUTHOR.

northwestern India, broke down the old narrow tradition from without; the claims of classicism received, however, a greater damage from within, and that at the hands of a Philhellene of the stanchest type. — Schliemann, the excavator of Troy and Mykenae.

This came about curiously. Schliemann, a noble fanatic whose critical powers were in inverse ratio to his enthusiasm for Homeric antiquity, met during his excavations with immense and startling success. But the rational and skeptical spirit of the age, especially among his own countrymen, could not, in many cases, accept his conjectural connection of many of his finds with Homeric story. Lesser men, who lacked his enthusiasm, had yet the advantage of a critical faculty which would not let them believe that Schliemann's 'cup of Nestor' had ever touched the lips of the old man from sandy Pylos. Great discussion arose between those who saw in the new discoveries relics of the Homeric heroes, and those who considered them more impersonally. It was this discussion, and the subsequent excavations of 'Mykenæan' sites, which ultimately freed archaeology completely from being considered as primarily concerned with classical antiquity; for it soon became clear, as the older Egean culture-strata were exposed, that we were confronted, though on Greek soil, with a civilization which was not, strictly speaking, 'Greek' at all. At the same time, prehistoric Italy became revealed to us.

It was at this point that, very reluctantly, the services of the anthropologist were requisitioned by the student of classical antiquity; and the spirit infused by the science dealing primarily with man as an animal into the laxer science dealing primarily with his works, has from that day on had an increasingly valuable influence. The reaction between these two branches of know-

ledge is still going on, but already there is little difference in temper between the geologically or anatomically-grounded anthropologist and the modern archaeologist, save that the latter must always have in his mental equipment a sense of 'style,' which cannot be wholly acquired by study.

The scientific advance, especially in countries such as India,¹ Finland, or Egypt, where there was no very strong earlier tradition to be overcome, can be clearly seen in the progress of the mere mechanics of excavation. In the beginning, one simply chose a promising site and looted it. The 'excavator' appeared on the scene when exciting finds were being made. If there were no exciting finds, he usually tried his luck elsewhere. After the work, he generally made a map — of sorts! At times, leaving a native foreman in charge, he went shooting or exploring the country. He kept a camp which, as a rule, was merely a glorified example of the local native habitation. His ideas of recording seldom went beyond keeping a 'journal,' making occasional maps and plans of a sort now-a-days considered unsatisfactory, and, from time to time, sketches. His publications were frequently burdened with personal digressions, with illogical hazards as to the meaning of his own discoveries, and with little or no regard for contemporary work in his own field.

To-day this type of man still exists, but he is an anachronism and a sloven. He is not regarded as being so objectionable as the *antica*-purchaser, the archaeologist who habitually buys antiquities, — and who may be regarded as a survival of the Renaissance col-

¹ Lest I be suspected, as was once Apollonios of Tyana, of extolling the wisdom of the Indians because they are so remote, let me here refer to the brilliant work of Dr. Stein, Dr. Grünwedel, and my friend Dr. von Le Coq in Chinese Turkestan, and to the splendid *Archæological Survey of India*. — THE AUTHOR.

lector, — but his capacity for harm, give him loose rein, is really greater; it is the old story of the fool's being more objectionable than the knave.

Modern field-work of the best sort is a very different matter from that at which we have just glanced. A site is generally chosen for a more definite reason than that it 'looks good.' The work is planned as much as possible in advance, frequently with the help of carefully-made maps, and is not abandoned until the site is thoroughly explored. Before a spade goes into the ground, the excavator has evolved a provisional campaign for his season: a plan which, while lax enough to accommodate itself readily to new conditions which cannot be foreseen but which are sure to arise, is yet well enough thought out to avoid any possibility of the haphazard 'try-here, try-there' nonsense of, for example, the excavations in Kyrenaïka under Vattier de Bourville or Smith and Porcher. The men who do the digging are grouped into small companies, and are carefully given simple and definite instructions, to carry out which they are encouraged by a system of generous 'bakshish' and severe penalties.

During the progress of the work some member of the staff is actually on the spot most of the time, and the camp is never left by all of the staff at once. The camp itself is, if circumstances will possibly admit it, a house, a safe store, and an engineer's office. When an object is found, it is first cleared and then photographed. It is left *in situ* until the development of the photographic plate shows a satisfactory result. The map-making is done with an 'admissible error' of 1:1500 for the smaller plans, and 1:1000 for the larger. The record consists of these photographs and maps, which are cross-referenced; of a written daily record; and of special 'de-

tails' to scales of 1:100 up to 1:5. The publication is a concise, clear presentation of material. All theories which are not directly pertinent are omitted, or consigned to appendices or notes; and the illustrations consist of a selection of *significant* photographs, plans, and maps.

From the perfect modern record it would be possible, in theory, to replace every object as it was found, and to reconstruct the whole site to the state in which it was on the day when first attacked. Thus the excavator, who, owing to the fatigue and distraction inseparable from carrying the work forward, is practically unable, no matter what his scholarly equipment, to theorize advantageously upon his own material or to see it in proper perspective, places his results before the world in such form that the scholarly reader may have before him a complete exposition of the site explored.

Much more might be remarked on this topic; the difficulty is to stop here! But enough has, it is hoped, been said to show, by illustration, the scientific advance of modern archæological research.

II

Our question, 'What is archæology, and what is the good of it?' yet waits an answer. Having gone into the progress of the science thus far, we are able to make this now, and to make it concisely.

If any knowledge be worth while, none can be more valuable than that which, by enabling us to understand man in the past, helps us to understand him to-day. Archæology, through the objects by which ancient man expressed his conceptions of God, of beauty, and of life, vivifies the past. It makes or reshapes history; our meagre literary notices, for example, of the Greek dynasts of Central Asia have a double

value since supplemented by the Baktrian coins, and we are helped to a new estimate of the extent and power of Hellenic culture on the Oxus and the flanks of the Hindu-Kūsh by discoveries in Ghandhara and Khotan. The knowledge of the Egyptian Empire to which our grandfathers could attain, even by the closest study, shrinks to a point in comparison with the history which we are to-day able to reconstruct from the monuments.

Religion and art, the two highest forms of racial expression, have through the services of archæology become phenomena more and more comprehensible. New and vast fields have been opened up by the spade. The Pantheon of Winkelmann, cold, perfect, and august, dwelling in Olympian serenity, has had to yield to a complex company in which daimon, hero, god, and man are all organically related, and only with difficulty separated one from another. All that had come down to us in literary form in regard to the religion of Babylon or Sabeian Arabia appears a tissue of fable and error in the light of the surer knowledge won by archæology.

The progress of archæological discovery is marked by the collection of new truths, and the routing out of old errors. Herein lies its importance. This is the reason why the modern excavator, to be worthy of his trust, must do his work with a scrupulousness which, to the practitioners of the older and laxer tradition, must seem Levitical.

The mechanical part of his work, from its very nature, can be done only once, and it is in the field as in the British navy, — ‘there may be mistakes, but never excuses for them.’ Nor is one justified in supposing that he will not be called to account for his labors. The general public of to-day is largely dependent for its knowledge about technical subjects on information which it has taken twenty years to popularize. Intelligent people still miscall the masterpieces of the Greek potter ‘Etruscan vases.’ But the facts being painfully collected to-day will find their way in some form to the public of the future, as surely and as naturally as water flows down hill. The archæologist is contributing to the race-consciousness his quota, as do poet, philosopher, and historian. Multitudes die before the accumulated knowledge reaches them, but in some form, positive or negative, direct or indirect, it comes home to the survivors; it belongs to them; they receive an impression from it, and this impression is that of Truth.

Modern archæology, to answer the question with which we began, is ‘the science of antiquities.’ But this science is not merely the elucidation of ancient authors, or of classical art; its aim is higher than this, and its scope broader. It is the elucidation of the ancient world to the world of to-day and of the future. It is, together with philosophy, history, and anthropology, the elucidation of mankind.

JOURNALISM AS A CAREER

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

IN a recent discussion with a successful business man concerning an occupation for the business man's son, a college graduate, some one suggested: 'Set him up with a newspaper. He likes the work and is capable of success.'

'Nothing in it,' was the prompt reply. 'He can make more money with a clothing store, have less worry and annoyance, and possess the respect of more persons.'

This response typifies the opinion of many fathers regarding a newspaper career. It is especially common to the business man in the rural and semi-rural sections. The dry-goods merchant who has a stock worth twenty thousand dollars, and makes a profit of from three thousand dollars to five thousand dollars a year, realizes that the editor's possessions are meagre, and believes his income limited. He likewise hears complaints and criticisms of the paper. Comparing his own placid money-making course with what he assumes to be the stormy and unprofitable struggle of the publisher, he considers the printing business an inferior occupation.

For this view the old-time editor is largely responsible. For decades it was his pride to make constant reference to his poverty-stricken condition, to beg subscribers to bring cord-wood and potatoes on subscription, to glorify as a philanthropist the farmer who 'called to-day and dropped a dollar in the till.' The poor-editor joke is as well established as the mother-in-law joke or the lover-and-angry-father joke, and

about as unwarranted; yet it has built up a sentiment, false in fact and suggestion, often accepted as truth.

To the younger generation, journalism presents another aspect. The fascination of doing things, of being in the forefront of the world's activities, appeals to young men and young women of spirit. Few are they who do not consider themselves qualified to succeed should they choose this profession. To the layman it seems so easy and so pleasant to write the news and comment of the day, to occupy a seat on the stage at public meetings, to pass the fire-lines unquestioned.

Not until the first piece of copy is handed in does the beginner comprehend the magnitude of his task or the demand made upon him for technical skill. When he sees the editor slash, blue-pencil, and rearrange his story, he appreciates how much he has yet to learn. Of this he was ignorant in his high school and his college days, and he was confident of his ability. An expression of choice of a life-work by the freshman class of a college or university will give a large showing for journalism; in the senior year it will fall to a minor figure, not more than from three to seven per cent of the whole. By that period the students have learned some things concerning life, and have decided, either because of temperament, or as did the business man for his son, for some other profession.

To those who choose it deliberately as a life-work, obtaining a position presents as many difficulties as it does

in any other profession. The old-time plan by which the beginner began as 'devil,' sweeping out the office, cleaning the presses, and finally rising to be compositor and writer, is in these days of specialization out of date. The newspaper business has as distinct departments as a department store. While a full knowledge of every part of the workings of the office is unquestionably valuable, the eager aspirant finds time too limited to serve a long apprenticeship at the mechanical end in order to prepare himself for the writing-room.

Hence we find the newspaper worker seeking a new preparation. He strives for a broad knowledge, rather than mechanical training, and it is from such preparation that he enters the newspaper office with the best chances of success. Once the college man in the newspaper office was a joke. His sophomore style was the object of sneers and jeers from the men who had been trained in the school of actual practice at the desk. To-day few editors hold to the idea that there can be no special preparation worth while outside the office, just as you find few farmers sneering at the work of agricultural colleges. It is not uncommon to find the staff of a great newspaper composed largely of college men, and when a new man is sought for the writing force it is usually one with a college degree who obtains the place. It is recognized that the ability to think clearly, to write understandable English, and to know the big facts of the world and its doings, are essential, and that college training fits the young man of brains for this. Such faults as may have been acquired can be easily corrected.

Along with the tendency toward specialization in other directions, colleges and universities have established schools or departments of journalism in which they seek to assist those stud-

ents who desire to follow that career. It is not a just criticism of such efforts to say, as some editors have said, that it is impossible to give practical experience outside a newspaper office. Such an opinion implies that news and comment can be written only within sound of a printing-press; yet a vast deal of actual everyday work on the papers themselves is done by persons outside the office.

About twenty colleges and universities, chiefly in the Middle West and Northwest, have established such schools. They range in their curriculum from courses of lectures by newspaper men continued through a part of the four-years' course, to complete schools with a systematic course of study comprehending general culture, history, and science, with actual work on a daily paper published by the students themselves, and on which, under the guidance of an experienced newspaper man, they fill creditably every department and assist in the final make-up of the publication. They even gain a fair comprehension of the workings of linotypes, presses, and the details of composition, without attempting to attain such hand-skill as to make them eligible to positions in the mechanical department.

These students, in addition to possessing the broad culture that comes with a college degree, know how to write a 'story,' how to frame a headline, how to construct editorial comment, and they certainly enter the newspaper office lacking the crudeness manifested by those who have all the details of newspaper style to learn. This sort of schooling does not make newspaper men of the unfit, but to the fit it gives a preparation that saves them much time in attaining positions of value. That a course of this kind will become an integral part of many more colleges is probable. When the million-

dollar bequest which Joseph Pulitzer of the New York *World* has promised Columbia University becomes available, a newspaper school of much greater proportions will be established, and this will give an impetus to the already well-marked tendency.

In these schools some of the most capable students enroll. They are the young men and young women of literary tastes and keen ambitions. They are as able as the students who elect law, or science, or engineering. From months of daily work in a class-room fitted up like the city room of a great newspaper, with definite news-assignments and tasks that cover the whole field of writing for the press, they can scarcely fail to absorb some of the newspaper spirit, and graduate with a fairly definite idea of what is to be required of them.

Then there comes the question, where shall the start be made? Is it best to begin on the small paper and work toward metropolitan journalism? or to seek a reporter's place on the city daily and work for advancement?

Something is to be said for the latter course. The editor of one of the leading New York dailies remarked the other day, 'The man who begins in New York, and stays with it, rises if he be capable. Changes in the staffs are frequent, and in a half-dozen years he finds himself well up the ladder. It takes him about that long to gain a good place in a country town, and then if he goes to the city he must begin at the bottom with much time wasted.' This is, however, not the essential argument.

Who is the provincial newspaper man? Where is found the broadest development, the largest conception of journalism? To the beginner the vision is not clear. If he asks the busy reporter, the nervous special writer on a metropolitan journal, he gets this

reply: 'If I could only own a good country paper and be my own master!' Then, turning to the country editor, he is told: 'It is dull in the country town — if I could get a place on a city journal where things are happening!' Each can give reasons for his ambition, and each has from his experience and observation formed an *ex parte* opinion. Curiously, in view of the glamour that surrounds the city worker, and the presumption that he has attained the fullest possible equipment for the newspaper field, he is less likely to succeed with satisfaction to himself on a country paper than is the country editor who finds a place in the city.

The really provincial journalist, the worker whose scope and ideals are most limited, is often he who has spent years as a part of a great newspaper-making machine. Frequently, when transplanted to what he considers a narrower field, which is actually one of wider demands, he fails in complete efficiency. The province of the city paper is one of news-selection. Out of the vast skein of the day's happenings what shall it select? More 'copy' is thrown away than is used. The New York *Sun* is written as definitely for a given constituency as is a technical journal. Out of the day's news it gives prominence to that which fits into its scheme of treatment, and there is so much news that it can fill its columns with interesting material, yet leave untouched a myriad of events. The New York *Evening Post* appeals to another constituency, and is made accordingly. The *World* and *Journal* have a far different plan, and 'play up' stories that are mentioned briefly or ignored by some of their contemporaries. So the writer on the metropolitan paper is trained to sift news, to choose from his wealth of material that which the paper's traditions demand shall receive

attention; and so abundant is the supply that he can easily set a feast without exhausting the market's offering. Unconsciously he becomes an epicure, and knows no day will dawn without bringing him his opportunity.

What happens when a city newspaperman goes to the country? Though he may have all the graces of literary skill and know well the art of featuring his material, he comes to a new journalistic world. Thus did the manager of a flourishing evening daily in a city of fifty thousand put it: 'I went to a leading metropolitan daily to secure a city editor, and took a man recommended as its most capable reporter, one with years of experience in the city field. Brought to the new atmosphere, he was speedily aware of the changed conditions. In the run of the day's news rarely was there a murder, with horrible details as sidelights; no heiress eloped with a chauffeur; no fire destroyed tenements and lives; no family was broken up by scandal. He was at a loss to find material with which to make local pages attractive. He was compelled to give attention to a wide range of minor occurrences, most of which he had been taught to ignore. In the end he resigned. I found it more satisfactory to put in his place a young man who had worked on a small-town daily and was in sympathy with the things that come close to the whole community, who realized that all classes of readers must be interested in the paper, all kinds of happenings reported, and the paper be made each evening a picture of the total sum of the day's events, rather than of a few selected happenings. The news-supply is limited, and all must be used and arranged to interest readers — and we reach all classes of readers, not a selected constituency.'

The small-town paper must do this, and because its writers are forced so to

look upon their field they obtain a broader comprehension of the community life than do those who are restricted to special ideas and special conceptions of the paper's plans. The beginner who finds his first occupation on a country paper, by which is meant a paper in one of the smaller cities, is likely to obtain a better all-round knowledge of everything that must be done in a newspaper office than the man who goes directly to a position on a thoroughly organized metropolitan journal. He does not secure, however, such helpful training in style or such expert drill in newspaper methods. He is left to work out his own salvation, sometimes becoming an adept, but frequently dragging along in mediocrity. When he goes from the small paper to the larger one he has a chance to acquire efficiency rapidly. The editor of one of the country's greatest papers says that he prefers to take young men of such training, and finds that they have a broader vision than when educated in newspaper-making from the bottom in his own office.

It is easy to say, as did the merchant concerning his son, that there are few chances for financial success in journalism. Yet it is probable that for the man of distinction in journalism the rewards are not less than they are in other professions. The salaries on the metropolitan papers are liberal, and are becoming greater each year as the business of news-purveying becomes better systematized and more profitable. The newspaper man earns vastly more than the minister. The editor in the city gets as much out of life as do the attorneys. The country editor, with his plant worth five thousand dollars or ten thousand dollars, frequently earns for his labors as satisfactory an income as the banker, while the number of editors of country weeklies who have a profit of three thousand dol-

lars or more from their papers, is astonishing.

It is, of course, not always so, any more than it is true that the lawyer, preacher, or physician always possesses a liberal income. When the city editor makes sport of the ill-printed country paper, he forgets under what conditions the country editor at times works. A prosperous publisher with sympathy in his heart put it this way: —

'The other day we picked up a dinky weekly paper that comes to our desk every week. As usual we found something in it that made us somewhat tired, and we threw it down in disgust. For some reason we picked it up again and looked at it more closely. Our feelings, somehow or other, began to change. We noted the advertisements. They were few in number, and we knew that the wolf was standing outside the door of that little print-shop and howling. The ads were poorly gotten up, but we knew why. The poor fellow did n't have enough material in his shop to get up a good ad. It was poorly printed — almost unreadable in spots. We knew again what was the matter. He needed new rollers and some decent ink, but probably he did n't have the money to buy them. One of the few locals spoke about "the editor and family." So he had other mouths to feed. He was burning midnight oil in order to save hiring a printer. He could n't afford it. True, he is n't getting out a very good paper, but at that, he is giving a whole lot more than he is receiving. It is easy to poke fun at the dinky papers when the waves of prosperity are breaking in over your own doorstep. Likely, if we were in that fellow's place we could n't do as well as he does.'

The profession of the publicist naturally leads to politics, and the editor is directly in the path to political preferment. The growth of the primary

system adds greatly to the chance in this direction. One of the essentials of success at a primary is that the candidate have a wide acquaintance with the public, that his name shall have been before the voters sufficiently often for them to become familiar with it. The editor who has made his paper known acquires this acquaintance. He goes into the campaign with a positive asset. One western state, for instance, has newspaper men for one third of its state officers and forty per cent of its delegation in Congress. This is not exceptional. It is merely the result of the special conditions, both of fitness and prominence, in the editor's relation to the public.

This very facility for entering politics is perhaps an objection rather than a benefit. The editor who is a seeker after office finds himself hampered by his ambitions and he is robbed of much of the independence that goes to make his columns of worth. The ideal position is when the editor owns, clear of debt, a profit-making plant and is not a candidate for any office. Just so far as he departs from this condition does he find himself restricted in the free play of his activities. If debt hovers, there is temptation to seek business at the expense of editorial utterance; if he desires votes, he must temporize often in order to win friendships or to avoid enmities. Freedom from entangling alliances, absolutely an open way, should be the ambition of the successful newspaper worker. Fortunate is the subordinate who has an employer so situated, for in such an office can be done the best thinking and the clearest writing. Though he may succeed in other paths, financially, socially, and politically, he will lack in his career some of the finer enjoyments that can come only with unobstructed vision.

It is not agreed that everyday news-

paper work gives especial fitness for progress in literature. The habit of rapid writing, of getting a story to press to catch the first edition, has the effect for many of creating a style unfitted for more serious effort. Yet when temperament and taste are present, there is no position in which the aspirant for a place in the literary field has greater opportunity. To be in touch with the thought and the happenings of the world gives opportunity for interpretation of life to the broader public of the magazine and the published volume. Newspaper work does not make writers of books, but experience therein obtained does open the way; and the successes, both in fiction and economics, that have come in the past decade from the pens of newspaper workers is ample evidence of the truth of this statement.

It is one of the criticisms of the press that it corrupts beginners and not only gives them a false view of life, but compels them to do things abhorrent to those possessed of the finer feelings of good taste and courtesy. The fact is that journalism is, to a larger degree than almost all other businesses or professions, individualistic. It is to each worker what he makes it. The minister has his way well defined; he must keep in it or leave the profession. The teacher is restrained within limits; the lawyer and physician, if they would retain standing, must follow certain codes. The newspaper worker is a free lance compared with any of these.

The instances in which a reporter is asked to do things in opposition to the best standards of ethics and courtesy are rare, — and becoming rarer. The paper of to-day, though a business enterprise as well as a medium of publicity and comment, has a higher ideal than that of two decades ago. The rivalry is greater, the light of competition is stronger, the relation to the pub-

lic is closer. Little mystery surrounds the press. Seldom does the visitor stand open-eyed in wonder before the 'sanctum.' The average man and woman know how 'copy' is prepared, how type is set, how the presses operate. The newspaper office is an 'open shop' compared with the early printing-offices, of which the readers of papers stood somewhat in awe. Because of this there is less temptation and less opportunity for obscure methods. The profession offers to the young man and young woman an opportunity for intelligent and untainted occupation. Should there be a demand that seems unreasonable or in bad taste, plenty of places are open on papers that have a higher standard of morals and are conducted with a decent respect for the opinions and rights of the public.

Nor is it necessary that the worker indulge in any pyrotechnics in maintaining his self-respect. The editor of one of the leading papers of western New York quietly resigned his position because he could not with a clear conscience support the nominee favored by the owner of the paper. He did nothing more than many men have done in other positions. His action was not proof that his employer was dishonest, but that there were two points of view and he could not accept the one favored by the publisher. Such a course is always open, and so wide is the publishing world that there is no need for any one to suffer. Nor can a paper or an editor fence in the earth. With enough capital to buy a press, some paper, and to hire a staff, any one can have his say — and frequently the most unpromising field proves a bonanza for the man with courage and initiative.

In a long and varied experience as editor, I have rarely found an advertiser who was concerned regarding the editorial policy of the paper. The ad-

vertiser wants publicity, he is interested in circulation — when he obtains that he is satisfied. Instances there are where the advertiser has a personal interest in some local enterprise and naturally resents criticism of its management, but such situations can be dealt with directly and without loss of self-respect to the publisher. Not from the advertiser comes the most interference with the press. If there were as little from men with political schemes, men with pet projects to promote, men (and women) desiring to use the newspaper's columns to boost themselves into higher positions or to acquire some coveted honor, an independent and self-respecting editorial policy could be maintained without material hindrance. With the right sort of good sense and adherence to conviction on the part of the publisher it can be maintained under present conditions — and the problem becomes simpler every year. More papers that cannot be cajoled, bought, or bulldozed are published to-day than ever before in the world's history. The 'organ' is becoming extinct as the promotion of newspaper publicity becomes more a business and less a means of gratifying ambition.

Publishers have learned that fairness is the best policy, that it does not pay to betray the trust of the public, and journalism becomes a more attractive profession exactly in proportion as it offers a field where self-respect is at a premium and bosses are unconsidered. The new journalism demands men of high character and good habits. The old story of the special writer who, when asked what he needed to turn out a good story for the next day's paper, replied, 'a desk, some paper, and a quart of whiskey,' does not apply. One of the specifications of every re-

quest for writers is that the applicant shall not drink. Cleanliness of life, a well-groomed appearance, a pleasing personality, are essentials for the journalist of to-day. The pace is swift, and he must keep his physical and mental health in perfect condition.

That there is a new journalism, with principles and methods in harmony with new political and social conditions and new developments in news-transmission and the printing art, is evident. The modern newspaper is far more a business enterprise than was the one of three decades ago. To some observers this means the subordination of the writer to the power of the publisher. If this be so in some instances, the correction lies with the public. The abuse of control should bring its own punishment in loss of patronage or of influence, or of both. The newspaper, be it published in a country village or in the largest city, seeks first the confidence of its readers. Without this it cannot secure either business for its advertising pages, or influence for its ambitions. Publicity alone may once have sufficed, but rivalry is too keen to-day. Competition brings a realizing sense of fairness. Hence it is that there is a demand for well-equipped young men and clever young women who can instill into the pages of the press frankness, virility, and a touch of what newspaper men call 'human interest.'

The field is broad; it has place for writers of varied accomplishments; it promises a profession filled with interesting experiences and close contact with the world's pulse. It is not for the sloth nor for the sloven, not for the conscienceless nor for the unprepared. Without real qualifications for it, the ambitious young person would better seek some other life-work.

A JAPANESE WOOD-CARVING

BY AMY LOWELL

HIGH up above the open, welcoming door
It hangs, a piece of wood with colors dim.
Once, long ago, it was a waving tree,
And knew the sun and shadow through the leaves
Of forest trees, in a thick eastern wood.
The winter snows had bent its branches down,
The spring had swelled its buds with coming flowers,
Summer had run like fire through its veins,
While autumn pelted it with chestnut burrs
And strewed the leafy ground with acorn cups.
Dark midnight storms had roared and crashed among
Its branches, breaking here and there a limb;
But every now and then broad sunlit days
Lovingly lingered, caught among the leaves.
Yes, it had known all this, and yet to us
It does not speak of mossy forest ways,
Of whispering pine trees or the shimmering birch;
But of quick winds, and the salt, stinging sea!
An artist once, with patient, careful knife,
Had fashioned it like to the untamed sea.
Here waves uprear themselves, their tops blown back
By the gay, sunny wind, which whips the blue
And breaks it into gleams and sparks of light.
Among the flashing waves are two white birds
Which swoop, and soar, and scream for very joy
At the wild sport. Now diving quickly in,
Questing some glistening fish; now flying up,
Their dripping feathers shining in the sun,
While the wet drops like little glints of light,
Fall pattering backward to the parent sea;
Gliding along the green and foam-flecked hollows
Or skimming some white crest about to break, —
The spirits of the sky deigning to stoop
And play with ocean in a summer mood,

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WILD LIFE IN A CITY GARDEN

Hanging above the high, wide-open door,
 It brings to us in quiet, firelit room,
 The freedom of the earth's vast solitudes
 Where heaping, sunny waves tumble and roll,
 And seabirds scream in wanton happiness.

WILD LIFE IN A CITY GARDEN

BY HERBERT RAVENAL SASS

LYING in bed early one cool March morning, before the hush that hung over the sleeping city had been broken by the first of those multitudinous noises that the young day would bring, I saw a compact black body shoot with the speed of a comet across the square of blue sky framed like a picture in the open window. In an instant I was on my feet; and in another instant, freed from the coverlet that wrapped itself around me and almost threw me to the floor, I was leaning far out across the sill. Yonder it was, a hundred feet above the wet, glistening roofs to the northwest, cleaving the still, fresh air like some aerial torpedo. I gazed at it until it was gone, and doubtless my disappointment was writ large upon my sleepy face. After all, it was only a loon — and I had hoped to see a wild goose!

Only a loon, bound, perhaps, for some cold glassy lake within the Arctic Circle — only a great Northern diver, obeying the call of the North. What was a loon that it should lure a sane man from his warm bed two hours too soon on a chilly morning in March? I asked myself the question as I stood by the window, looking across my

neighbor's lot at the houses beyond, and at the broad steel-blue river to the south. A cardinal, half-hidden in the vivid new foliage of a sugarberry tree, glowed in the sunlight like a great drop of blood; and on a tall chimney farther away a slim gray mocking-bird sang of the joys that April never failed to bring. Overhead, nineteen black vultures passed in procession, coming into town from their sleeping-place across the river, to spend the day feasting with their fellows at the butcher-stalls and slaughter-pens. A large flock of satiny waxwings, lispings monotonously and all at once, settled among the branches of the sugarberry where the cardinal perched; and in the brown grasses beneath the window half a dozen white-throated sparrows, too busy or too hungry for song, searched industriously for the breakfast that is unlikely to reward the sluggard.

My gaze roved from cardinal to mocking-bird, from waxwing to sparrow; and my thoughts rushed northward with the vanished loon, over house-tops and fields and woods and marshes, on a journey that would not end until he slanted down at last to a lake that he remembered — a lake perhaps two thou-

sand miles away. And then, of a sudden, the old wonder swept over me, the exultation that had thrilled me so often as I stood by that west window or under the garden elms. What if the loon were a common bird on the river in winter? It was, nevertheless, one of the wildest of the wild things; and from my bed in the midst of a busy city I had seen it! Strangely it may seem at first, but in reality naturally enough, I thought of an old friend who had died one hundred and fifteen years before — Reverend Gilbert White of Selborne Parish, Hampshire, England.

Gilbert White is my precedent — my apology for these pages — my excuse for many attacks of what my neighbors probably regard as harmless insanity; and I am bold enough to believe that if he could revisit the earth for a little while he would take back with him on his return a copy of this issue of the *Atlantic* to show to his friends Thomas Pennant and Daines Barrington. Gilbert White loved his home with a love that never weakened. He would have reveled in the forests of wild America, for there he would have found many strange beasts and birds to watch and study; but he preferred to spend his time, when he was not engaged with his clerical duties, studying the familiar creatures of his native parish. The birds of Selborne interested him more than those of any other place, because Selborne was his home; and before he died he wrote a simple little book about these birds and beasts of his home — a book that is now a classic.

So, in part, it has been with me. It will not be my fortune to write a book that will live, nor, probably, a book of any kind; but, nevertheless, I have followed the example of Gilbert White. As he studied the wild life of his parish, so I have studied the wild life of my garden; and as he learned in his circum-

scribed field many a bit of bird-lore unknown to more sophisticated naturalists who had traveled far and wide, so I have seen in and above my garden — which is not in the open country where birds abound, but in one of the oldest parts of the old city of Charleston — a larger number of different species of the wild feathered kindred than any other man has seen in any other city garden in the world.

He boasts, says some one; but no, it is not boasting; it is a simple statement of what I believe to be a fact. 'Wild Life in a City Garden' — some will smile when they read the title; for is it not common knowledge that wild life does not exist in city gardens — that because the city is the stronghold of man, it is avoided by those timorous creatures of the woods and marshes who fear man as they fear no other enemy? There was never a greater mistake, nor a more popular fallacy; and as evidence I will submit the record of my garden.

It is not a large place: a plot of ground two hundred feet square would contain it. Houses surround it on three sides, while to the southwest, beyond the open lot of a neighbor, is the Ashley River. To reach the nearest woodland I must either traverse some two or three miles of city blocks, or else cross the river, which is here more than a mile wide. Actually in, and directly above, this garden I have seen one hundred and fourteen different species of birds. If, as is perfectly fair, I include those that I have seen from the windows of the house, the number of species is one hundred and thirty-two — more than one third of the total number to be found in the entire state of South Carolina. This fact, I think, would interest the parson-naturalist of Selborne. 'All nature is so full,' he wrote in his imperishable book, 'that that district produces the

greatest variety which is the most examined.' What better proof of the truth of his statement could he ask than the record of this little plot of much-examined city land, where, in a period of ten years, more than five-score different kinds of birds have been seen by one observer?

I have studied the birds of my garden at odd moments in the short intervals between working hours, yet I have data enough to enable me to write a book about them. I know when to expect each of those species that come regularly each spring or fall, where those that breed in my bushes and trees are likely to build their nests, when each songster is apt to begin singing, how they feed and what they eat, and a thousand and one other details that would suffice to fill this magazine from cover to cover. Nevertheless I have not learned all that there is to learn about the wild life of this small city lot. Scarcely a month passes that does not teach something new, and now and again there comes some great surprise. Not long ago, I looked out of the window one morning and saw in one of the sugarberry trees behind the kitchen a bird that no one, so far as is known, had ever seen in Charleston before. It was a yellow-crowned night heron, in the dark-brown, white-spotted plumage that every bird of that species wears during the first year or so of its life — a yellow-crowned night heron within fifty feet of my bedroom window!

That was a red-letter day; for although the yellow-crowned heron breeds along this coast, it is one of the shyest of its tribe, and you must go to the deep swamps or lonely marshes far from the homes of men if you would see it — unless you come to my garden. Since that memorable morning, this heron and I have become well acquainted with each other. This afternoon, as I

write, he — in reality I do not know whether *he* is a gentleman or a lady — is standing on one long leg on a mulberry branch ten feet from my north-window. I can stare at him as rudely and as boldly as I please, and he will not trouble to untwist his snaky neck or even open wide his half-closed yellow eyes. He knows the sweetness of idleness, and apparently he delights in the warm languorous September sunshine. He will stand on one thin, greenish leg on that mulberry limb, dozing placidly or preening his feathers with his long, stout bill, until the light begins to fade. Then he will sweep on his wide wings down to the lower end of my neighbor's lot, where the soil is wet and salty and where many little fiddler-crabs dwell; and there, in the dusk and darkness, he will eat his supper.

Yesterday I had some fun with this solemn recluse of the swamps who has violated all the traditions of his kind by taking up his abode in town. For hours the rain had been falling steadily, and when the clouds broke in mid-afternoon, the ground was soggy and covered in low places with shallow pools. On the fence of the duck-yard, utterly oblivious to the perturbation with which the wondering ducks viewed his fantastic, melancholy figure, stood my long-legged friend, his narrow shoulders humped most unbecomingly, his thin neck looped like a moccasin hanging from a bush. Presently his neck lengthened, and spreading his wings, he skimmed along the ground past the wood-shed to a shady alley underneath some elms. Here, in a large puddle some twenty feet long and half as wide, he began to stride slowly up and down as complacently as though he were in the heart of a cypress swamp where the foot of man never trod.

For fifteen minutes I leaned against the corner of the wood-shed and watched him, wondering now and then whether

any other city man had ever seen a wild yellow-crowned heron fishing in a pool of rain-water in his back yard. The heron saw me, but he ignored me in a manner that was almost humiliating. He did not hesitate to approach within a dozen feet of where I stood in plain view; while a pair of Grinnell's water-thrushes, who were reaping a plentiful harvest of tiny insects among the dead leaves in the shallow water, were even bolder. They walked swiftly back and forth — for the water-thrush is a walker, not a hopper — so close to me that I could have put my foot upon one of them, apparently ignorant of the fact that in the books they are called shy and timorous. Their food was so minute that I could not distinguish what it was, but the heron was after larger game. He was angling for angle-worms — surely a strange proceeding, since normally an angler angles not at all until he has his angle-worms with which to tempt the victim for which he angles. But my heron was angling after a fashion of his own, and he knew how to go about it. Now and again, as he stalked noiselessly through the water, his long beak flashed down to right or left; and each time death, as sudden as thought, claimed one of the little brown burrowers in the mould. I left him at last, walking about under the fig trees near the piazza, with all the nonchalance of a rooster hatched and reared in the yard, while the colored cook stood by the kitchen door and protested 'befo' de Lawd' that she had never seen so strange a sight 'sence de day she was bawn.'

It is pleasant to recall some of the other great surprises — some of the other red-letter days in the history of the garden, each one of them rendered unforgettable by the coming of some unlooked-for feathered stranger. Such a day was that third of May four years and a half ago, when I looked up from

my book to find a gorgeous male scarlet tanager in the elm sapling beside the piazza. So rare is this bird in the lowlands of South Carolina that, in spite of the careful studies of Audubon, Bachman, and Wayne, there are but four authentic records of its occurrence in this region; and of these four two were made in my city garden — surely a matter of curious interest, to say the least.

Another day that will not soon be forgotten was February 14, 1899, when a woodcock — perhaps the very shyest of all American game birds — stood on the flat top of a tall stump not twenty feet from the piazza, driven into the city by the great blizzard that swept the South on that date, freezing to death thousands of birds of many kinds and almost wiping out of existence the bluebird and the beautiful ground dove. On January 1, 1910, a bitterly cold day, a live woodcock was picked up in the garden. The bird died after two days. So also October 29, 1906, was made memorable by the arrival of two visitors from the North, of a species that few observers have ever seen on this coast — a pair of red-breasted nuthatches; while April 18, 1909, will stand always among the greatest of the great days of the garden, because on that morning I found in my elms a band of eight or ten pine siskins — a bird almost if not quite as rare in this part of the world as the scarlet tanager. I have seen the black-and-white warbler in the garden on December 1 — at least a month later than the latest record made in this state by any other man; and the cedar waxwing has feasted on my mulberries on May 21, long after the last waxwing should have passed from the flat coast country, where the great flocks gather in winter and early spring, to the hills and mountains of the interior, where they disperse and build their nests.

After all, however, it is not in the chance visit of some rare member of the feathered tribes, nor in the occurrence at an unwonted time of a species common enough in its appointed season, that the charm of garden ornithology chiefly lies. I mention these matters merely to show that in a few instances, of interest to the professional naturalist rather than to the dilettante bird-gazer, this tiny area of city real estate is able to contribute its mite to the sum of what is known about the seasonal distribution and migrational movements of the birds of a great continent. For me, the fascination of the study — or diversion, as I should more modestly call it — is found, first, in the wonderful fact that even here amid the streets and houses of a modern city I see from time to time — in some cases, regularly each year — some of the feathered kindred that are thought to be most fearful of man and most characteristic of the wilderness; and secondly, in the continued presence, throughout the year, or during certain periods, of other birds, common and familiar, perhaps, and known by name to every country boy, yet possessing and sometimes betraying secrets that cannot be learned from the books of the wisest of those who have gone before us.

There is a sequestered corner of the garden where a few tall elms and bushy privet trees cast so dark a shade that even in midsummer the moist black soil is bare of weeds and grass. Here, in April, August, and September, I see the hooded warbler, resplendent in yellow and sable, gleaning the good things to be found in the thick foliage to the right, and in the trumpet-vines that clamber up the wooden fence to the left. Hither in April and August comes sometimes the gorgeous prothonotary, whose flame-colored breast is like a fragment of glowing

cloud stolen from an autumn sunset and whose simple song rings just as clear and bold here amid the houses as in the sombre swamps that I must penetrate to find him when I go bird-hunting elsewhere than in the garden. The damp ground under the elms feels each autumn the dainty tread of the water-thrush, and more rarely of the oven-bird — members, although there is nothing in their English names to indicate the relationship, of that same numerous family, the Warblers or *Mniotiltidae*, to which the prothonotary and the hooded warbler belong.

The clump of fig-bushes hiding the angle formed by the fence and the back of a neighbor's cow-shed seems to possess a strange attraction for the sedate black-and-white warblers that visit it in spring and autumn; and it was in these same bushes that I saw the only black-and-white warbler ever seen by any man — so far as is known to science — in South Carolina in the month of December. When the first cool wave of autumn freshens the sultry air of September, many red-starts — with most of the 'red' washed out of them — wage war on the slender pale-green larvæ that hide, all in vain, under the small saw-edged leaves of the terminal twiglets of the elms. In April, September, and October I sometimes see the handsome black-throated blue warbler, solemn with a most unwarblerlike solemnity, moving in silence from branch to branch where the shadow is darkest; while the parula, the prairie, the summer yellow-bird, and, in the depth of winter, the hardy little yellow-rump, are among the other warblers that are more or less familiar visitors to the spot. It is a wonderful place, this 'warbler corner,' as I call it, with its ugly fence, its funereal gloom, and its bare black soil where hundreds of earthworms work in their humble way the miracle of which the

world knew nothing until a man named Darwin wrote a matter-of-fact book on the unromantic subject of vegetable mould. I wonder what Gilbert White would say if he knew that of the thirty-two species of *Mniotiltidæ* known to occur in this state—and some of them have been recorded only once or twice—I have seen fourteen species in a single tiny nook of my little garden in Charleston.

Yet it is not the fragile warbler, child of the forest and swamp though he be, that brings the wilderness to me here in the city. Rather it is the lordly eagle that I sometimes see looking down at me, scornfully it seems, as he sweeps over, his snowy head glancing in the sun. It is the phalanx of wild geese rushing northward in a long wedge across the clear April sky. It is the wide-winged black-and-white wood-ibis, sailing 'in those blue tracts above the thunder,' with outstretched neck, trailing legs, and stiff-spread, motionless pinions. It is the sharp-shinned hawk that smashes, like a miniature thunderbolt, into the rose-tangle where the English sparrows hold noisy conclave, and in an instant is up and away with his limp prize. It is the hurrying loon bound for the far boreal lake whose lonely shores will ring ere long with his weird laughter. And most of all, it is the noise of invisible myriads passing in the night.

Sitting on the piazza on cool evenings in late September, I hear the voices of feathered hosts that I cannot see. In hundreds and thousands and; it may be, in hundreds of thousands, they are streaming over my head, up yonder in the black infinity that lies between earth and stars. The whole vast air is full of them; now here, now there, now elsewhere, their various voices call to me out of the darkness. Some of the sounds I know well—the guttural 'quok' of the black-crowned night

heron, the high pitched 'skeow' of the green heron, the metallic chirp of the ricebird that travels in company with the larger wayfarers in the gloom. Others are sounds that I have never heard at any other time—that probably I shall never hear except on these autumnal nights when the far-called armies of the migrating birds are fleeing southward before the intangible, irresistible might of approaching winter.

Whence come these myriads and whither are they bound? By what strange sense do they guide their certain flight through the uncharted spaces of the air? Where were they yesterday, and where will they hide themselves when daylight comes to-morrow? How many out of all that host will live to complete the long journey, escaping the innumerable perils that threaten them by land and sea? A month from now, perhaps, the small voice that spoke so plaintively a moment ago out of the dark void above my neighbor's stable may be heard by some huge jaguar gliding like a ghost through the dim aisles of the Amazonian forest. A month from now, for aught I know, the little wings that fan the breeze above my garden to-night may be battling bravely but in vain in one of the furious hurricanes that sweep the Caribbean. Out of the unknown they come, and into the unknown they depart—these unseen aerial regiments, pressing on blindly yet unerringly through the black waste of air, toward strange, far lands where winter is but a name.

From the vague dome-like mass of a fig tree near the piazza—a darker shadow among dark shadows—comes a clear flute-like whistle repeated again and again. It is a cardinal singing in the gloom—singing perhaps to the yellow moon that peeps now and then from behind the scurrying drifts of cloud. I am ashamed. I have written page after page about the birds of my

garden, and scarcely a word have I written about those that should occupy the most exalted place. Tempted by the unusual, I have ignored the ordinary, which in all our affairs is generally the most important. I have sought to imprison in a few paragraphs some idea of the wild life that exists in my city garden; and because they are somewhat less wild than the others, I have passed over those more familiar birds that are most characteristic of the place. I do not know what the garden would be like if its cardinals and its mocking-birds were taken away. In sunshine and in rain, in the dream-like calm of breathless summer noons, and in the gray desolation of bleak December dawns, they are my comrades, these two. Better than the weather god himself, the red-coated cardinal knows when spring is coming; and the bold, free song that he sings outside the window on the first sunny morning in January is the sweetest sound that I hear in all the year. He is the guardian spirit of the garden, my honest, stout-hearted Redcoat; and for him and his fair dove-colored wife a goodly portion of cracked corn is placed each day on the feeding-stump under the graceful elm in which, years ago when it was a slender sapling, I saw the scarlet tanager.

Redcoat's life is an open book that he who runs may read. In the North he is called shy, secretive, skulking; but if the charge be true, this Yankee cardinal is not akin to the gallant feathered gentleman that I know. I have yet to see him do anything of which I might disapprove. True, he does not help in the making of the three nests that his mate builds each year in the garden; but is it not possible that the lady prefers to fashion the cradle of her prospective brood according to her own whims and with her own capable bill? Certainly, in all other

respects, his treatment of his spouse is beautiful to behold, and in all nature you will not find a father more loving or less lazy. Morally — if there be such a thing as morality or its opposite among the wild creatures — he is the superior of 'the Mocking-bird, Dawn's gay and jocund Priest,' though he lacks the genius of that slim Shakespeare, as Lanier called the mocker, and the marvelous vocal technique to which the latter owes his fame.

The mocking-bird's character is not without its defects. As his supremely beautiful song is marred at times by strange discordant notes, so in the commonplace, prosaic affairs of everyday life he strays now and then from the strait path of rectitude that Redcoat follows faithfully to the end of his days. The mocking-bird is one of the bravest creatures that breathe the air. He will lay down his life in defense of his nest, and I have seen him actually put a fair-sized dog to flight; but at the same time he is as shameless and incorrigible a bully as the kingbird or the crested flycatcher. Often have I heaped abuse upon his head because in utterly causeless fury he has smitten hip and thigh some unusual visitor to the garden; and as often have I granted him forgiveness of his sin when, after routing the inoffensive object of his wrath and pursuing it far beyond the confines of his domain, he has mounted light as air to the topmost twig of the tallest elm and poured forth to the calm sky above such music as no other bird can make.

Contralto cadences of grave desire

Tissues of moonlight, shot with songs of fire;
Bright drops of tune from oceans infinite
Of melody, sipped off the thin-edged wave
And trickling down the beak,—discourses brave
Of serious matter that no man may guess,—
Good-fellow greetings, cries of light distress.

In the drawer of my desk is the unfinished manuscript of a history of the

garden's birds — dry, concise (I hope), and matter-of-fact, treating each species separately and in order. Perhaps it would interest Gilbert White more than this rambling story; but of the people that I know many would judge its author a fool for burning the midnight oil in work so bizarre and so barren of material profit. Yet in this little garden there is matter for a century of study; and for him whose spirit is attuned to the simpler notes of life's music, there is enjoyment and something that approaches happiness — something that no one can take away save him whom the old Arabians were wont to call the Destroyer of Delights and the Sunderer of Companies. Outside, in the world of fiercer passions and graver problems, there may be perplexity and defeat; but in the privet hedge under the elms Redcoat still sings his

song, while his mate still eats my corn — and, I believe, gives me thanks.

Within the boundary of these fences I have learned a few things that have been worth learning, and I have found much to wonder at. I am a hobbyist, I suppose, but surely my hobby has features that commend it. I have discovered that my garden is a whole country in itself — a country possessing an astonishingly large and varied avifauna: and it is pleasant to me to reflect that I have rendered my garden unique; for I doubt if there is, anywhere on this planet, another plot of ground of the same size where so many different species of birds have been recorded. A poor achievement this, perhaps, and small cause for pride; yet the sage of Selborne would forgive me, I think, if he should find a certain conceit between these lines.

THE BIRTHPLACE

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

MISS LAYLOR descended slowly from the train, and looked around her at the commonplace little station. The platform was strewn thick with cinders; the yellow-painted railway offices were dingy and weather-stained; a group of loafers were shouting coarse jests at one another, and laughing boisterously. They glanced curiously at her as she passed them, and one said something to the rest in a low tone; a loud burst of vacant laughter rose at this sally, and trailed after her as she went on down the platform. Miss Laylor looked distinctly annoyed. All the morning, as the train had brought her

nearer and nearer to the little town that she had so often pictured in her mind with affectionate imagery, she had kept telling herself that Ballard would be exactly like other villages of its size. There would be nothing startling about it. It would gather no peculiar grace from the fact that a certain sprawling freckled-faced boy had grown to adolescence there, and that the man who had been that boy still looked back to it from his busy Eastern office, and called the village home. Although she had schooled herself to be satisfied with the ordinary, unpromising country hamlet, a vague sense of disappoint-

ment clouded her brain for a moment, as she paused irresolute on the high steps that led to the sidewalk.

Of course, she had not expected that the inhabitants would be standing around in picturesque garb and respectful postures, saying to one another in subdued voices, 'Harden Carroll was born here'; but, after all, she was conscious that there had been in her soul a lurking hope of things being 'different.' As she had lain awake the night before, throbbing with the lurch and jolt of the sleeping-car, she had tried to make some mental organization of what Carroll had told her of the place. It was all so disjointed, thrown out under such varied suggestions and in such dissimilar moods, that she could piece together nothing less confused than the glimpse of the landscape which she had seen from the car-window during the day. Her midnight recollections had refused to be reduced to anything like order and definiteness. To-day she saw that, however clear her reminiscences might have been, they could have availed but little to keep her from disappointment. Carroll had told her of the maple wood, just outside the town, where he had hunted partridges in a forest of pure gold; he had described the tangle of lilacs and syringas and weigelia that bordered the pond behind his father's house; he had talked to her of these things, and a thousand others; but it had never occurred to him to speak of the dusty streets, the dingy station, and the vulgar crowd of idlers at its door. They were not what had counted for him, — why should she give them a thought? They were not what she had come five hundred miles to see. Ballard should be to her to-day only what Ballard had been to Harden Carroll a score of years ago, when he had walked its streets, a youth, and seen no blemish in it. Her brow cleared as she

stepped down to the dirty board-walk.

The railroad buildings, and two dun-colored warehouses, with their signs blurred and hanging loose, formed a grimy nucleus for a few scattered dwellings whose white paint the soot from passing trains had turned gray. Close up to these crept cultivated fields — long stretches of short, silvery-tipped wheat-blades, glittering in the June sun, and bare-looking brown squares where potatoes were beginning to sprout. Could it be that there was no more of the village? Miss Laylor had supposed that it would be small, but she was not prepared for such an atom as this. She looked about her again, more uncertain than before.

A man approached her, and said, with a kind of respectful familiarity, 'There's a 'bus, lady, that'll take you over town. Guess you won't want to walk it to-day.'

It came to her then in a flash that Carroll had told her once that the town itself was a mile from the station.

'It must be over that hill, there,' she said to herself. 'Thank you,' she added aloud; 'I think I'll try walking. It is n't very far.'

The man turned abruptly, not to say contemptuously, and left her. Miss Laylor put up her parasol, grasped her small hand-bag more firmly, and followed the sidewalk till it ended suddenly, on a line with the last of the gray houses. She found herself on a straight, worn foot-path that led away over the hill. The omnibus passed her at a swinging pace, stirring up a cloud of dust, through which the driver gave her one more scornful glance as he rattled by. She remembered now, surprised at her former stupidity, that Carroll had told her of this very path, and his walking over after school to see the trains come in. He had even related for her diversion the details of two or three incidents that had oc-

curred along the way. Turning one of them over in her mind as she went, Miss Laylor soon discovered the corroboration that she sought. Here was the precise oyster-shaped rock on which he had lain that day when the borrowed revolver went off in his coat pocket, and ploughed a burning furrow down his leg. He had fainted from pain and terror, and his mother had found him here, surrounded by his scared companions, as she was returning from a day's visit in the next town.

Miss Laylor sat down on the rock. The fair, damp head was in her lap, and she had her arms around the angular, boyish shoulders. A throb of mother-anguish started in her breast. Then she laughed and rose from the rock, shaking herself, a little impatiently. 'It won't do at all,' she said half aloud, 'to begin like this. I did n't think I was going to be really silly!'

Over the hill in front of her rose a group of Lombardy poplars. The village was at hand. She passed several neat cottages with vines climbing sparsely over the picket fences, and white and purple iris about the front doors. The sidewalk began again. Elm trees mixed with poplars formed intermittent rows on both sides of the highway. She came at last into a quiet street, cool and pleasant after the intolerable heat of the long, treeless path. This certainly was like the Arcadian village of her dream. From one to another of the shaded streets she passed, noting a white-pillared porch here, a pansy-bordered gravel walk there, and wondering vaguely, as she recalled the meagre hints she had of its appearance, if she should know 'the house' when she saw it. Every old man that she met, she studied intently for resemblances, saying to herself, 'That may be his father.' Every gray-haired woman, seated calmly with book or knitting in the flickering noon light, was

possibly Doctor Carroll's widowed cousin, who had come to take the dead wife's place in the household.

Once or twice Miss Laylor's unguided footsteps took her through the straggling main street of the town. Over the barrels of vegetables, and crates of strawberries surrounding some shadowy doorway, or above windows heaped with the country storekeeper's jumbled array of goods, she beheld names familiar to her in anecdote and chronicle and tale of boyish prank. It was as if she had stepped into the setting of one of her favorite books. The hunch-backed figure at the window of the harness-shop gave her a start of remembrance. The sharp-nosed little man shaking a grotesque, yellow-wigged head as he bartered for a basket of green peas, brought a swift smile to her lips; she knew his story, too.

Little by little her knowledge of Ballard and its people came back, as the suggestions all around her recalled half-forgotten bits of Carroll's conversation. During the three years that she had known him, he had spoken often of his birthplace, but especially in this last twelvemonth, so hard for them both, had he delighted in recounting to her the annals of the sober Illinois town. It rested him, he said, when his mind was a *pot pourri* of proof-sheets, editorials, and bank-robberies, to weave yarns about that dozy little hole in the ground that could n't even be found on the map. The ache in her own heart was easier, too, when his homely tales transported her with him to a different scene and time. While he was a boy in Ballard he had belonged, if not to her, at least to no one else. So he was an eager talker, and she a willing listener; and although the demands of the newspaper office had left them but scanty opportunity for conversation of any kind, she had gleaned a surprising number of frag-

ments relating to the village that he loved. Now Miss Laylor found herself straining every power of association in her effort to fit to her present environment the things Carroll had told her. She was fascinated with the attempt, as by an exciting new game. Though a wheezing whistle had long since announced the hour of noon, she felt no desire for food. Her head ached sharply, and her face was hot. In spite of her hope that for this one day the heart-ache would be gone, it was returning insistently. Still she followed with absorbed interest, and increasing bitterness, the footsteps of a boy, who, twenty years before, had walked the same ways in the heedless ecstasy of youth.

The streets had a trick of ending unexpectedly, and merging into shrub-edged footpaths that led across undulating green and brown billows of tilth; or they took the form of ashen roads that curved their dusty length away into the country. Just where a particularly deep-shaded street was undergoing this process of transformation, Miss Laylor ran upon the old Ballard Academy. Here Carroll had spent the greater part of his early school-life, preparing himself laboriously, and with no great relish, for college; his academy experiences had been among the most amusing of his recollections. She imagined him, short-trousered, long-legged, book-strap in hand, taking the high steps two at a time as he elbowed his way through a crowd of boys let loose from school; or sliding down the smooth gray balusters, when the teachers' backs were turned. The school year was over now, and the plain brick building, with its green blinds and small white-paneled cupola, had a reserved and distant air. The glassy stare of the vacant windows offered no invitation to enter. Miss Laylor walked twice around the building, and withdrew, baffled by its lack of cordiality.

As she turned away she caught a gleam of water through the trees. The pond! Now she should find the house. Though she had been looking for it all the time, she had seen nothing that corresponded to her idea of what it was like. She knew it at once by the tall French windows opening upon the narrow veranda, and by the long back yard sloping to the water. This ample garden-space, however, was inclosed by a high brick wall crumbling at the top, and hung with hop and clematis vines that climbed up from the inside, and dangled inquisitive creepers over the edge. The round 'port-holes' in the walls were so curtained by vines and lush, thorny bushes that not even Miss Laylor's wistful eyes could see through them, except to catch tantalizing glimpses of still more bushes beyond.

The house and the garden were on a corner, and opposite them lay vacant lots with a slender second growth of trees half-covering them. There was no fear of any questioning gaze from that source. She followed the wall to a narrow iron gate not far from the edge of the pond; boldly peeping in, she found that a row of barberry bushes along the edge of a winding path shut off all but a tiny corner of the garden from her view,—a corner which, indeed, was only another patch of shrubbery. She could see the petals of the late syringas scattered on the ground. The lilacs were no longer in flower, but the weigelia held a few pink blossoms beginning to turn brown at the edges and loosen on the stem.

The young woman's eyes filled as she looked between the slender iron bars of the gate into that inaccessible garden. This spot was one of the two that, from the first planning of her pilgrimage, she had set her heart on seeing. Harden had spoken of it so often and with such affection that she felt it essential to know the place as he remembered

it. There was nothing to be done, however, and she made her way back calmly enough to the front of the house; she was used to making the best of discouraging situations. Harden's window she knew, because it overlooked the garden and had a little balcony around it, built over the bow windows below. The curtains were drawn in the front rooms. No sign of life appeared. A small girl in a pink gingham apron was coming up the street, carrying a blue-striped pitcher, full of sour milk, which dripped down the sides of the vessel at every step. She eyed Miss Laylor's neat gray traveling-suit and modish hat with friendly interest.

'Does Doctor Silas Carroll live here?' asked Miss Laylor, moved by a sudden determination to be sure.

The child stared frankly before she replied, 'Old Doctor Carroll? Yes, him and Mis' Wilton. Do you know 'em? Was you comin' to see 'em?'

'No,' said Miss Laylor hastily, 'I just wanted to know'; and thanking the little girl, she hurried on. It seemed all at once that even the child must know she had no right to enter the Carroll gate, and that she had no claim on the Carroll hospitality. Her interest in the son of the household would scarcely bear explanation. Weak and tired, she walked on rapidly in the waning afternoon, following a street that led toward the edge of the town. Her attention was attracted by a field bordered with box elders, between which showed the dark tops of small fir trees with a glint of white shining here and there against them. Miss Laylor's tense pace slackened. She had stumbled upon the graveyard, the place that, more perhaps even than the garden, she had longed to see.

The light wooden bars were open. A horse and a low uncovered buggy stood at the rough cedar post without the gate. A black figure moved among

the headstones. Entering the cemetery, Miss Laylor approached the woman, who was arranging some home-grown flowers in a tin basin on a bare, sandy mound. She felt a sick desire for company — for any kind of human conversation. The woman, sallow and middle-aged, looked up with startled, red eyes as the stranger came toward her through the grass. Miss Laylor felt awkward and *de trop*.

'Good-afternoon,' she stammered. 'Don't let me disturb you.' Then the self-control bred of her three years in the newspaper office with Harden Carroll on one hand, and suspicious, small-souled John Herfurth on the other, asserted itself again. 'I really beg your pardon,' she said. 'I was spending a few hours in town, and as I knew no one, I thought I'd walk around a little. This old cemetery looked interesting, and I stepped in for a moment. It has been a delightful day, has n't it?'

The older woman, after her first start of surprise, seemed rather grateful for the intrusion than otherwise. She replied politely to Miss Laylor's greeting, and smiled in an amiable way at the excuse.

'You won't disturb me a bit,' she said; 'I was feeling pretty lonesome, anyway, and just wishin' I had some one with me. Do sit down here in the shade. You look kind o' tired and white. A little rest 'll be good for you.'

Miss Laylor sat down, and took off her hat. It did seem good to rest, after her long tour of exploration.

'Won't you sit down, too?' she said to the woman standing beside her. 'It's hot work there in the sun.'

'I might, for a few minutes,' was the reply; 'but I must be goin' before long.'

Nevertheless, it was nearly half an hour that the two women sat there talking, — the one with the ready understanding that had helped to make

her modest literary career a success, the other with the half-diffident loquacity of the country woman, narrowly bred. The gulf that lay between them was not a wide one, however different their circumstances had been.

Miss Laylor found that her companion, though living on a farm three miles from Ballard, knew intimately the greater number of its inhabitants. She could not forbear a question.

'I ran across a man from here a few years ago,' she said carelessly, as she tore a crisp, wide grass-leaf into shreds; 'I wonder if you know him — Carroll his name was.'

'It must have been Harden Carroll,' the woman exclaimed delightedly. 'Yes indeed, I know him. I've always known Doctor Carroll and his family. Harden's mother is dead — she's lyin' here in this very graveyard, in fact; but she was always fond of my folks when she was alive, and we used to visit back 'n' forth. She was quiet 'n' plain, 'n' never put on airs, but she was a lady all through, just the same. She certainly was a fine woman. Harden takes after her a lot. Good lookin', was n't he, with a straightish nose, and lots of fair-colored hair? I thought so. Yes, it must have been Harden. He ain't been home this summer yet. He usually comes in August and brings his wife with him, — he's been married seven or eight years. His wife's a high-headed piece, an' don't take very well with the folks round here. I don't see, myself, how Harden happened to get her. She ain't like him a bit.'

Miss Laylor could endure no more. 'I think that must have been the man,' she said. 'I never knew his wife very well. I wonder how late it is?'

The other woman rose hurriedly. 'It is late,' she sighed. 'I've talked too long. But it's done me good. I always feel so used up when I come away from here that I don't get over it all the rest

of the day.' She had told Miss Laylor of her husband's sudden death in March. Her tears came again as she turned toward his grave. 'It seems as if I can't stand it,' she said.

'You must n't feel that way,' consoled Miss Laylor. 'You know death is not the worst.'

The triteness of her remark smote her, but the older woman accepted it without scorn.

'No,' she said slowly, 'it ain't the worst, to be sure, but it's bad enough.' Then, after a pause, 'I guess, on the whole, though, it's better to lose him this way than not to have been married to him at all.'

Miss Laylor leaned over the grave, and finished arranging the flowers. 'I'm sure it is,' she said simply.

'I must go home and get supper for my son,' the other explained, gathering up her things. 'He's a comfort to me, and I must n't neglect him.'

Miss Laylor, smiling into the eyes of her companion, took both her hands. 'Good-by,' she said. 'Surely you must n't neglect your son. I think you are a very fortunate woman.'

She watched the stooping black form as it made its way out, beyond the box elders. Then she looked about her, wearily. The next grave might be the one she sought. It was somewhere in this green and white God's-acre. Yet she stood still.

She knew that his mother had died the year before Carroll went away to college. Yet he seemed never for a moment to have forgotten her. 'I think of her in some connection, every hour in the day,' he had said once, almost shyly. No one else, perhaps, knew as well as Miss Laylor how much his mother's memory was to him. She herself had come to have something of his feeling. A thousand times in the last miserable year she had, in her passionate yearning for sympathy, imagined

herself sobbing out on his mother's grave the story of her love and Carroll's to the deaf ears of the only person who could ever have understood. Mary Carroll's grave had become, to her harassed fancy, the one place in the world where she could unburden herself of her grief. But now that it was within touch of her hand, she could not bring herself to look for it. The poignancy of her desire was gone. Some undefined reluctance held her back. This hesitation was as whimsical as the impulse that had brought her to Ballard in the first place. She would have had difficulty in putting it into speech; but it crystallized at last into a clear idea,—she would go away without finding Mary Carroll's grave and she would never come back till she could come joyfully with Mary Carroll's son. That meant, in all probability, never. Yet who was she, that she should break in upon a dead woman's peace with a wild tale of sorrow, and love misplaced? Carroll himself, if he knew, would frown at her folly.

She left the graveyard and made her way with lagging footsteps back to the town. Choosing the neater of the two small hotels, she turned her mind at last to the exhaustion of her body. There was still a half-hour left before the early country supper-time. With a dull sense of the futility of her day, she lay down on the clean, hard bed of her narrow inn-bedroom. She had seen neither of the spots that she wanted above all to see,—Carroll's garden, and his mother's grave. She had not even kept her resolution of the morning, to read the story of the little town, always in the language of Carroll's youth. She had, she realized now, translated it with a bitter accent of her own that had made it, after all, quite different from what it had been to him. In the early morning of the next day, she would leave Ballard, and set out

for the Southern city where she was to begin the new life that she had planned for herself in a field of wider opportunities. Would not the sharpness of her remembrance be augmented, rather than decreased, by this one day in Harden Carroll's birthplace?

With a brain overwheeled by emotion and long, useless questioning, she fell asleep, and forgot for half an hour the fullness of her grief.

After an almost untasted supper, she put on her hat once more and strolled idly about the neighboring streets. Insensibly, her footsteps drew her to the house beside the pond; almost before she knew what she had really intended, she had paused before the iron gate of the garden.

She leaned for a moment on the gate, like a child, longing yet fearing to go in, and as she stood there she saw the old man coming down the path, his bare white head appearing and disappearing among the untrimmed shrubs. Miss Laylor did not move. As he came nearer, he stopped and looked at her earnestly.

'I should have known the face anywhere,' she was thinking. 'The same nose and chin—but Harden's eyes must be like his mother's.'

'Good-evening,' said the old man kindly.

'May I come in and see your garden?' she cried impulsively. 'It looked so attractive that I had to stop.'

'Certainly,' he said, with a pleased gesture. 'It isn't much of a garden, but you're welcome to see it all.'

He opened the gate for her, and she went in. The long, gentle slope from the house to the pond had scarcely been touched by the twilight, yet it held a certain dimness of its own, emanating from its trailing vines and overhanging boughs. The grass, heavy and matted after the June rains, was unmown. Unexpected paths cut nar-

rowly through the verdure of the garden, and disappeared as unexpectedly behind the shrubs. Over against the wall a late tulip or two flamed out star-like from the dark. Here and there stood a thick clump of rose-bushes covered with small, old-fashioned, golden-hearted white blossoms, while at Miss Laylor's elbow a taller and more spreading bush held crowded sprays of round, sulphur-colored roses, abundant and good-smelling. She fingered their smooth petals as she looked about. Her heart swelled with a slow gush of thankfulness. She could not have borne it if the garden had been one whit less satisfying, if it had differed one iota from what it had been when Harden was a boy.

The old man was watching her almost anxiously.

'It is a perfect Garden of Delight,' she sighed happily.

The old man laughed. 'That's just what my son Harden calls it,' he said. 'It's queer that you should have hit on his very words.'

He led the way to a worn old bench under the branches of a pair of shaggy apple trees. His absolute courtesy required no explanations. 'Sit down,' he said simply, 'and look at the pond a few minutes. I always like it at this time, especially when there's a good sunset.'

The water gave back the fading colors of the sky, but the shadows around the edge were quiet and black. On the other bank trembled a group of birches, their white trunks gleaming like the slim, naked bodies of wood nymphs poised for a simultaneous leap into the water. A robin chirruped noisily from somewhere above.

The two people on the bench talked intermittently of the sunset and the delightful June weather, lapsing often into a silence as natural and unconstrained as their conversation.

'You have been in Ballard before?'

the old man queried at last, with no touch of curiosity, but with the quick interest of the aged in the young.

'No, I just came here for the day, — on an errand, — or rather on a pilgrimage.' Miss Laylor smiled, the tense look of despair already half-softened in her face.

'And has it been successfully accomplished?'

'A part of it — perhaps all.'

'Good!' The doctor's exclamation was such as he might have given at seeing a patient advancing toward recovery.

A silence fell upon them. The young woman breathed a little sigh and leaned back in her seat with a feeling of approaching comfort, from what source she hardly knew. Her tired thoughts wandered for a moment. She was recalled to herself by the voice of the old man, speaking of the garden.

'I'm glad you like it,' he said; 'it does n't appeal to some people at all. My son's wife wants it changed. She thinks it ought to be thoroughly cleared up, and then laid out properly with straight paths, and stone urns, and a fountain. She talks about it every time she comes here. She says it's "creepy" — the old man smiled — and that she can't bear to stay in it. And she never does, either,' he added. 'I don't think she ever came down to the edge of the pond.'

Miss Laylor was conscious of a flitting gladness that Harden's wife had never sat on the old bench under the apple trees, never walked among the roses, and watched the shadows deepen in the pond. But the flash of joy vanished at the sound of Harden's name.

'My son is a very busy man — he's the editor of a paper out East — and it always rests him, he says, to spend his vacations at home in Ballard — to loaf around in the garden, and sit here on this bench and dream.'

'Ah, yes, the garden is so good a place to rest.'

The old man eyed his companion thoughtfully, detecting the hidden weariness in her tone.

'Young people like you ought not to be tired,' he said. 'Life is so full of incident to you, so full of interest and exhilaration.'

'Oh, but it's so hard!' The woman choked a little as she spoke.

'I know. Young people find it so. It is, too, in a way; but it's so much easier, better, than you think. And there is so much that one can learn.'

'Yes — to endure the bitterness of loss.' She spoke sharply, with the sudden poignancy of a creature awakened to an habitual pain.

He answered gently, 'Not that. To find no bitterness, and feel no loss.'

She did not answer, but her tears fell.

He went on: 'One does not learn it all at once; but it comes little by little, if one will let it, when one realizes the fullness of life all around one, and feels the power under it all. And then, there are those we love —'

'Those we love — ah, they're what make life hard!'

'Not if we love rightly. To have had them is enough.'

'But when we can't have them any more?'

'But you always can; once having them is everything. Nothing can make them less than yours after that.'

'That's true,' Miss Laylor said humbly; 'yes, of course. I knew it before, but you make me feel it now.'

'To live, and see,' the old doctor went on slowly, 'and feel, and love, and have, — to work with one's hands and brain, and to aspire and develop with one's soul, — these are the great things, things worth living for, even though we can't always do and be what we should like.'

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'Oh, if I could stay here in this garden, I could be sure of what you say. I could be rested, and have some happiness and peace.'

'But you can take the garden with you. If you shut your eyes now, you have it just as much as if you saw it. Why not so, when you are miles away? And why not happiness and peace?' His voice was insistent and persuasive.

Miss Laylor heard him with an eager gaze. Then she closed her eyes and leaned back once more against the bench. A light wind rustled the branches above her head; the smell of the flowers came to her through the damp evening air. Across her face moved a slow succession of emotions, until the last trace of hopeless wretchedness was gone. Watching her, the old man was quiet for a long time. Then he spoke: —

'We two are strangers — I shall never see you again; but I am old, and I have learned. Life is good, and it is peace to know its goodness — to love those that are dear to us, to feel that what has once been ours is ours forever. Believe me, for it is true.'

'I will believe it,' she murmured with a new note in her voice. 'I will believe it because you tell me; and perhaps some time you may know how much your words have meant.'

She put out her hand as if to touch his, then withdrew it hastily. The old man was looking out across the shadows of the pond, and did not notice the gesture. Silence fell again upon the two. A robin flew across the pond with an important flutter of wings. The last streak of crimson above the birches had disappeared. Miss Laylor knew that she must go. But still for a little season they sat there, the old man and the young woman, who loved Harden Carroll as the blood of their own hearts.

And so the evening fell, and peace came with it and brooded over the Garden of Delight.

THE PATRICIANS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

XX

It was about noon, when, accompanied by Courtier, she rode forth.

The sou'westerly spell — a matter of three days — had given way before radiant stillness; and merely to be alive was to feel emotion. At a little stream running by the moor-side under the wild stone man, the riders stopped their horses, just to listen and inhale the day. The far sweet chorus of life was tuned to a most delicate rhythm; not one of those small mingled pipings of streams and the lazy air, of beasts, men, birds, and bees, jarred out too harshly through the garment of sound enwrapping the earth. It was noon — the still moment — but this hymn to the sun, after his too long absence, never for a moment ceased to be murmured. And the earth wore an under-robe of scent, delicious, very finely woven of the young fern-sap, heather-buds, larch trees not yet odorless, gorse just going brown, drifted wood-smoke, and the breath of hawthorn. Above earth's twin vestments of sound and scent, the blue enwrapping scarf of air, that wistful wide champaign, was spanned only by the wings of Freedom.

After a long drink of the day, the riders mounted almost in silence to the very top of the moor. There again they sat quite still on their horses, examining the prospect. Far away to south and east lay the sea, plainly visible. Two small groups of wild ponies were slowly grazing toward each other, on the hill-side below.

Courtier said in a low voice, “‘Thus will I sit and sing, with thee in my arms; watching our two herds mingle together, and below us the far, divine, cerulean sea.’” And, after another silence, looking steadily in Barbara's face, he added, ‘Lady Barbara, I am afraid this is the last time we shall be alone together. While I have the chance, therefore, I must do homage. You will always be the fixed star for my worship. But your rays are too bright; I shall worship from afar. From your seventh heaven, therefore, look down on me with kindly eyes, and do not quite forget me.’

Under that speech, so strangely compounded of irony and fervor, Barbara sat very still, with glowing cheeks.

‘Yes,’ said Courtier, ‘only an immortal must embrace a goddess. Outside the purlieus of Authority I shall sit cross-legged, and prostrate myself three times a day.’

But Barbara answered nothing.

‘In the early morning,’ went on Courtier, ‘leaving the dark and dismal homes of Freedom, I shall look toward the Temples of the Great; there with the eye of faith I shall see you.’

He stopped, for Barbara's lips were moving.

‘Don't hurt me, please.’

Courtier leaned over, took her hand, and put it to his lips. ‘We will now ride on.’

That night at dinner, Lord Dennis, seated opposite his grand-niece, was struck by her appearance.

‘A very beautiful child,’ he thought; ‘a most lovely young creature!’

She was placed between Courtier and Lord Harbinger. And the old man’s still keen eyes carefully watched those two. Though attentive to their neighbors on the other side, they were both of them keeping the corner of an eye on Barbara, and on each other. The thing was transparent to Lord Dennis, and a smile settled in that nest of gravity between his white peaked beard and moustaches. But he waited, the instinct of a fisherman bidding him to neglect no piece of water, till he saw the child silent and in repose, and watched carefully to see what would rise. For all that she was calmly and healthily eating, her eyes stole round at Courtier. This quick look seemed to Lord Dennis perturbed, as though something were exciting her. Then Harbinger spoke, and she turned to answer him. Her face was calm enough now, faintly smiling, a little eager, provocative in its joy of life. It made Lord Dennis think of his own youth. What a splendid couple! If Babs married young Harbinger there would not be a finer pair in all England.

His eyes traveled back to Courtier. Manly enough! They called him dangerous! There *was* a look of effervescence, carefully corked down — might perhaps be attractive to a youngster! To his essentially practical and sober mind, a type like Courtier was puzzling. He liked the look of him, but distrusted his ironic expression, and that appearance of blood to the head. Fellow — no doubt — that would ride off on his ideas, humanitarian! To Lord Dennis there was something queer about humanitarians. They offended, perhaps, his dry and precise sense of form. They were always looking out for cruelty or injustice; seemed delighted when they found it; swelled up, as it were, when they scented it;

and as there was a good deal about, were never quite of normal size. Men who lived for ideas — to one for whom facts sufficed, a little worrying.

But the sight of Barbara again brought him back to actuality. Was the possessor of that crown of hair and those divine young shoulders the little Babs who had ridden with him in the Row? Time was the Devil! Her eyes were searching for something; and following the direction of her glance, Lord Dennis found himself observing Milton. What a difference between those two! Both, no doubt, deep in that great trouble of youth, which sometimes, as he knew too well, lasted on almost to old age. It was a curious look the child was giving her brother, as if asking him to help her.

Lord Dennis had seen in his day many young creatures leave the shelter of their freedom and enter the house of the great lottery; many who had drawn a prize and thereat lost forever the coldness of life; many, too, the light of whose eyes had faded behind the shutters of that house, having drawn a blank. The thought of ‘little’ Babs on the threshold of that inexorable saloon, filled him with an eager sadness; and the sight of the two men watching for her, waiting for her, like hunters, was to him distasteful.

With the prophetic certainty which comes sometimes to the old, he felt sure that one or other of these two she would take; and in his jealousy he did not want her to take either. But if she must, then, for Heaven’s sake, let her not go running risks, and ranging as far as that red fellow of middle age, who might have ideas, but had no pedigree; let her stick to youth and her own order, and marry the young man, d——n him, who looked like a Greek god, of the wrong period, having grown a moustache.

You could n’t eat your cake and

have it! She had said something the other evening about those two and the different lives they lived? Yes, some romantic notion or other was working in her! Adventure! Ah! but you must have it in your blood, like that glorious Anita of Garibaldi's!

Again he looked at Courtier. The sort that rode slap-bang at everything. All very well! But Babs! No, no! There was another side to little Babs. She would want more, or was it less, than just a life of sleeping under the stars for the man she loved, and the cause he fought for. She would want pleasure, and not too much effort, and presently a little power; not the uncomfortable after-fame of a woman who went through fire and water; but the fame and power of beauty and prestige. This fancy, if it were a fancy, was nothing but the romanticism of a young girl. For the sake of a passing shadow, to give up substance? It would n't do! And again Lord Dennis fixed his shrewd glance on his great-niece. Those eyes, that smile! Yes! She would grow out of this — and take the Greek god, the dying Gaul — whichever that young man was!

XXI

It was not till the very morning of polling day itself that Courtier left Monkland Court. He had already suffered for several days from a bad conscience; for his knee was practically cured, and he knew very well that it was Barbara, and Barbara alone, who kept him staying on. The atmosphere of the big house with its army of servants, the impossibility of doing anything for himself, and the feeling of hopeless insulation from the vivid and necessitous sides of life, galled him greatly. It inspired in him too a very genuine pity for these people, who seemed to him to lead an existence as it were smothered under their own so-

cial importance. It was not their fault. He recognized that they did their best. They were not soft or luxurious, they did not eat or drink or clothe themselves extravagantly, indeed they appeared to try and be simple, and this seemed to him to heighten the pathos of their situation. Fate had been too much for them. What human spirit could emerge untrammelled and unshrunk from that great encompassing host of material advantage? To a Bedouin like Courtier it was as if a subtle but very terrible tragedy was all the time being played before his eyes; and in the very centre of this tragedy was the girl who had for him such a great attraction. Every night, when he retired to that lofty room which smelt so good, and where without ostentation everything was so perfectly ordered for his comfort, he thought, 'My God, *to-morrow* I'll be off.'

But every morning when he met her at breakfast his thought was precisely the same, and there were moments when he caught himself wondering: 'Am I falling under the spell of this existence, — am I getting soft?' He recognized as never before that the peculiar artificial 'hardness' of the aristocrat was a brine or pickle in which, with the instinct of self-preservation, they deliberately soaked themselves, to prevent the decay of fibre, through too much protection. He perceived it even in Barbara, a sort of sentiment-proof overall. And every day he was tempted to lay rude hands on it, to see whether he could not make her catch fire, and flare up with some feeling or idea. In spite of her tantalizing youthful self-possession, he saw that she felt this longing in him, and now and then he caught a glimpse of a streak of recklessness in her which lured him on.

And yet at last, when he was saying good-bye on the night before polling

day, he could not flatter himself that he had really struck any spark from her. She gave him no chance, at that last interview, but stood amongst the other women, calm and smiling, as if determined that he should not again mock her with his ironical devotion.

He got up very early the next morning, intending to pass away unseen; and was in the car put at his disposal by half-past seven. He found it occupied by a little figure in a holland frock, leaning back against the cushions so that her small sandaled toes pointed up at the chauffeur's back. This was indeed little Ann, who in the course of business had discovered it before the door. Her sudden little voice under her sudden little nose, friendly but not too friendly, was comforting.

'Are you going? I can come as far as the gate.'

'That is lucky.'

'Yes. Is that all your luggage?'

'I'm afraid it is.'

'Oh! It's quite a lot, really, is n't it?'

'As much as I deserve.'

'Of course *you* don't have to take guinea-pigs about with you?'

'Not as a rule.'

'I always do. There's great-granny!'

It was indeed Lady Casterley, standing a little back from the drive, and directing a tall gardener how to deal with an old oak tree. Courtier, alighting, went towards her to say good-bye. The little old lady addressed him with grim cordiality.

'So you are going! I am glad of that, though I hope you quite understand that I like you personally.'

'Quite!'

Her eyes gleamed maliciously.

'Men who laugh like you are dangerous, as I've told you before!'

Then, with great gravity, she added, 'My granddaughter will marry Lord Harbinger. I mention that, Mr. Cour-

tier, for your peace of mind. You are a man of honor; it will go no further.'

Courtier, bowing over her hand, answered, 'He will be lucky.'

The little old lady regarded him unflinchingly.

'He will, sir. Good-bye!'

Courtier smilingly raised his hat. His cheeks were burning. Regaining the car, he looked round. Lady Casterley was busy once more exhorting the tall gardener. The voice of little Ann broke in on his thoughts: —

'I hope you'll come again. Because I expect I shall be here at Christmas; and my brothers will be here then, that is, Jock and Tiddy, not Christopher, because he's young. I must go now. Good-bye! Hallo, Susie!'

Courtier saw her glide away, and join the little pale adoring figure of the lodgekeeper's daughter.

The car passed out into the lane.

If Lady Casterley had planned this disclosure, which indeed she had not, for the impulse had only come over her at the sound of Courtier's laugh, she could not have devised one more effectual, for there was deep down in him all of a wanderer's very real distrust, amounting almost to contempt, of an aristocrat or bourgeois, and all a man of action's horror of what he called 'puking and muling.' The pursuit of Barbara with any other object but that of marriage had not occurred to one who had little sense of conventional morality, but much of self-respect; and a secret endeavor to cut out Harbinger, ending in a marriage whereat he would figure as a sort of pirate, was quite as little to the taste of a man not unaccustomed to think himself as good as other people.

He caused the car to deviate up the lane that led to Mrs. Noel's, hating to go away without a word of cheer to her.

She came out to him on the veranda. From the clasp of her hand, thin and

faintly browned, — the hand of a woman never quite idle, — he felt that she relied on him to understand and sympathize; and nothing so awakened the best in Courtier as such mute appeals to his protection.

He said gently, 'Don't let them think you're down'; then, squeezing her hand hard, 'Why should you be wasted like this? It's a sin and a shame.'

But he stopped at sight of her face, which without movement expressed so much more than his words. He had protested as a civilized man; her face was the protest of Nature, the soundless declaration of beauty wasted against its will, beauty that was life's invitation to the embrace which gave life birth.

'I'm clearing out myself,' he said. 'You and I, you know, are not good for these people. No birds of freedom allowed!'

Pressing his hand, she turned away into the house, leaving Courtier gazing at the patch of air where her white figure had stood. He had always had a special protective feeling for Audrey Noel, a feeling which with but little encouragement might have become something warmer. But since she had been placed in her anomalous position, he would not for the world have brushed the dew off her belief that she could trust him. And now that he had fixed his own gaze elsewhere, and she was in this bitter trouble, he felt on her account the rancor that a brother feels when Justice and Pity have conspired to flout his sister.

The voice of Frith the chauffeur roused him from gloomy reverie.

'Lady Barbara, sir!'

Following the man's eyes, Courtier saw against the skyline on the tower above Ashman's Folly, an equestrian statue. He stopped the car at once, and got out.

He reached her at the ruin, screened from the road, by that divine chance

which attends on men who take care that it shall. He could not tell whether she knew of his approach, and he would have given all he had, which was not much, to have seen through the stiff blue of her habit, and the soft cream of her body, into that mysterious cave, her heart; to have been for a moment, like Ashman, done for good and all with material things, and living the white life where are no barriers between man and woman. The smile on her lips so baffled him: puffed there by her spirit, as a first flower is puffed through the surface of earth to mock at the spring winds. How tell what it signified! Yet he rather prided himself on his knowledge of women, of whom he had seen something.

'I'm glad of this chance,' he said, 'to say good-bye as it should be said.'

Then, suddenly looking up, he saw her strangely pale and quivering.

'I shall see you in London!' she said; and touching her horse with her whip, without looking back, she rode away over the hill.

Courtier returned to the moor road, and getting into the car, muttered, 'Faster, please, Frith!'

XXII

Polling was already in brisk progress when Courtier arrived in Buckland-bury; and partly from a not unnatural interest in the result, partly from a half-unconscious clinging to the chance of catching another glimpse of Barbara, he took his bag to the hotel, determined to stay for the announcement of the poll. Strolling out into the high street, he began observing the humors of the day. The bloom of political belief had long been brushed off the wings of one who had so flown the world's winds. He had seen too much of more vivid colors to be capable now of venerating greatly the dull and dubious

tints of blue and yellow. They left him feeling extremely philosophic. Yet it was impossible to get away from them, for the very world that day seemed blue and yellow, nor did the third color, red, adopted by both sides afford any clear assurance that either could see virtue in the other; rather, it seemed to symbolize the desire of each to have his enemy's blood. But Courtier soon observed by the looks cast at his own detached, and perhaps sarcastic, face, that even more hateful to either soul than its antagonist, was the philosophic eye. Unanimous was the longing to heave half a brick at it whenever it showed itself. With its d—d impartiality, its habit of looking through the integument of things, to see if there was anything inside, he felt that they regarded it as the real adversary, the eternal foe to all the little fat 'facts' who, dressed in blue and yellow, were swaggering and staggering, calling each other names, wiping each other's eyes, bleeding each other's noses.

To these little solemn delicious creatures, all front and no behind, the philosophic eye, with its habit of looking round the corner, was clearly detestable. The very yellow and very blue bodies of these roistering small warriors, with their hands on their tin swords and their lips on their tin trumpets, started up in every window and on every wall, confronting each citizen in turn, persuading him that they and they alone were taking him to Westminster. Nor had they apparently for the most part much trouble with citizens, who, finding uncertainty distasteful, passionately desired to be assured that the country could at once be saved by little yellow facts or little blue facts, as the case might be; who had, no doubt, a dozen other good reasons for being on the one side or the other; as, for instance, that their father had been so before them; that their

bread was buttered yellow or buttered blue; that they had been on the other side last time; that they had thought it over and made up their minds; that they had innocent blue or naïve yellow beer within; that his lordship was the man; or that the words proper to their mouths were 'Chilcox for Bucklandbury'; and, above all, the one really creditable reason, that, so far as they could tell with the best of their intellect and feelings, the truth at the moment was either blue or yellow.

The narrow high street was thronged with voters. Tall policemen stationed there had nothing to do. The certainty of all that they were going to win, kept every one in good humor. There was as yet no need to break any one's head; for though the sharpest look-out was kept for any signs of the philosophic eye, it was only to be found — outside Courtier — in the perambulators of babies, in one old man who rode a bicycle waveringly along the street and stopped to ask a policeman what was the matter in the town, and in two rather green-faced fellows who trundled barrows full of favors both blue and yellow.

But though Courtier eyed the 'facts' with such suspicion, the keenness of every one about the business struck him as really splendid. They went at it with a will. Having looked forward to it for months, they were going to look back on it for months. It was evidently a religious ceremony, summing up most high feelings; and this seemed to one who was himself a man of action, natural, perhaps pathetic, but certainly no matter for scorn.

It was already late in the afternoon when there came debouching into the high street a long string of sandwichmen, each bearing before and behind him a poster containing these words in large dark-blue letters against a pale blue ground: —

*Danger not Past**Vote for Milton and the Government**And Save**The Empire*

Courtier stopped to look at them with indignation and surprise. Not only did this poster tramp in again on his convictions about peace, but he saw in it something more than met the unphilosophic eye. It symbolized for him all that was catch-penny in the national life, — an epitaph on the grave of generosity, unutterably sad. Yet from a party point of view what could be more justifiable? Was it not desperately important that every blue nerve should be strained that day to turn yellow nerves, if not blue, at all events green, before night fell. Was it not perfectly true that the Empire could only be saved by voting blue? Could they help a blue morning paper printing these words, 'Fresh Crisis,' which he had read that morning? No more than the yellows could help a yellow journal printing the words, 'Lord Milton's Evening Adventure.' Their only business was to win, ever fighting fair.

The yellows had not fought fair, they never did, and one of their most unfair tactics was the way they had of always accusing the blues of unfair fighting, an accusation truly ludicrous. As for truth! That which helped the world to be blue, was obviously true; that which did n't, as obviously not. There was no middle policy! The man who saw things green was a softy, and no proper citizen. As for giving the yellows credit for sincerity, the yellows never gave them credit! For all that, the poster seemed to Courtier damnable, and raising his stick, he struck one of the sandwich-boards a resounding thwack. The noise startled a butcher's pony standing by the pave-

ment. It reared, then bolted with Courtier, who had seized the rein, hanging on. A dog dashed past, and Courtier tripped, still clinging to the rein. The pony, passing over him, struck him on the forehead with a hoof. For a moment he lost consciousness; but coming to himself quickly, refused assistance, and went to his hotel. He felt very giddy, and after bandaging a nasty cut, lay down on his bed.

It was here that Milton, returning from that necessary exhibition of himself, the crowning fact, at every polling centre, found him.

'That last poster of yours!' Courtier began, at once.

'I'm having it withdrawn.'

'It's done the trick no doubt — congratulations — you'll get in!'

'When there is a desert between a man and the sacred city, he does n't renounce his journey because he has to wash in dirty water on the way. But I knew nothing of that poster.'

'My dear fellow, I never supposed you did.'

'The mob,' said Milton; 'how I loathe it!'

There was such pent-up fury in those words as to astonish even one whose life had been passed in conflict with majorities.

'I hate its mean stupidities, I hate the sound of its voice, and the look on its face — it's so ugly, it's so little. Courtier, I suffer purgatory from the thought that I shall scrape in by the votes of the mob. If there is sin in using this creature I have expiated it.'

To this strange outburst Courtier at first made no reply.

'You've been working too hard,' he said at last; 'you're off your balance. After all, the mob's made up of men like you and me.'

'No, Courtier, the mob is *not* made up of men like you and me. If it were, it would not be the mob.'

'It looks,' Courtier answered gravely, 'as if you had no business in this galley. I've always steered clear of it myself.'

'You follow your feelings. I have not that happiness.'

So saying, he turned to the door.

Courtier hastened after him.

'Drop your politics, — if you feel like this about them; don't waste your life following — whatever it is you follow; don't waste hers!'

But Milton did not answer.

It was a wondrous still night, when, a few minutes before twelve, with his forehead bandaged under his hat, Courtier left the hotel and made his way towards the Grammar School for the declaration of the poll. A sound as of some monster breathing guided him, till, from a steep deserted street, he came in sight of a surging crowd that spread over the town square, a dark carpet patterned by splashes of lamp-light. Above, high up on the little peaked tower of the Grammar School, presided a brightly lighted clock-face; and over the passionate hopes and aspirations in those thousands of hearts knit by suspense, the sky had lifted, and showed no cloud between them and the purple fields of air. To Courtier, walking down towards the square, the swaying white faces, turned all one way, seemed like the heads of giant wild flowers in a dark field, shivered by the wind. The night had charmed away the blue and yellow facts, and breathed down into that crowd the spirit of emotion. And he realized the beauty and the meaning of this scene, this expression of the quivering force, whose perpetual flux, controlled by the Spirit of Balance, was the soul of the world; thousands of hearts with the thought of self lost in one overmastering excitement!

An old man with a long gray beard, standing close to his elbow, murmured,

'T is anxious work — I would n't ha' missed this for anything in the world.'

'Yes,' answered Courtier, 'it's fine.'

'Ay,' said the old man, 'it *is* fine. I've not seen the like o' this since the great year — forty-eight. There they are — the aristocrats!'

Following the direction of that skinny hand, Courtier saw on a balcony Lord and Lady Valleys, side by side, looking steadily down at the crowd. There too, leaning against a window and talking to some one behind, was Barbara. Courtier heard the muttering of the old man, whose eyes had grown very bright, whose whole face seemed transfigured by intense hostility; and he felt drawn to this old creature, thus moved to the very soul. Then he saw Barbara looking down at him, with her hand raised to her temple to show that she saw his bandaged head. Courtier had the presence of mind not to lift his hat. Harbinger's figure moved up beside her.

The old man spoke again.

'Ah! you don't remember forty-eight,' he said; 'there was a feeling in the people then — we should ha' died for things in those days. I'm eighty-four,' and he held his shaking hand up to his breast, 'but the spirit's alive here yet! God send the Radical gets in!'

There was wafted from him a scent as of the earth.

Far behind, at the very edge of the vast dark throng, some voices began to sing, 'Way down upon the Swanee Ribber.' Taken up here and there, the tune floated forth, above the shuffling and talk.

It ceased suddenly, spurted up once more, and died, drowned by shouts of 'Up Chilcox!' 'Milton forever!'

Then, in the very centre of the square, a stentorian baritone roared forth, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot!'

The song swelled, till every kind of voice, from treble to the old Chartist's

quavering bass, was chanting it; and the dark human field heaved with the movement of linked arms. Courtier found the soft fingers of a young woman in his right hand, the old Chartist's dry, trembling paw in his left. He himself sang loudly. The grave and fearful music sprang straight up into the air, rolled out right and left, and was lost amongst the hills. But it had no sooner died away than the same huge baritone yelled, 'God save the King!' The stature of the crowd seemed to leap up two feet, and from under that platform of raised hats rose a stupendous shouting.

'This,' thought Courtier, 'is religion!'

They were singing even on the balconies; by the lamplight he could see Lord Valleys's mouth not opened quite enough, as though his voice were just a little ashamed of coming out, and Barbara, with her head flung back against the pillar, pouring out her heart. No mouth in all the crowd was silent. It was as though the soul of the English people were escaping from its dungeon of reserve, on the pinions of that song.

But suddenly, like a shot bird closing wings, the song fell silent and dived headlong back to earth. Out from under the clock-face had moved a thin dark figure. More came behind it. Courtier could see Milton. A voice far away cried, 'Up Chilcox!' A huge 'Hush!' followed; then such a silence that the sound of an engine shunting a mile away could be plainly heard.

The dark figure moved forward, and a tiny square of paper gleamed out white against the black of his frock coat.

'Ladies and gentlemen. Result of the poll:—

'Milton: Four thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

'Chilcox: Four thousand eight hundred and two.'

The silence seemed to fall to earth,

and break into a thousand pieces. Through the pandemonium of cheers and groaning, Courtier with all his strength forced himself towards the balcony. He could see Lord Valleys leaning forward with a broad smile; Lady Valleys passing her hand across her eyes; Barbara, with her hand in Harbinger's, looking straight into his face. He stopped. The old Chartist was still beside him, tears rolling down his cheeks into his beard.

Courtier saw Milton come forward, and stand unsmiling, deathly pale.

XXIII

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th of July little Ann Shropton commenced the ascent of the main staircase of Valleys House, London. She climbed slowly, in the very middle, an extremely small white figure on those wide and shining stairs, counting them aloud. Their number was never alike two days running, which made them attractive to one for whom novelty was the salt of life.

Coming to that spot where they branched, she paused to consider which of the two flights she had used last, and unable to remember, sat down. She was the bearer of a message. It had been new when she started, but was already comparatively old, and likely to become older, in view of a design now conceived by her of traveling the whole length of the picture-gallery. And while she sat maturing this plan, sunlight flooding through a large window drove a white refulgence down into the heart of the wide polished space of wood and marble whence she had come. The nature of little Ann habitually rejected fairies and all fantastic things, finding them quite too much in the air, and devoid of sufficient reality and 'go'; and this refulgence, almost unearthly in its travel-

ing glory, passed over her small head and played strangely with the pillars in the hall, without exciting in her any fancies or any sentiment. The intention of discovering what was at the end of the picture-gallery absorbed the whole of her essentially practical and active mind.

Taking the left-hand flight of stairs, she entered that immensely long, narrow, and, with blinds drawn, rather dark saloon. She walked carefully, because the floor was very slippery here, and with a kind of seriousness due partly to the darkness and partly to the pictures. They were indeed, in this light, rather formidable, those old Caradocs — dark, armored creatures, some of them, who seemed to eye with a sort of burning, grim, defensive greed the small white figure of their descendant passing along between them. But little Ann, who knew they were only pictures, maintained her course steadily, and every now and then, as she passed one who seemed to her rather uglier than the others, wrinkled her sudden little nose. At the end, as she had thought, there was a door. She opened it, and passed on to a landing.

There was a stone staircase in the corner, and there were two doors. It would be nice to go up the staircase, but it would also be nice to open the doors. Going towards the first door, with a little thrill, she turned the handle. It was one of those rooms, necessary in houses, for which she had no great liking; and closing the door rather loudly, she opened the other door, finding herself in a chamber not resembling the rooms downstairs, which were all high and nicely gilded, but more like where she had lessons, low, and filled with books and leather chairs. From the end of the room which she could not see, she heard a sound as of some one kissing something, and instinct had almost made her turn to go away

when the word 'Hallo!' seemed to open her lips. And almost directly she saw that granny and grandpapa were standing by the fireplace. Not knowing quite whether they were glad to see her, she went forward and began at once: —

'Is this where you sit, grandpapa?'

'It is.'

'It's nice, is n't it, granny? Where does the stone staircase go to?'

'To the roof of the tower, Ann.'

'Oh! I have to give a message, so I *must* go now.'

'Sorry to lose you.'

'Yes; good-bye!'

Hearing the door shut behind her, Lord and Lady Valleys looked at each other with a dubious smile.

The little interview which she had interrupted, had arisen in this way.

Accustomed to retire to this quiet and homely room, which was not his official study where he was always liable to the attacks of secretaries, Lord Valleys had come up here after lunch to smoke and chew the cud of a worry.

The matter was one in connection with his estate, Pendridny, in Cornwall. It had long agitated both his agent and himself, and had now come to him for final decision. The question affected two villages to the north of the property, whose inhabitants were solely dependent on the working of a large quarry, which had for some time been losing money.

A kindly man, he was extremely averse to any measure which would plunge his tenants into distress, and especially in cases where there had been no question of opposition between himself and them. But, reduced to its essentials, the matter stood thus: apart from that particular quarry the Pendridny estate was not only a going, but even a profitable concern, supporting itself and supplying some of the sinews of war towards Valleys House and the

racing establishment at Newmarket, and other general expenses; with this quarry still running, allowing for the upkeep of Pendridny, and the provision of pensions to superannuated servants, it was a little the other way.

Sitting there, that afternoon, smoking his favorite pipe, he had at last come to the conclusion that there was nothing for it but to close down. He had not made this resolution lightly; though, to do him justice, the knowledge that the decision would be bound to cause an outcry in the local, and perhaps the national, press had secretly rather spurred him on to the resolve than deterred him from it. He felt as if he were being dictated to in advance, and he did not like dictation. Knowing that having to deprive these poor people of their immediate living was a good deal more irksome to him than to those who, he knew, would make a fuss about it, his conscience was clear, and he could discount that future outcry as mere party spite.

He had quite honestly tried to look at the thing all round, and had reasoned thus: 'If I keep this quarry open, I am really admitting the principle of pauperization, since I naturally look to each of my estates to support its own house, grounds, shootings, and contribute towards the support of this house, and my family, and racing stable, and all the people employed about them both. To allow any business to be run on my estates which does not contribute to the general upkeep, is to protect and really pauperize a portion of my tenants at the expense of the rest; it is false economics, and secretly a sort of socialism. Further, if logically followed out, it might end in my ruin; and to allow that, though I might not personally object, would be to imply that I do not believe that I am, by virtue of my traditions and training, the best machinery through which the

state can work to secure the welfare of the people.'

When he had reached that point in his consideration of a question, to which, in his position, he ought not perhaps to have been asked to supply an answer, his mind, or rather perhaps, his essential self, had not unnaturally risen up and said, 'Which is absurd!'

Impersonality was in fashion, and as a rule he believed in thinking impersonally. There was a point, however, where the possibility of doing so ceased without treachery to one's self, one's order, and the country. And to the argument which he was quite shrewd enough to put to himself, sooner than have it put, that it was disproportionate for a single man by a stroke of the pen to be able to dispose of the livelihood of hundreds whose senses and feelings were similar to his own, he had answered, 'If I did n't, some plutocrat would — or, worse still, the state!' Coöperative enterprise was, in his opinion, foreign to the spirit of the country, and there was, so far as he knew, no other alternative. Facts were facts, and not to be got over.

For all that, the necessity for this decision made him sorry, for if he had no great sense of cosmic humor, he was at least human, even humane.

He was sitting smoking his pipe and still staring at a sheet of paper covered with small figures when Lady Valleys entered.

Though she had come to ask his advice on a very different subject, she saw at once that he was vexed, and said, 'What's the matter, Geoff?'

Lord Valleys rose, went to the hearth, deliberately tapped out his pipe, then held out to her the sheet of paper.

'That quarry! There's nothing for it — it must go!'

Lady Valleys's face changed.

'Oh, no! It will mean such dreadful distress.'

Lord Valleys stared at his nails. 'It's putting a drag on the whole estate,' he said.

'I know, but how could we face the people, — I should never be able to go down there. And most of them have such enormous families.'

Lord Valleys continued to bend on his nails a slow, thought-forming stare; and Lady Valleys went on earnestly, —

'Rather than that I'd make sacrifices. I'd sooner it were let, than throw all those people out of work. I suppose it would let.'

'Let? Best woodcock shooting in the world.'

Lady Valleys, pursuing her thoughts, went on, 'In time we might get the people drafted into other things. Have you consulted Milton?'

'No,' said Lord Valleys shortly, 'and don't mean to — he's too impractical.'

'He always seems to know what he wants very well.'

'I tell you,' repeated Lord Valleys, 'Milton's no good in a matter of this sort; he and his ideas throw back to the Middle Ages!'

Lady Valleys went closer, and took him by the lapels of his collar.

'Geoff — really, to please me; some other way!'

Lord Valleys frowned, and stared at her for some time; at last he answered without moving. 'That's another thing. To please you — I'll leave it over another year.'

'You think that's better than letting?'

'I don't like the thought of some outsider there. Time enough to come to that if we must. Take it as my Christmas present. You'll be late for your meeting.'

Lady Valleys, rather flushed, bent forward and kissed his ear.

It was at this moment that little Ann had entered.

When she had gone, and they had

exchanged that dubious look, Lady Valleys said, 'I don't get much time to talk to you. I came about Babs. I don't know what to make of her since we came up. She's not putting her heart into things.'

Lord Valleys answered almost sulkily, 'It's the heat, I should think — or love.' For all his easy-going parentalism, he disliked the thought of losing the child for whom he really had a love and admiration.

'Yes,' said Lady Valleys slowly, 'but with whom?'

'Claud Harbinger, of course.'

'I don't know. There's something queer about her. I'm not at all sure she has n't got some sort of feeling for that Mr. Courtier.'

'What!' said Lord Valleys.

'Exactly!'

Her husband had grown very red.

'Confound it, Gertrude, this is past a joke — Milton's business was quite enough for one year.'

'For twenty,' murmured Lady Valleys. 'I'm watching her. I'm told he's going to Persia.'

'And leaving his confounded bones there, I hope,' muttered Lord Valleys. 'Really, it's too much. I should think you're all wrong, though.'

Lady Valleys's face bubbled a little. Men were very queer about such things! Very queer and worse than helpless.

'Well,' she said, 'I must go to my meeting. I'll take her, and see if I can get at something. I shall be late.' And she went away.

It was the inaugural meeting of the Society for the Promotion of the Birth-Rate, at which she had to preside that afternoon. The scheme was one in which she had been prominent from the start, appealing as it did to her large and full-blooded nature. Many movements, to which she found it impossible to refuse her name, had in themselves but small attraction for her; and

it was a real comfort to feel something approaching enthusiasm for one branch of her public work. Not that there was any academic consistency about her in the matter, for in private life amongst her friends she was not narrowly dogmatic on the duty of wives to multiply exceedingly. She thought imperially on the subject, without bigotry. Large healthy families, in all cases save individual ones! The prime idea at the back of her mind was — national expansion. Her motto, and she intended if possible to make it the motto of the League, was: *De l'audace, et encore de l'audace!* It was a question of the full realization of the nation. She had a real, and in a sense touching, belief in 'the flag,' apart from what it might cover. It was her idealism. 'You may talk,' she would say, 'as much as you like about directing national life in accordance with social justice! What does the nation care about social justice? The thing is much bigger than that. It's sentimental. We must expand!'

On the way to the meeting, occupied with her speech, she made no attempt to draw Barbara into conversation. The child was very languid and pale; still that must wait! And at any rate she was looking so beautiful that it was a pleasure to have her support.

In a little dark room behind the hall the committee were already assembled, and they went at once on to the platform.

XXIV

Unmoved by the stares of the audience, Barbara sat absorbed in her moody thoughts.

Into the three weeks since Milton's election there had been crowded such a multitude of functions that she had found, as it were, no time, no energy to know where she stood with herself. Since that morning in the stable, when he had watched her with the horse Hal,

Harbinger had seemed to live only to be close to her. And the consciousness of his passion gave her a tingling sense of pleasure. She had been riding and dancing with him, and sometimes this had been almost blissful. But there were times too — more frequent as her energy ebbed in the heat and glare of the season — when she felt — though always with a certain contempt of herself, as under that sunny wall below the tor — a queer dissatisfaction, a longing for something outside a world where she had to invent her own starvations and simplicities, to make-believe in earnestness.

She had seen Courtier three times. Once he had come to dine in response to an invitation from Lady Valleys, worded in that charming, almost wistful style, which she had taught herself to use to those below her in social rank, especially if they were intelligent; once at the Valleys House garden party; and, next day, having told him what time she would be riding, she had found him in the Row, not mounted, but standing by the rail just where she must pass, with that look on his face of mingled deference and ironic self-containment, of which he was a master. It appeared that he was leaving England; and to her questions why, and where, he had only shrugged his shoulders.

Up on this dusty platform, in the hot bare hall, facing all those people, listening to speeches whose sense she was too languid and preoccupied to take in, the whole medley of thoughts and faces round her and the sound of the speakers' voices formed a kind of nightmare, out of which she noted with extreme exactitude the color of her mother's neck under its large black hat, and a committee man to the right, biting his fingers under cover of a large blue paper. She realized that some one was speaking amongst the audience, speaking, as it were, in little bunches

of words. She could see him, a small man in a black coat, with a white face which kept jerking up and down.

'I feel that this is terrible,' she heard him say; 'I feel that this is blasphemy. That we should try to tamper with the greatest force, the greatest and the most sacred and secret — force, that — that moves in the world, is to me horrible. I cannot bear to listen; it seems to make everything so little!'

She saw him sit down, his features twitching uncontrollably; and her mother rise to answer: —

'We must all sympathize with the sincerity, and to a certain extent with the intention, of our friend in the body of the hall. But we must ask ourselves, Have we the right to allow ourselves the luxury of private feelings in a matter which concerns the national expansion? We must not give way to sentiment. Our friend in the body of the hall spoke — he will forgive me for saying so — like a poet, rather than a serious reformer. I am afraid if we let ourselves drop into poetry, the birth-rate of this country will very soon drop into poetry too. And that I think it is impossible for us to contemplate with folded hands. The resolution I was about to propose when our friend in the body of the hall —'

But Barbara's attention had wandered off again into that queer medley of thoughts and feelings, out of which the little man had so abruptly roused her. Then she realized that the meeting was breaking up, and her mother saying, —

'Now, my dear, it's hospital day. We've just time.'

When they were once more in the car, she leaned back very silent, watching the traffic.

Lady Valleys eyed her sidelong.

'What a little bombshell!' she said, 'from that small person! He must have

got in by mistake. I hear Mr. Courtier has a card for Ellen Gloucester's. ball to-night, Babs.'

'Poor man!'

'You will be there,' said Lady Valleys dryly.

Barbara drew back into her corner.

'Don't tease me, mother!'

An expression of compunction crossed Lady Valleys's face; she tried to possess herself of Barbara's hand. But that languid hand did not return her squeeze.

'I know the mood you're in, Babs. It wants all one's pluck to shake it off; don't let it grow on you. You'd better go down to Uncle Dennis to-morrow. You've been overdoing it.'

Barbara sighed.

'I wish it were to-morrow.'

The car had stopped, and Lady Valleys said, 'Will you come in, or are you too tired? It always does them good to see you.'

'You're twice as tired as me,' Barbara answered; 'of course I'll come.'

At the entrance of the two ladies, there rose at once a faint buzz and murmur. Lady Valleys, whose ample presence radiated suddenly a business-like and cheery confidence, went to a bedside and sat down. But Barbara stood in a thin streak of the July sunlight, uncertain where to begin, amongst the faces turned towards her. The poor dears looked so humble, and so wistful, and so tired. There was one lying quite flat, who had not even raised her head to see who had come in. That slumbering, pale, high-cheek-boned face had a frailty as if a touch, a breath, would shatter it; a wisp of the blackest hair, finer than silk, lay across the forehead; the closed eyes were deep sunk; one hand, scarred almost to the bone with work, rested above her breast. She breathed between lips which had no color. About her, sleeping, was a kind of beauty. And there

came over the girl a queer longing to bend down and pay her reverence. The sleeper seemed so apart from everything there, from all the formality and stiffness of the ward. To look at her swept away the languid, hollow feeling with which she had come in; it made her think of the tors at home, when the wind was blowing, and all was bare, and grand, and sometimes terrible. There was something elemental in that still sleep.

An old lady in the next bed, with a brown wrinkled face and bright black eyes brimful of life, seemed almost vulgar beside such remote tranquillity, while she explained carefully to Barbara that a little bunch of heather in the better half of a soap-dish on the window-sill had come from Wales, because 'my mother was born in Stirling, dearie; so I likes a bit of heather, though I never been out o' Bethnal Green meself.'

But when Barbara again passed, the sleeping woman was sitting up, and looked but a poor ordinary thing — her strange fragile beauty all withdrawn.

It was a relief when Lady Valleys said, 'My dear, my Naval Bazaar at five-thirty; and while I'm there you must go home and have a rest, and freshen yourself up for the ball. We dine at Plassey House.'

The Duchess of Gloucester's ball, a function which no one could very well miss, had been fixed for this late date owing to the duchess's announced desire to prolong the season and so help the hackney cabmen; and though everybody sympathized, it had been felt by most that it would be simpler to go away, motor up on the day of the ball, and motor down again on the following morning. And throughout the week by which the season was thus prolonged, in long rows at the railway stations, and on their stands, the hack-

ney cabmen, unconscious of what was being done for them, waited, patient as their horses. But since everybody was making this special effort, an exceptionally large, exclusive, and brilliant company reassembled at Gloucester House.

In the vast ball-room, over the medley of entwined revolving couples, punkahs had been fixed, to clear and freshen the languid air; and these huge fans, moving with incredible slowness, drove a faint refreshing draught down over the sea of white shirt-fronts and bare necks, and freed the scent from innumerable flowers.

Late in the evening, close by one of the great clumps of bloom, a very pretty woman stood talking to Bertie. She was his cousin, Lily Malvezin, sister of Geoffrey Winlow, and wife of a Liberal peer, — a charming creature, whose pink cheeks, bright eyes, quick lips, and rounded figure endowed her with the prettiest air of animation. And while she spoke she kept stealing sly glances at her partner, trying as it were to pierce the armor of that self-contained young man.

'No, my dear,' she was saying in her mocking voice, 'you'll never persuade me that Milton is going to catch on. *Il est trop intransigent*. Ah! there's Babs!'

For the girl had come gliding by, her eyes wandering lazily, her lips just parted; her neck, hardly less pale than her white frock; her face pale, and with marked languor, under the heavy coil of her tawny hair; and her swaying body seeming with each turn of the waltz to be caught by the arms of her partner from out of a swoon.

With that immobility of lips learned by all imprisoned in society, Lily Malvezin murmured, 'Who's that she's dancing with? Is it the dark horse?'

Through lips no less immobile, Bertie answered, 'Forty to one, no takers.'

But those inquisitive bright eyes still followed Barbara, drifting in the dance like a great water-lily caught in the swirl of a mill-pool; and the thought passed through that pretty head, 'She's hooked him. It's naughty of Babs, really!' And then she saw leaning against a pillar another whose eyes also were following these two, and she thought, 'Claud Harbinger — No wonder he's looking like that. O Babs!'

By one of the statues on the terrace Barbara and her partner stood, where trees, disfigured by no gaudy lanterns, offered the refreshment of their darkness and serenity.

Wrapped in her new pale languor, still breathing deeply from the waltz, she seemed to Courtier too utterly moulded out of loveliness. To what end should a man frame speeches to a vision! She was but an incarnation of beauty imprinted on the air, and would fade out at a touch — like the sudden ghosts of enchantment that come to one under the blue, and the star-lit snow of a mountain night, or in a birch wood all wistful golden! Speech seemed but desecration! Besides, what of interest was there for him to say in this world of hers, so bewildering and of such glib assurance — this world that was like a building whose every window was shut and had a blind drawn down; a building that admitted none who had not sworn, as it were, to believe it the whole world, outside which were but the rubbled remains of what had built it; this world of society, in which he felt like one traveling through a desert, longing to meet a fellow creature!

The voice of Harbinger behind them said, 'Lady Babs!'

Long did the punkahs waft their breeze over that brave-hued wheel of pleasure, and the sound of the violins quaver and wail out into the morning. Then quickly, as the spangles of dew

vanish off grass when the sun rises, all melted away; and in the great rooms were none but flunkeys presiding over the polished surfaces, like flamingos by some lake-side at dawn.

XXV

A brick dower-house of the Fitz-Harolds, just outside the little seaside town of Nettlefold, sheltered the tranquil days of Lord Dennis. In that south-coast air, sanest and most healing in all England, he aged very slowly, taking little thought of death, and much quiet pleasure in his life. Like the tall old house with its high windows and squat chimneys, he was marvelously self-contained. His books, for he somewhat passionately examined into old civilizations, and described their habits from time to time with a dry and not too poignant pen in a certain old-fashioned magazine; his microscope, for he studied infusoria; and the fishing-boat of his friend John Bogle, who had long perceived that Lord Dennis was the biggest fish he ever caught; all these, with occasional visitors, and little runs to London, to Monkland, and other country-houses, made up the sum of a life which, if not desperately beneficial, was uniformly kind and harmless, and, by its notorious simplicity, had a certain negative influence, not only on his own class, but on the relations of that class with the country at large. It was commonly said in Nettlefold that he was a gentleman; if they were all like him there was n't much in all this talk against the lords. The shop people and lodging-house keepers felt that the interests of the country were safer in his hands than in the hands of people who wanted to meddle with everything for the good of those who were only anxious to be let alone. A man too who could so completely forget that he was the son of a duke that other

people never forgot it, was the man for their money. It was true that he had never had a say in public affairs; but this was overlooked, because he could have had it if he liked, and the fact that he did not like, only showed once more that he was a gentleman.

Just as he was the personality of the little town against whom practically nothing was ever said, so was his house the one house which defied criticism. Time had made it utterly suitable. The ivied walls, and purplish roof lichened yellow in places, the quiet meadows harboring ponies and kine, reaching from it to the sea, — all was mellow. In truth, it made all the other houses of the town seem shoddy — standing alone beyond them, like its master, perhaps a little too æsthetically remote from common wants.

He had practically no near neighbors of whom he saw anything, except once in a way young Harbinger, three miles distant at Whitewater. But since he had the faculty of not being bored with his own society, this did not worry him. Of local charity, especially to the fishers of the town, whose winter months were nowadays very bare of profit, he was prodigal to the verge of extravagance, for his income was not great. But in politics, beyond acting as the figurehead of certain municipal efforts, he took little or no part. His Toryism indeed was of a mild order that had little belief in the regeneration of the country by any means but those of kindly feeling between the classes. When asked how that was to be brought about, he would answer, with his dry, slightly malicious suavity, that if you stirred hornets' nests with sticks the hornets would come forth. Having no land, he was shy of expressing himself on that vexed question; but if resolutely attacked would give utterance to some such sentiment as this: 'The land's best in our hands

on the whole, but we want fewer dogs in the manger among us.'

He had, as became one of his race, a feeling for land, tender and protective, and could not bear to think of its being put out to farm with that cold mother, the state. But though ironical over the views of Radicals or Socialists, he disliked to hear such people personally abused behind their backs. It must be confessed that if contradicted he increased considerably the ironical decision of his sentiments. Withdrawn from all chance of enforcing its views on others in public life, the natural decisiveness within was forced to find private expression at times.

Each year, towards the end of July, he placed his house at the service of Lord Valleys, who found it a convenient centre for attending Goodwood.

It was on the morning after the Duchess of Gloucester's ball, that he received a note which ran as follows:

VALLEYS HOUSE.

DEAREST UNCLE DENNIS, —

May I come down to you a little before time and rest? London is awfully hot. Mother has three functions still to stay for, and I shall have to come back again for our last evening, the political one, — so I don't want to go all the way to Monkland; and anywhere else, except with you, would be racketty. Eustace looks so seedy. I'll try and bring him, if I may. Granny is terribly well.

Best love, dear, from your

BABS.

The same afternoon she came, but without Milton, driving up from the station in a fly. Lord Dennis met her at the gate, and having kissed her, looked at her somewhat anxiously, caressing his white peaked beard. He had never yet known Babs sick of anything, except when he took her out in John Bogle's boat. She was certainly

looking pale, and her hair was done differently, — a fact disturbing to one who did not discover it. Slipping his arm through hers, he led her out into a meadow still full of buttercups, where an old white pony, who had carried her in the Row twelve years ago, came up to them and rubbed his muzzle against her waist. And suddenly there rose in Lord Dennis the thoroughly discomfiting and strange suspicion that, though the child was not going to cry, she wanted time to get over the feeling that she was. Without appearing to separate himself from her, he walked to the wall at the end of the field, and stood looking at the sea.

The tide was nearly up: the south wind driving over it brought to him the scent of the sea-flowers, and the crisp rustle of little waves swimming almost to his feet. Far out where the sunlight fell, the smiling waters lay white and mysterious in July haze, reminding him of far things. But Lord Dennis, though he had his moments of poetic feeling, was on the whole quite able to keep the sea in its proper place; for after all it was the English Channel, and like a good Englishman he recognized that if you once let things get away from their names, they ceased to be facts, and if they ceased to be facts, they became — the devil!

In truth, he was not thinking of the sea at all, but of Barbara. It was plain that she was in trouble of some kind. And the notion that Babs could find trouble in life was extraordinarily queer; for he felt, subconsciously, what a great driving force of disturbance was necessary to penetrate the hundred folds of the cloak enwrapping one so young and fortunate. It was not death, therefore it must be love; and he thought at once of that fellow with the red moustaches. Ideas were all very well, no one would object to as many as you liked, in their proper place, —

the dinner-table, for example. But to fall in love, if indeed it were so, with a man who not only had ideas, but an inclination to live up to them, seemed to Lord Dennis *outré*.

She had followed him to the wall, and he looked at her dubiously.

‘Come to rest in the waters of Lethe, Babs? By the way, seen anything of our friend Mr. Courtier? Very picturesque, that Quixotic theory of life!’

And in saying that, his voice (like so many refined voices which have turned their backs on speculation) was triple-toned, mocking at ideas, mocking at itself for mocking at ideas, yet showing plainly that at bottom it only mocked at itself for mocking at ideas, because it would be, as it were, crude not to do so.

But Barbara did not answer his question, and began to speak of other things. And all that afternoon and evening, she talked away so lightly that Lord Dennis, but for his instinct, would have been deceived.

That wonderful smiling mask — the inscrutability of youth — was laid aside by her at night. Sitting at her window, under the moon, ‘a gold-bright moth slow-spinning up the sky,’ she watched the darkness hungrily, as though it were a great thought into whose heart she was trying to see. Now and then she stroked herself, getting strange comfort out of the presence of her body. She had that old unhappy feeling of having two selves within her. And this soft night, full of the quiet stir of the sea, and of dark immensity, woke in her a terrible longing to be at one with something, somebody, outside herself. At last night’s ball the ‘flying feeling’ had seized on her again, and was still there, a queer manifestation of the reckless streak in her. And this strange result of her contacts with Courtier, this *cacoethes volandi*, and feeling of clipped wings, hurt her — as being forbidden hurts a child.

She remembered how in the house-keeper's room at Monkland there lived a magpie who had once sought shelter in an orchid-house from some pursuer. As soon as they thought him wedded to civilization, they had let him go, to see whether he would come back. For hours he had sat up in a high tree, and at last come down again to his cage; whereupon, fearing lest the rook should attack him when he next took this voyage of discovery, they clipped one of his wings. After that the twilight bird, though he lived happily enough, hopping about his cage and the terrace which served him for exercise-yard, would seem at times restive and frightened, moving his wings as if flying in spirit, and sad that he must stay on earth.

So, too, at her window, Barbara fluttered her wings; then, getting into bed, lay sighing and tossing. A clock struck three; and seized by an intolerable impatience at her own discomfort, she slipped a motor-coat over her nightgown, put on slippers, and stole out into the passage. The house was very still. She crept downstairs, smothering her footsteps. Groping her way through the hall, inhabited by the thin ghosts of would-be light, she slid back the chain of the door, and ran towards the sea. She made no more noise running in the dew, than a bird following the paths of air; and the two ponies, who felt her figure pass in the darkness, snuffled, sending out soft sighs of alarm amongst the closed buttercups. She climbed the wall over to the beach. While she was running, she had fully meant to dash into the sea and cool herself, but it was so black, with just a thin edging scarf of white, and the sky was black, bereft of lights, waiting for the day!

She stood, and looked. And all the leapings and pulsings of flesh and spirit slowly died in that wide, dark lone-

liness, where the only sound was the wistful breaking of small waves. She was well used to these dead hours, — only last night, at this very time, Harbinger's arm had been round her in a last waltz. But here the dead hours had such different faces, wide-eyed, solemn; and there came to Barbara, staring out at them, a sense that the darkness saw her very soul, so that it felt little and timid within her. She shivered in her fur-lined motoring coat, as if almost frightened at finding herself so marvelously nothing before that black sky and dark sea, which seemed all one, relentlessly great. And crouching down, she waited for the dawn to break.

It came from over the downs, sweeping a rush of cold air on its wings, fighting toward the sea. With it the daring soon crept back into her blood. She stripped, and ran down into the dark water, fast growing pale. It covered her jealously, and she set to work to swim. The water was warmer than the air. She lay on her back and splashed, watching the sky flush. To bathe like this in the half-dark, with her hair floating out, and no wet clothes clinging to her limbs, gave her the joy of a child doing a naughty thing. She swam out of her depth, then, scared at her own adventure, swam in again as the sun rose.

She dashed into her two garments, climbed the wall, and ran back to the house. All her dejection and feverish uncertainty were gone; she felt keen and fresh and very hungry, and stealing into the dining-room, began rummaging for food. She found biscuits, and was still munching, when in the open doorway she saw Lord Dennis, a pistol in one hand and a lighted candle in the other. With his carved features and white beard above an old blue dressing-gown, he looked impressive, having at the moment a distinct resemblance to Lady Casterley, as

though danger had armored him in steel.

'You call this resting!' he said, dryly; then, looking at her drowned hair, added, 'I see you have already intrusted your trouble to the waters of Lethe.'

Without answer, Barbara vanished into the dim hall and up the stairs.

XXVI

While Barbara was swimming to meet the dawn, Milton was bathing in those waters of mansuetude and truth which roll from wall to wall in the British House of Commons.

In that long debate on the land question, for which he had waited to make his first speech, he had already risen nine times without catching the Speaker's eye, and slowly a sense of unreality was creeping over him. Surely this great chamber, where without end rose the small sound of a single human voice, and queer mechanical bursts of approbation and resentment, did not exist at all save as a gigantic fancy of his own! And all these figures were figments of his brain. And when he at last spoke, it would be himself alone that he addressed! The torpid air tainted with human breath, the unwinking stare of the countless lights, the long rows of seats, the queer distant rounds of pale listening flesh perched up so high, they were all emanations of himself! Even the coming and going in the gangway was but the coming and going of little willful parts of him. And rustling deep down in this Titanic creature of his fancy was the murmur of his own unspoken speech, sweeping away the puff-balls of words flung up by that far-away, small, varying voice.

Then, suddenly, all that dream creature had vanished; he was on his feet, with a thumping heart, speaking.

Soon he had no tremors, only a dim consciousness that his words sounded strange, and a queer icy pleasure in flinging them out into the silence. Round him there seemed no longer men, only mouths and eyes. And he had enjoyment in the feeling that with his own mouth and eyes he was holding those hungry mouths and eyes dumb and unmoving. Then he knew that he had reached the end of what he had to say, and sat down, remaining motionless in the centre of a various sound, staring at the back of the head in front of him, with his hands clasped round his knee. And soon, when another little far-away voice was once more speaking, he took his hat, and glancing neither to right nor left, went out.

Instead of that sensation of relief and wild elation which fills the heart of those who have taken the first plunge, Milton had nothing in his deep, dark well but the waters of bitterness. In truth, with the delivery of that speech he had but parted with what had been a sort of anodyne to suffering. He had only put the fine point on his feeling of how vain was his career now that he could not share it with Audrey Noel. He walked slowly towards the Temple, along the river-side, where the lamps were paling into nothingness before that daily celebration of Divinity, the meeting of dark and light.

For Milton was not one of those who take things lying down; he took things desperately, deeply, and with revolt. He took them like a rider riding himself, plunging at the dig of his own spurs, chafing and wincing at the cruel tugs of his own bit; bearing in his friendless, proud nature all the burden of struggles which shallower or more genial natures shared with others.

He looked hardly less haggard, walking home, than some of those homeless ones who slept nightly by the river, as though they knew that to lie near one

who could so readily grant oblivion, alone could save them from seeking that consolation. He was perhaps unhappier than they, whose spirits, at all events, had long ceased to worry them, having oozed out from their bodies under the foot of life.

Now that Audrey Noel was lost to him, her loveliness and that indescribable quality which made her lovable, floated before him, the very torture-flowers of a beauty never to be grasped, yet that he could grasp, if he only would! He was suffering, too, physically, from a kind of slow fever, the result of his wetting on the day when he last saw her. And through that latent fever, things and feelings, like his sensations in the House before his speech, were all as it were muffled in a horrible way, as if they all came to him wrapped in a sort of flannel coating, through which he could not cut. And all the time there seemed to be within him two men at mortal grips with one another; the man of faith in divine sanction and authority, on which all his beliefs had hitherto hinged, and a desperate, warm-blooded, hungry creature. He was very miserable, craving strangely the society of some one who could understand what he was feeling, but, from long habit of making no confidants, not knowing how to satisfy that craving.

It was dawn when he reached his rooms; and, sure that he would not sleep, he did not even go to bed, but changed his clothes, made himself some coffee, and sat down at the window which overlooked the flowered courtyard.

In Middle Temple Hall a ball was still in progress, though the glamour from its Chinese lanterns was already darkened and gone. Milton saw a man and a girl, sheltered by an old fountain, sitting out their last dance. Her head had sunk on his shoulder; their lips were joined. And there floated up

to the window the scent of heliotrope, with the tune of the waltz that those two should have been dancing. This couple, so stealthily enlaced, the gleam of their furtively turned eyes, the whispering of their lips, that stony niche below the twittering sparrows, so cunningly sought out — it was the world he had abjured! When he looked again, they — like a vision seen — had stolen away and gone; the music too had ceased, there was no scent of heliotrope. In the stony niche crouched a stray cat watching the twittering sparrows.

Milton went out, and, turning into the empty Strand, walked on without heeding where, till towards five o'clock he found himself on Putney Bridge.

He rested there, leaning over the parapet, looking down at the gray water. The sun was just breaking through the heat haze; early wagons were passing, and already men were coming in to work. To what end did the river wander up and down? and a human river flow across it twice every day? To what end were men and women suffering? In all the full current of this life Milton could see no more aim than in the wheeling of the gulls in the early sunlight.

Leaving the bridge, he made towards Barnes Common. The night was still ensnared there on the gorse-bushes, gray with cobwebs and the starry dew-drops. He passed a tramp family still sleeping, huddled all together. Even the homeless lay in each others' arms!

From the Common he emerged on the road near the gates of Ravensham, and turning in there, found his way to the kitchen-garden, and sat down on a bench close to the raspberry bushes. They were protected from thieves, but at Milton's approach two blackbirds fluttered out through the netting and flew away.

His long figure resting so motionless

impressed itself on the eyes of a gardener, who caused a report to be circulated that his young lordship was in the fruit-garden. It reached the ears of Clifton, who himself came out to see what this might mean. The old man took his stand in front of Milton very quietly.

'You have come to breakfast, my lord?'

'If my grandmother will have me, Clifton.'

'I understand your lordship was speaking last night.'

'I was.'

'You find the House of Commons satisfactory, I hope.'

'Fairly, thank you, Clifton.'

'They are not what they were in the great days of your grandfather, I believe. He had a very good opinion of them. They vary, no doubt.'

'Tempora mutantur.'

'That is so. I find quite a new spirit towards public affairs. The ha'penny *Press*; one takes it in, but one hardly approves. I shall be anxious to read your speech. They say a first speech is a great strain.'

'It is, rather.'

'But *you* had no reason to be anxious. I'm sure it was beautiful.'

Milton saw that the old man's thin sallow cheeks had flushed to a deep orange between his snow-white whiskers.

'I have looked forward to this day,' he stammered, 'ever since I knew your lordship — twenty-eight years. It is the beginning.'

'Or the end, Clifton.'

The old man's face fell in a look of deep and concerned astonishment.

'No, no,' he said; 'with your antecedents, never.'

Milton took his hand.

'Sorry, Clifton, did n't mean to shock you.'

And for a minute neither spoke,

looking at their clasped hands as if surprised.

'Would your lordship like a bath? her ladyship breakfasts at eight. I can procure you a razor.'

When Milton entered the breakfast-room, his grandmother, with a copy of the *Times* in her hands, was seated before a grape-fruit, which, with a shredded-wheat biscuit, constituted her first meal. Her appearance hardly warranted Barbara's description of 'terribly well'; in truth, she looked a little white, as if she had been feeling the heat. But there was no lack of animation in her little dark gray eyes, nor of decision in her manner.

'I see,' she said, 'that you've taken a line of your own, Eustace. I've nothing to say against that; in fact, quite the contrary. But remember this, my dear, however you may change, you must n't wobble. Only one thing counts in that place, hitting the same nail on the head with the same hammer all the time. You are n't looking at all well.'

Milton, bending to kiss her, murmured, 'Thanks, I'm all right.'

'Nonsense,' replied Lady Casterley. 'They don't look after you. Was your mother in the House?'

'I don't think so.'

'Exactly. And what is Barbara about? She ought to be seeing to you.'

'Barbara is down with Uncle Dennis.'

Lady Casterley set her jaw; then, looking her grandson through and through, said, 'I shall take you down there this very day. I shall have the sea to you. What do you say, Clifton?'

'His lordship does look pale.'

'Have the carriage, and we'll go from Clapham Junction. Thomas can go in and fetch you some clothes. Or, better, though I dislike them, we can telephone to your mother for a car. It's very hot for trains. Arrange that, please, Clifton!'

To this project Milton raised no objection. And all through the drive he remained sunk in an indifference and lassitude which to Lady Casterley seemed in the highest degree ominous. For lassitude, to her, was the strange, the unpardonable, state. The little great lady — casket of the aristocratic principle — was permeated to the very backbone with the instinct of artificial energy, of that alert vigor which those who have nothing socially to hope for are forced to develop, lest they should decay and be again obliged to hope. To speak honest truth, she could not forbear an itch to run some sharp and foreign substance into her grandson, to rouse him somehow, for she knew the reason of his state, and was temperamentally out of patience with such a cause for backsliding. Had it been any other of her grandchildren she would not have hesitated; but there was that in Milton which held even Lady Casterley in check, and only once during the four hours of travel did she attempt to break down his reserve. She did it in a manner very soft for her, — was he not of all living things the hope, the pride, and the beloved of her heart? Tucking her little thin sharp hand under his arm, she said quietly, 'My dear, don't brood over it. That will never do.'

But Milton removed her hand gently, and laid it back on the dust-rug; nor did he answer, or show other sign of having heard.

And Lady Casterley, deeply wounded, pressed her faded lips together, and said sharply, 'Slower, please, Frith!'

XXVII

It was to Barbara that Milton unfolded, if ever so little, the trouble of his spirit, lying out that same afternoon under a tamarisk hedge with the tide far out. He could never have done this if there had not been between them the

accidental revelation of that night at Monkland; nor even then perhaps had he not felt in this young sister of his the warmth of life for which he was yearning. In such a matter as love Barbara was the elder of these two. For, besides the motherly knowledge of the heart peculiar to most women, she had the inherent woman-of-the-worldliness to be expected of a daughter of Lord and Lady Valleys. If she herself were in doubt, it was not as with Milton, on the score of the senses and the heart, but on the score of her spirit and curiosity, which Courtier had awakened and caused to flap their wings a little. She worried over Milton's forlorn case, and it hurt her to think of Mrs. Noel eating her heart out in that lonely cottage. Then, too, a sister so good and earnest as Agatha had ever inclined Barbara to a rebellious view of morals, and disinclined her altogether to religion. If those two could not be happy apart, let them be happy together, in the name of all the joy there is in life!

And while her brother lay face to the sky on the tamarisk bank, she kept trying to think how to mother him, conscious that she did not in the least understand the way he thought about things. Over the fields behind, the larks were hymning the promise of the unripe corn; the foreshore was painted all colors, from vivid green to mushroom pink; by the edge of the blue sea little black figures were stooping. The air smelled sweet in the shade of the tamarisk; there was ineffable peace. And Barbara, covered by the network of the sunlight, could not help a certain impatience with a suffering which seemed to her so corrigible by action. At last she ventured: —

'Life is short, Eusty!'

Milton's answer, given without movement, startled her.

'Persuade me that it is, Babs, and I'll bless you. If the singing of these

larks means nothing, if that blue up there is a morass of our invention, if we are pettily creeping on, furthering nothing, if there's no purpose in our lives, persuade me of it, for God's sake!

Carried suddenly beyond her depth, Barbara could only put out her hand, and say, 'Oh! don't take it so hard!'

'Since you say that life is short,' Milton muttered, with his smile, 'you should n't spoil it by feeling pity! In old days we went to the Tower for our convictions. We can stand a little private roasting, I hope; or has the sand run out of us altogether?'

Stung by his tone, Barbara answered in rather a hard voice, 'What we *must* bear, we must, I suppose. But why should we *make* trouble? That's what I can't stand, and there's so much of it!'

'O profound wisdom!'

Barbara flushed.

'I love life!' she said.

The galleons of the westering sun were already sailing in a broad gold fleet straight for that foreshore where the little black stooping figures had not yet finished their toil; the larks still sang over the unripe corn, when Harbinger, galloping along the sands from White-water to Sea House, came on that silent couple walking home to dinner.

It would not be safe to say of this young man that he readily diagnosed a spiritual atmosphere, but this was the less his demerit, since everything from his cradle up had conspired to keep the spiritual thermometer of his surroundings at sixty in the shade. And the fact that his own spiritual thermometer had now run up so that it threatened to burst the bulb, rendered him less likely than ever to see what was happening with other people's. Yet he did notice that Barbara was looking pale, and — it seemed — sweeter than ever. With her eldest brother he always somehow felt ill at ease. He could not exactly afford to despise the uncompromising

spirit of one of his own order; but he was no more impervious than others to Milton's caustic, thinly-veiled contempt for the commonplace; and having the full-blooded belief in himself usual with men of fine physique, whose lots are so cast that this belief can never or almost never be really shaken, he greatly disliked the feeling he had, in Milton's presence, of being a little looked-down on. It was an intense relief when, saying that he wanted a certain magazine, Milton strode off into the town.

For Harbinger, no less than for Milton and Barbara, last night had been bitter and restless. The sight of that pale swaying figure, with the parted lips, whirling round in Courtier's arms, had clung to his vision ever since. In his own last dance with her he had been almost savagely silent, and only by a great effort restrained his tongue from biting allusions to that 'prancing, red-haired fellow,' as he secretly called the champion of lost causes. In fact, his sensations then and since had been a revelation to himself, or would have been if he could have stood apart to see them. True, he went about next day with his usual cool, off-hand manner, because one naturally did n't let people see things; but it was with such an inner aching, and rage of want, and jealousy, as really to merit pity. Men of his physically big, rushing type, are the last to possess their souls in patience.

Walking home after the ball, he had determined to follow her down to the sea, where she had said, with a sort of malice it seemed, that she was going. After a second almost sleepless night he had no longer any hesitation. He must see her! He had a right after all to go to his own place; besides, he did not care even if it *was* a pointed thing to do. The more pointed the better! There was beginning to be roused in him an ugly stubbornness of male de-

termination. She was not going to escape him.

But now that he was walking at her side, all that determination and assurance melted into a perplexed humility; and he marched along by his horse with his head down, just feeling the ache of being so close to her and yet so far; angry with his own silence and awkwardness, almost angry with her for her loveliness, and the pain it made him suffer. When they reached the house, and she left him at the stable yard, saying she was going to get some flowers, he jerked the beast's bridle and swore at it for its slowness in entering the stable. He was terrified that she would be gone before he could get into the garden, and yet half-afraid of finding her there. But she had not yet gone in; she was plucking carnations by the ragged box-hedge which led to the glass-houses. And as she rose from gathering them, almost before he knew what he was doing, Harbinger had thrown his arm round her, held her in a vise, kissed her unmercifully.

She seemed to offer no resistance, her smooth cheeks growing warmer and warmer, even her lips passive; but suddenly he recoiled, and his heart stood still at his own outrageous daring. What had he done? And he saw her leaning back almost buried in the ragged box-hedge, and heard her say, with a sort of faint mockery, 'Well!'

He would have flung himself down on his knees to ask for pardon but for the thought that some one might come. He said hoarsely, 'By God, I was mad!' and stood glowering at her in a sullen suspense between hardihood and fear.

And he heard her say, quietly, 'Yes, you were — rather.'

Then seeing her put her hand up to her lips as if he had hurt them, he muttered brokenly, 'Forgive me, Babs!'

There was a full minute's silence while he stood there, not daring to look at her, beaten all over by his emotions. Then, with a sort of bewilderment, he heard her say, 'I did n't mind it — for once!'

He looked up at that. How could she love him, and speak so coolly! How could she not mind, if she did not love him! She was passing her hands over her face and neck and hair, repairing the damage of his kisses.

'Now shall we go in?' she said.

Harbinger took a step forward.

'I love you so,' he said; 'I will put my life in your hands, and you shall throw it away.'

At these words, of whose exact nature he had very little knowledge, he saw her smile.

'If I let you come within three yards, will you be good?'

He bowed; and, silently, they walked towards the house.

It was a strange dinner that evening. But its comedy, too subtly played for Milton and Lord Dennis, seemed transparent to the eyes of Lady Casterley; for, when Harbinger had sallied forth to ride back along the sands, she took her candle and invited Barbara to retire. Then, having admitted her granddaughter to the apartment always reserved for herself, and specially furnished with practically nothing, she sat down opposite that tall, young, solid figure, as it were taking stock of it, and said, 'So *you* are coming to your senses, at all events. Kiss me!'

Barbara, stooping, saw a tear stealing down the carved fine nose. Knowing that to notice it would be too dreadful, she rose, and went to the window. There, looking over the dark fields and sea, by the side of which Harbinger was riding home, she thought for the hundredth time, 'So that's what it's like!'

(To be continued.)

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM WATSON

BY HAROLD WILLIAMS

WHETHER we are to regard history as an analysis of tendencies or as a biography of individuals is ultimately a question, not of absolute truth and falsehood, but of relative temperament. If the question ever occurs to the mind of the man gifted with imagination, mysticism, and poetry, the answer can hardly remain doubtful: it comes in the defiant dictum of Emerson: 'All history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.' This is the triumphant consciousness of individuality which belongs to the man of genius, and even Emerson, with all his pure trust in the general average of human nature, was betrayed for a moment into flinging his challenge in the face of a world which looks, at a superficial glance, like a collection of similar units. But the philosopher, or man of scientific mood, will either reverse the statement of Emerson and sink the individual in the prevailing *Zeitgeist*, or he will speak with hesitation. Lotze has expressed the compromise when he writes of 'those mighty men who through inventive genius or obstinate constancy of will have had a decided influence upon the course of history': who are not, we are told in conclusion, 'merely the offspring and the outcome of their age.' The word 'merely' would never have crossed the field of Emerson's thought.

The unqualified statement may command our emotions and our actions, but not our reason, which soon detects a flaw in the baking. But the vase is

none the less beautiful, except for the connoisseur. If we ask why the poetry and literature of Athens in her greatness have never been surpassed as a perfect whole, the answer is easy, — because the world has never seen again within an equally short period such a pageant of individual intellect. But the philosophical thinker steps in again and bids us remember that the literature of Greece lives, not because it was written for the future and dissociates itself from contemporary life, but because it is inspired and limited by the national ideals of one small city-state. Nobody would care to deny that Sophocles, Æschylus, and Plato are 'the offspring and the outcome of their age,' though with differing degrees of emphasis we may preface the admission with the words 'not merely.'

But Emerson restricts his dictum to the 'few'; and whether they are the writers of the hundred best books, supplemented by a selection from the world's men of action, or the greater saints of the Positivist calendar, matters very little. The statement is rigidly aristocratic; and when we drop to the ranks of the 'minor,' it has little application. But, even here, an evident differentiation presents itself. Among the writers of a day, who cannot claim a place with the famous men for whom we reserve a special kind of praise, there are degrees of subserviency to contemporary tendency. Poets may follow the tradition of a day or a school and yet be something more than servile copyists; or they may

exhibit a markedly self-centred development, tinged, of course, with the inevitable admixture of influences flowing from their time and place. The broad and general characteristics which belong to the poetry of the beginning of the twentieth and the later decades of the last century are not cut in hard lines, but do not altogether elude definition. In the first place, if we take, as a supreme test and comparison, two periods in the annals of English poetry, which display in the highest degree what Milton meant by 'native wood-notes wild,' that is, natural emotion and music in poetry, the age of Elizabeth and the Romantic Revival, we need not hesitate to call these few decades a period of true if not great poetry. And the comparison carries a suggestion of definition with it.

In the form of poetry the past fifty years have exhibited a love for the pure music of words and for metrical experiment. The science of verse has been abundantly analyzed and expounded (witness Professor Saintsbury's recently completed *History of English Prosody*), but the influence of mere technique has not excluded poetical content or elaborated it to vanishing point. Neither in content nor in form has the age been one of formalism or of convention. We have everything, from the perfect art of Tennyson and the metrical ingenuities of Swinburne to the recitative of Walt Whitman; and the subject of poetry has been all things in heaven and earth. But, if the content and form of poetry have been infinitely diversified, the spirit animating it has been distinctly lyrical. The epic can appear only occasionally, but, under the influence of Tennyson and Browning, even the narrative poem has been cast in the form of dramatic monologue, and this is a compromise with the subjectivism of the lyric. A human, romantic, and mystical

lyrical quality pervades the greater part of the poetry of the last fifty years, whatever its merely external form and purpose may have been, — epic, narrative, didactic, philosophical.

Perhaps there is only one broad and characteristic difference between the spirit of the eighteenth and that of the nineteenth century which can be made to hold at every point of comparison — we are introspective and subjective to a degree which would have shocked the company which used to meet at the Turk's Head Tavern. Indefinite and introspective lyrical feeling belongs to almost every poet, either living or not long dead, whom we may classify as minor. A catalogue of names, at this point, in justification of the argument, would occupy too much space. A list, by no means full, covering nearly two pages, may be found in the preface to the *Oxford Book of English Verse*.

It is usual to dismiss one of the poets whose name appears in that list, Mr. William Watson, as non-lyrical; but this is only partially true, and the judgment calls for qualification. Mr. Watson has, no doubt, a strongly-marked objective method, but nobody would deny that he is, at the same time, introspective. The distinction lies rather in this, that, whereas the emotion of the pure lyric should be unpremeditated and spring from the heart, the emotion which inspires the poetry of Mr. Watson is, broadly speaking, of the intellect and mind. That is why he tends naturally to the elegiac, philosophical, and didactic poem: and, more than any poet of our time, he voices himself in epigram, a form which stamps itself upon the intellectual rather than upon the emotional sympathy of the reader.

A supreme contrast in philosophical poetry may be obtained by placing *In Memoriam* against Pope's *Essay on Man*. Tennyson's poem is the fruit of

long years of thought, mingled with emotion and poignant regret; the *Essay on Man* is a string of jottings from the philosophy of Bolingbroke skillfully tagged together. In the one poem the emotional beauty of thought and language carries us along, and the doctrine or sentiment may very often count for little enough; in the other we are conscious that Pope was himself unmoved, and we are merely attracted or repelled by the marvelous facility with which he succeeds in expressing exactly what he wants to say in a chain of polished epigrams.

It is no disparagement to say of the elegiac and philosophical poems of Mr. Watson that they often suggest an analogy with the manner of the eighteenth century, rather than with that of Tennyson and the nineteenth century in general. If Pope was wanting in poetic vision, he was something more than an admirably constructed machine for turning out neat iambic couplets; he did not see much of life, but what he saw he saw clearly and in the whole. I have even heard of the lady, now living, who always turns to Pope for courage and inspiration in her moments of depression and gloom. Obviously there must be something more in his verse than most of us give the time or trouble to discover. But this by the way. The vision of a poet like Mr. Watson goes much further, and is more genuinely poetical, than that of the eighteenth century as a whole; but in lucidity, in fondness for antithesis and epigram, he approximates to the age of logic and reason. As an example of antithesis, take his contrast of the two great singers of the Victorian era: —

Lo, one with empty music floods the ear,
And one, the heart refreshing, tires the brain.

And in the next stanza of the same poem we have a passage against the in-

competent scribblers of the day, that suggests the satire of *The Dunciad*: —

And idly tuneful, the loquacious throng
Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,
And little masters make a toy of song
Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme.

A comparison such as that which has just been made is naturally a comparison of suggestion, and nothing more. In music, in comprehensiveness, in emotion, in vocabulary, and in philosophy of life, Mr. Watson has nothing to do with the eighteenth century. But the lyric emotion of the last few decades has been vague, an undefined yearning for inexpressible things —

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

Mr. Watson has felt the *Weltschmerz*, but there is nothing vague or indefinite in his thought or expression. From the first he has set before himself the high ideal of sculptured lucidity in language, and a logical and perfectly intelligible sequence in thought.

Perhaps the words 'from the first' call for a slight qualification. The volume containing *The Prince's Quest* appeared thirty years ago. Oddly enough, as it is one of Mr. Watson's earliest, it is also his longest poem. The *motif* is that underlying the *Hymn of Bardaisan*, Shelley's *Alastor*, and many another of the world's poems — the quest of the soul's ideal. It is Mr. Watson's only poem which exhibits any vagueness in thought or form, and it is obviously inspired by Shelley, while betraying echoes from Tennyson. The metre employed — five-foot iambic couplets — moves slowly, and we are conscious that the poet is not wholly at his ease in it: he suggests nothing of the fresh possibilities for the metre which Swinburne has shown in *Tristram of Lyonesse*. The poem is imma-

ture, and from it we could hardly have guessed the future development of the author of *Wordsworth's Grave*.

Far more characteristic of his future style were the two fine sonnets, *Vanishings* and *To Beethoven*, which were first published in the notes to Main's *Treasury of English Sonnets*. These two sonnets have been included in the collected edition of Mr. Watson's poems (1905), but the sestet of the sonnet *To Beethoven* has been rewritten; and, if the metre has been improved, the imagery has been decidedly weakened.

But Mr. Watson's genius first found definite expression four years later in his *Epigrams of Art, Life and Nature* (1884). The terse and chiseled form of the epigram was scarcely the favorite child of the times, and its revival by a young man showed at least a courage to stand aloof and work out his own salvation. There have been two periods of the epigram in English literature: the one represented most prominently by the names of Ben Jonson, Herrick, and Drummond of Hawthornden, and the second the eighteenth century generally, from Pope onward. In that century we had a plethora of the epigram, and the form became little less than a plague and a pestilence. Goldsmith has a neat gibe at the overworked satirical epigram of his day: —

'There was a time when folio was brought to oppose folio. . . . At present the controversy is decided in a summary way: an epigram or an acrostic finishes the debate, and the combatant, like the incursive Tartar, advances and retires with a single blow.'

The epigram as an instrument of satirical invective became tiresome in time and dropped out of sight. In a fine prose note, appended to his original volume of *Epigrams*, which is now out of print, Mr. Watson disclaims all intention of conforming to the popu-

larly accepted conception of the epigram, and chooses rather in his volume to emulate 'the nobler sort of Epigram,' — that is, the single thought on art, life, or nature, pointedly and concisely expressed. In this sense, of course, all great poetry (and all great prose) will contain epigrams; though the epigram in itself can never be a high form of the poetic art. But the interest of Mr. Watson's venture, so far as he is concerned, is that it has given to all his subsequent writing a terse and sententious character.

The original volume held a century of epigrams, and of these just over half have been reprinted in the collected edition of the poems. A selection is, under any conditions, difficult, and the compiler of an anthology, if he has given some little care and thought to his task, will probably be more dissatisfied with the result than anybody. Though Mr. Watson does not aim at satire, he has a fine satirical gift, and the exclusion of one or two of the satirical epigrams is a pity. Why should we not have LXXI, on Charles Lamb's proposal for a club of damned authors?

What! our inspired dyspeptic must select
Thee too, my heart's own Elia, to revile?
Avenge thee, gentle ghost! Rise, and project
A club of authors all damned by Carlyle.

But it is epigrams of 'the nobler sort' which make the value of this little volume, epigrams such as

The statue — Buonarroti said — doth wait,
Thrall'd in the block for me to emancipate.
The poem — saith the poet — wanders free
Till I betray it to captivity.

This is true poetry, and it would be difficult to compress more thought into four short lines.

With his *Epigrams* Mr. Watson began to walk unassisted on his own road. Since that time he has consistently maintained a high ideal of lan-

guage and form; and he has been content to follow the sculptured and epigrammatic manner in elegiac and philosophical poetry, showing little tendency to diverse experiment or subserviency to contemporary influence.

The Prince's Quest, and the shorter poems of that volume, together with the book of *Epigrams*, gave evidence of a genuine poetical faculty combined with a fine and reserved command of dignified English, which it was good to see at a time when the tendency ran, as it still does, toward a careless enlargement of the borders of poetical vocabulary. In English, poetry has not only its diction, but its idiom and grammar of thought, which, far from being a convention and artifice, are as natural as the language of everyday intercourse. And to depart widely from poetical language, however true may be the poetical content of the writer's mind, is to become commonplace, to fail in the essential object of conveying to the mind of the reader the peculiar emotion which belongs to poetry. Gray recognized this, protesting against the commonplace verse of his time: "Our poetry . . . has a language peculiar to itself." And at a later period Coleridge was compelled to enter the same protest in the face of Wordsworth's attempt to write poetry in the vernacular. If any man could have done it, it was Wordsworth: and his practice has long been cited as the argument against his precept.

Mr. Watson early realized this truth, and his ideal of poetic form and diction was from the first rigidly exacting. His early volumes displayed a self-control and reserve which were remarkable in a young man. But, as a poet of wider reach and feeling, he first showed the range of his powers with *Wordsworth's Grave*, written between 1884 and 1887, an elegiac poem which attracted universal admiration, both in

England and America, for its perfect artistic form and simple grandeur. The comparison with Milton which the poem suggested to more than one critic was something more than the mere overflow of contemporary feeling.

In *Wordsworth's Grave* we find the same intellectual passion for the commanding word or phrase, and the inevitable epithet, which belonged to Milton; and the lines move slowly like 'a solemn music.' The manner, the diction, and the music of the poem are exactly fitted to the subject, and, despite the contrary opinion of the few, in the judgment of the majority of those who read poetry at all it will probably remain as Mr. Watson's finest poem.

It is noteworthy that the poem is written in quatrains with alternately rhyming iambic lines, and thus follows the exact pattern of a number of the epigrams. Many of the stanzas might easily stand by themselves, embodying, as they do, a single and pregnant thought, complete in itself. By far the larger proportion of the forty-seven stanzas which compose the poem end in a full stop; and a very substantial fraction of the whole number may be fairly said to show little if any overflow of thought into the next stanza. And yet the elegy is a harmonious whole, not a broken series of isolated thoughts tagged together; it impresses us with a sense of unity. The poem is much more than an elegy on Wordsworth the poet, and its emotion is intellectual rather than personal; it deals with abstract ideas rather than with concrete objects. The hills, the lakes, the streams of Wordsworth's chosen country, where he now sleeps, are only named, and provide a text from which the poet departs to pour out his feelings on the relationship of Wordsworth's poetry to the poetry of the eighteenth century, the poetry of

the Romantic Revival, and the poetry of our own time. But *Wordsworth's Grave* is not that most deplorable of all things, criticism thrown into poetic form; it is the statement of a faith and belief which is much more than dogma — the impassioned conviction upon which the soul rests. There is little of the lyric emotion which marks *In Memoriam*; but we carry away from the poem a consciousness that abstract and intellectual enthusiasms may be as genuine a source of impassioned poetry as human love and regret. The feeling is profound; but the poet is less moved than we, for he is expressing far more than the mood of a moment — the faith which is himself.

The abstracted emotion of Mr. Watson's poetry has prompted the comment, which often appears in print, and is no less often heard from the average reader, that he has not enough passion for a poet. This is not only false in itself but it displays an extraordinary ineptness. It is true that poetry is in danger when it loses touch with physical life and strays into the region of things purely intellectual; but the lyric of the mind may be as genuinely moving and real as the lyric of human passion, hope, or disillusion. Perhaps the finest lyric in our language, Milton's ode *On Time* (why is it omitted from the *Golden Treasury*?), has no single concrete idea on which we can seize, — time is only a convention of the mind, — and the sphere in which the thought moves is purely mental; yet few poems are more profoundly moving. Mr. Watson's own *Apologia* shows a fine power of self-criticism. To those who level at him the accusation that his art is cold, he retorts that

in man's life
Is room for great emotions unbegot
Of dalliance and embracement, unbegot
Ev'n of the purer nuptials of the soul.

In the order of elegiac poetry Mr. Watson followed *Wordsworth's Grave* with *In Laleham Churchyard* and *Lacrimæ Musarum*, the latter written after the death of Tennyson. It is perhaps his most beautiful, warmly-colored, and melodious poem. The loose metre of the ode is used with that seeming artlessness which is the fruit of perfect art; and imagery combines with thought to sustain the poem on a plane worthy of 'the splendour of its theme.' It is not, as the poet humbly claims, the theme alone which gives the poem an enduring place in any anthology of English elegiac poetry. The natural tendency of Mr. Watson to finished terseness and rounded completeness in short phrases disappears, and the falling music of the lines flows across the mind, conveying the direct and subtle communication of emotion. We do not stop, as we are inclined to do in *Wordsworth's Grave*, to dwell upon the single thought or isolated image. And this is as it should be. The opening passage of the elegy could not be bettered, not only in the poetic imagery of its thought, but in the fitting stress it lays upon the oneness of Tennyson and his poetry with the racial consciousness of the land to which he belonged.

Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head:
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er:
Carry the last great bard to his last bed.
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.
Land that he loved, that loved him! nevermore
Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild sea-shore,
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,
Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,
The master's feet shall tread.
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute:
The singer of undying songs is dead.

In *In Laleham Churchyard* and *The Tomb of Burns*, Mr. Watson, though he adopts a different metre, returns to the concise and epigrammatic manner. In these poems he employs the metre which Wordsworth used in *At the*

Grave of Burns, though his diction is hardly as simple.

It is in the elegy, the ode, and the quasi-philosophical poem that Mr. Watson's muse finds her fittest sphere of song; it is in these that he stands markedly differentiated from other poets of his time; and for this reason, too, the common comparison with Wordsworth has its meaning, though Mr. Watson is utterly wanting in the simplicity of Wordsworth and his love for the apparently commonplace. As Lowell amusingly remarks, everything was a phenomenon for Wordsworth, he could write poems on how he one day saw an old woman and the next day did not, but a cow instead. Mr. Watson is not obsessed with this belief in the enormous importance of little things, but inclines to display, on the contrary, a manner which is almost irritatingly superior. General conceptions rather than everyday trifles appear in the mirror which he holds up to life.

But that, after a short discipleship to Shelley, Mr. Watson conceived a deep and lasting reverence for Wordsworth, it is needless to say. The reason is not far to seek. If the emotion of the pure lyric is spontaneous and unsought, the inspiration of elegiac poetry, using the words in their widest connotation, is thought touched with emotion. And it is here that Mr. Watson finds a point of contact with Wordsworth. Beneath the slightest of Wordsworth's lyrics, however trivial it may appear at a superficial glance, lies genuine thought. Wordsworth was not one for whom poetry was an inrush which came to him wholly unbidden; poetry was for him 'emotion recollected in tranquillity,' and that is why he was never able wholly to distinguish between his hours of true inspiration and the days when he wrote poetry as a poet by profession. Mr. Watson knows

that his is not 'facile largess of a stintless muse,' but

A fitful presence seldom tarrying long,
Capriciously she touches me to song.

The character of the larger part of Mr. Watson's poetry is 'emotion recollected in tranquillity.' Apart from the elegies, the ode, the philosophical poem, and the sonnet with its exacting rules are the forms most naturally fitted to the character of his genius. On another plane we may add his political poetry, which can hardly have more than an ephemeral interest, and his few short satires, which, for point and venom, can hardly be surpassed.

Among the odes come the splendidly sonorous *Hymn to the Sea and England my Mother*. The first is undoubtedly one of the finest poems which Mr. Watson has ever written. The lilt and sound of the long lines fall on the ear like the beat of a rolling swell on a broad beach; and the command of phrase can hardly fall short of his own high ideal in these things. A few detached quotations will serve to illustrate the last point. The poet 'from the commune of air cages the volatile song,' while 'through the veins of the Earth riots the ichor of spring'; man, 'born too great for his ends, never at peace with his goal,' looks out from prison-windows 'ample of purview'; Summer sits at a banquet 'purple and drowsed with repletion'; and the moon is described 'zoning her ruins with pearl,' leaning toward the sea from 'the balconied night.' It would be hard to surpass phrases like these for their sudden and inevitable picture-making quality; and one great test of poetry is its power to summon these imaginative glimpses of a world which is something other than the region of everyday prose. The ode is not merely an address to the sea.

Mr. Watson cannot, like Swinburne

in *By the North Sea* or *On the South Coast*, pour out pages hymning the foam-flecked expanse of the sea and the gray shores without introducing an alien thought. Swinburne saw the sea and nothing more, and he sang of nothing more; but for Mr. Watson the sea suggests analogies and meanings which have to do with the problems of life. His passion for nature is not the instinctive and unthinking communion of the merely poetical or primitive being, but the feeling of the egotistic and cultured mind, for whom earth, sky, and sea are the environment in and through which the mystery of life evolves itself. He would never have been satisfied, like Swinburne, to chant nothing more than 'the light and sound and darkness of the sea,' or content to offer his song to the winds and the ocean as a lyric tribute of praise:—

Time gives what he gains for the giving
Or takes for his tribute of me;
My dreams to the wind everliving,
My song to the sea.

Mr. Watson's last volume, *New Poems* (1909), cannot be said to have added anything of real importance to his earlier work, but it is there, perhaps, that we must look, among his poems, for an ode which approaches the plan of his achievement in the *Hymn to the Sea*. The unrhymed lines of *Wales: A Greeting* have an impressive gravity which is something altogether different from the lilt of the earlier ode, but we meet here again the same descriptive power in sounding words. Those who know Wales will appreciate the marvelous compression and power of description in the few lines—

From Gwent to far Demetia by the sea;
Or northward unto cloud-roof'd Gwynedd, where
The mountains sit together and talk with heaven,
While Mona pushing forth into the deep
Looks back for ever on their musing brows:
By silent mound and menhir, camp and cairn,
Leaf-hidden stream, and cataract's thunderous
plunge:

In summer calms, or when the storming North
Whitens Eryi's crest and Siabod's cone.

The character of Mr. Watson's philosophical poetry might be described in the phrase with which a contemporary periodical attempts to explain its attitude—'denominational, not sectarian.' Mr. Watson belongs to no small sect, but he virtually accepts the doctrines of a church which has grown steadily in numbers since the time of Schopenhauer. The theory of any upward and ameliorative movement operating throughout nature Mr. Watson regards as wanting in confirmation. But, even if we accept this standpoint, it is difficult to understand why hopelessness is logically a more courageous attitude to adopt than hopefulness. Yet this appears as the whole argument of a very finely-expressed poem of fifteen stanzas, *The Hope of the World*. If we are faced with a world 'signifying nothing' so far as we can see, there seems no reason why the 'heroic course' is to reject 'instinctive hope.'

Perhaps Mr. Watson meant, and should have said, that to act fully and consistently without hope is the more difficult course of the two; and there most will agree with him; though Nietzsche maintained that pessimism had a fine tonic effect. But the want of conclusiveness and value in the argument does not detract from the sombre power of the poem.

In a companion poem, *The Unknown God*, Mr. Watson does not wander into the field of argument, but confesses his inability to find a place in the universe for that personal power whom men name God. In one of the stanzas he skillfully incorporates the saying of Christ discovered a few years ago by Messrs. Greenfell and Hunt among the *Oxyrhynchus papyri*.

The God I know of, I shall ne'er
Know, though he dwells exceeding nigh.

*Raise thou the stone and find me there,
Cleave thou the wood and there am I.
Yea, in my flesh his spirit doth flow,
Too near, too far, for me to know.*

And in the category of reflective and didactic poems 'the things that are more excellent,' though slighter in theme and less ambitious in form, ought not to be passed over. There is in the keynote and feeling of the poem less harshness and superiority in mental attitude than we are generally led to associate with the work of Mr. Watson. In a moment of sympathy he can see that even the crude and trivial things of life do not

wholly lack
The things that are more excellent.

The poem seems to flow from a happy moment of the poet's mind, when, for a brief instant, he catches a transient glimpse of the mere zest of life which so many of his fellows know, which is yet strange and foreign to his nature and habitual mood. For he has confessed himself that in the world to which he belongs, he has

never felt at home,
Never wholly been at ease.

One of the most striking defects of Mr. Watson's verse is an absence of tolerance, comprehensiveness, and sympathy. He walks through life for the greater part of his time wearing blinkers which shut out everything but the road directly before him. He is a rebel, not so much against the order of society, though that too obsesses him in his political verse, but against the order of the universe and the cramping limitations within which the human soul is confined. He is at war with invisible principalities and powers. A contrast with Shelley will explain Mr. Watson's attitude. Shelley was a born revolutionary, but he lived in a world of beneficence and beauty, which man alone made vile. Shelley believed that

men could be happy, but that institutions and religions had vitiated the very fountains of their life. Let these be cast away, and all would be well.

Shelley was an altruistic revolutionary. Mr. Watson is an egotistic rebel. He defies the order of the world, as commonly understood, on his own account. And this is a mistake, for, as Epictetus pointed out long ago, it is better for a man to confine himself to the things which lie in his own power. It is this self-centred attitude which hampers Mr. Watson as a poet. He is not lyrical because he cannot place himself in other situations with a subjective and imaginative sympathy. And this faculty lies at the root of all dramatic and lyrical achievement. But, though his genius does not express itself naturally in the lyric, he has written a few short lyrics of supreme beauty. The following stanzas, which bear no title, form a lyric poem with the integral purity of clear crystal:—

Thy voice from inmost dreamland calls;
The wastes of sleep thou makest fair;
Bright o'er the ridge of darkness falls
The cataract of thy hair.

The morn renews its golden birth:
Thou with the vanquished night dost fade;
And leav'st the ponderable earth
Less real than thy shade.

And there are a few other short poems of the genuine lyrical order.

Mr. Watson's last volume came as something of a disappointment to the many who knew and admired the distinctive qualities of his earlier achievement. Apart from political poetry and a formal ode on the coronation of Edward VII, he had published no volume of new work for eleven years. The last collection contains a few poems which approach the austere strength of his best work, but austerity, in the worst significance of the word, is painfully evident. The lines

are parched and dry; rapture there is hardly any; emotion of any kind is often difficult to find. Mr. Watson has driven his own ideal of sculptured and statuesque beauty in form and diction to an extreme point, and anything like vital emotion has been strangled in the birth. In tranquillity Mr. Watson has evidently found it difficult to remember his moments of emotion. Apart from one poem already named, and one or two others, the sonnets of the last volume contain more true poetry than the rest of the book. But sonnets are a separate study in themselves, and have hardly been more than named in this brief sketch of Mr. Watson's work. The form is one which adapts itself to the character of his genius, and not a few of Mr. Watson's sonnets are worthy of a place in any rigidly exclusive anthology of English sonnets.

Among living English poets Mr. Watson holds a unique place. He

stands by himself, with a collection of poetry which is not closely comparable in character with that of any of his contemporaries. The distinctive position he has won for himself he owes to the consistent faith with which he has pursued a method, style, and ideal he evolved in early youth. That style was hardly in the ascendant when he adopted it; but he followed it with individual conviction. He has written slowly, at intervals, and with elaborate care, refusing to print a line which did not satisfy his own ideals of artistic form and the traditions of great poetry. We do not look in his work for color, warmth, and lyric passion; for the emotion of his poetry is abstract and intellectual, of the mind rather than the heart. The inspiration of his work is, none the less, superlatively poetical, and, perhaps more than any poet now living, he has enriched English poetry with a contribution of the highest order.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

BY ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

HANS ANDERSEN, in one of his books of travel, tells a story of a monstrous Englishman who was his fellow pilgrim for a few days, and who appropriated to himself, as by a natural right, all the conveniences meant for the entire party of travelers. When the others were sitting round the solitary fire of an inn, the Englishman, who had got wet, came and hung his clothes to dry inside the circle, saying that he must give his garments a good steaming. Andersen shared a room with him,

and when he went to bed, found that the Englishman had taken his bolster, pillow, and blankets, saying in explanation, when Andersen entered, 'You see I never can sleep unless my head is very high and my feet are very warm.' When the party left a little inn, where the landlord had done his best, under great difficulties, to entertain them, and stood hat in hand before the Englishman, expressing a hope that he was satisfied, the Englishman replied, 'No, I am not! I am dissatisfied

with the house, the beds, the food, the attendance. I shall give no gratuities, and no one shall have a word of thanks from me.'

Set side by side with that a pleasant fiction, supposed to have happened to Matthew Arnold. He was sitting in his study one morning when the butler showed in an American lady and a small boy. The lady said, 'Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Arnold; I have often heard of you. No, don't trouble to speak, sir! I know how valuable your time is!' Then, turning to the boy, she said, 'This is him, Lenny, the leading critic and poet. Somewhat fleshier than we had been led to expect!'

The two stories illustrate the Anglo-Saxon tendency to frank appropriation, but with this difference. The Englishman gathers in with equanimity, and with no sense of injustice, the material conveniences that are meant for society; the American lays an equally firm hand on the higher influences and associations, and with less injustice; for in the case of material possessions, the fact that one person has them makes it impossible for others to enjoy them; while every one can share cultured influences and traditions without any diminution of the stock.

It is a curious and instructive fact that Americans, who are in the forefront of commercial enterprise, are so determined at the present time not to live by bread alone, so resolved to touch and taste and feel the culture of the world, so passionately bent on seeing whatever is famous or beautiful or ancient; and this not in the spirit of the dilettante or the connoisseur, but in the spirit of the man of business and the pioneer. Europe is required to bring out her old culture and to let America take stock of it. If culture is, as it seems to be, a force of any kind, then America is going to test it and experience it and use it.

Now I am not in any way disapproving of this attitude, and still less deriding it. I feel that it is a fine spirit, and none the less fine because it does not quite capture the thing of which it goes in search. As far as knowledge, information, selection, division, subdivision go, the Americans certainly have it all at their fingers' ends. They certainly do take stock of it; but what they are in search of, if I am not mistaken, is a thing that cannot be thus captured at all, because it is not a tangible thing, but an atmosphere, and an attitude of mind. It can no more be conquered, ravished, or brought away, than Rome could carry off Greek culture by taking away the statues and pictures of Greece. It is really a tradition and a nurture, and Americans brought up in Europe, among European influences, — if they are real influences, and not only the influences reached by the colonist and the resident alien, — gain the tradition readily and naturally.

The thing, no doubt, which secretly vexes the spirit of the American, with all his mastery of purchase and his commercial enterprise, is to feel that there is something which he would like to possess, but which cannot be exploited. I do not rank European culture very high among social forces. It is in one sense an artificial thing, and depends upon a subordination of classes and an organized social system. It is just as impossible a thing to obtain in Europe by a European who is not born in a certain grade, unless he be the sort of genius that oversteps all distinctions. But it is a beautiful and charming thing, a delicate and graceful plant, which flourishes quite naturally under certain conditions, and may very likely disappear under new social arrangements.

It is just the same in literature, and even in art. It may be only the fact that I cannot, owing to my own nur-

ture, appreciate new forces in art and literature; but I should be inclined to believe that Walt Whitman is the only absolutely first-rate authentic product of American literature at present. I am not praising Whitman in his entirety; he has colossal faults of aim, of conception, of execution, of taste; but at his best, he is an absolutely new and vital force in expression and thought, which one cannot gainsay or explain away. I do not mean that there are not many American writers who have reached a high level of accomplishment. Mr. Henry James I leave on one side, because his is not an authentic product of America. But Hawthorne, Lowell, Mr. Howells, Miss Mary Wilkins, Oliver Wendell Holmes, to mention just a few of many, are very accomplished, beautiful, expressive writers, who have their due place in the great procession, 'where none is first or last.' The reason why America has not at present, in my belief, established a great literature of her own, is simply and solely because she has not had the time. The energy is all there, the view of life is fresh, eager, and vital; but the tradition must grow up, and it cannot be manufactured, even with the most approved machinery. Of course, I have not the least doubt that it will appear; but though I have a great admiration for the American temperament, its sturdiness, its curiosity, its energy, it would be insincere to pretend that I think that this particular thing has yet appeared.

I think, however, that Americans are going the right way to work, in the sense that they are getting experience and trying experiments. But I do not believe that culture can be got in Europe, or transplanted from Europe, or even bottled in Europe for American consumption. It will have to grow up on American soil and out of American conditions. One of the most hopeful signs of pro-

mise is the rich, racy, vigorous knack of conversational expression Americans possess. It is not always grateful to the European ear and taste, but I feel its vitality and its quality, and I believe that it may be the seed of a great literature, because it is the sign that thought is taking its own shape and crystallizing itself, even though it be in bizarre forms. And then too, as I said, the appetite for things of interest and beauty, for information, for knowledge, is so strong—a sign of immaturity, perhaps, like the hunger of the growing boy, who has got to make muscle before he can use it dexterously and gracefully.

The point is that one cannot have everything, and doubtless Europe in her age has lost qualities which America possesses, while she has inherited qualities which America has not yet made. The thing that is really out of place on either side is the note of contempt. One knows the note of American derision for the backwardness, the faintness, the decadence, the softness of European views and ways; and one knows too the European timidity and decorum, shocked as a maiden aunt might be at the vagaries of a schoolboy, at the noisiness, the ebullition, the obstreperousness, the outrageousness of American buoyancy and disrespect. But that is all a mistake, especially as the maiden aunt is much more likely to be scared by the schoolboy than the schoolboy by the maiden aunt. He may even submit contentedly to a little tender slapping, because he has youth and hope on his side. And after all there is a sincere attachment between them, and an unconfessed admiration for the other's strong points.

What I do not desire to see is any attempt at mutual imitation. Europe has made her bed, and must lie in it. The American bed has still to be made, and meanwhile the youthful occupant

prefers to use his pillows for a bolster-fight.

American culture will grow up and develop in its own way and in its own time. America contains, of course, an abundance of cultured and well-instructed persons, with fine discrimination and appreciation, but it has not got its own tradition yet, as older nations have, for good or evil, got theirs.

The American spirit, as I have said, is in many ways admirable, were it not for the slight tendency to claim the thing, on one hand, and to deride it on the other; and everything may be hoped from the intellectual energy and curiosity of a nation whose natural and instinctive cry of surprise, at anything which shakes the mental equilibrium, is, 'I want to know!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TOLERATION

ONE of the life lessons that I carried with me from my Andover home, strange as it may seem to those who think of Andover Hill as an arena of strife, was toleration of other denominations. This spirit was fostered in me by a certain experience of my childhood. With some of my school-mates I had once run away from home to hear a sermon by Elizabeth Fry. The escapade of which I write was similar in its object. We Hill children never ran away to go to the circus, — oh, no: only to go to meeting.

To understand the episode you must realize how hot was the controversy between the so-called Orthodox Congregationalists and the Unitarians. Nowadays members of the two sects can hardly be told apart, — even, I sometimes suspect, by themselves. But matters were very different then. Andover Seminary had been founded just after Unitarian influences had got the upper hand at Harvard College, on purpose to combat what many good ministers considered a manifestation of the Evil One. Articles and pamphlets had been written back and forth

by our Dr. Woods and by Professor Ware of Harvard, in a debate called the 'Wood 'n' Ware Controversy.' Dr. Channing, the Unitarian leader, had preached sermons and published articles in which he had charged the other side with being as bad as the Inquisition. And my own father had written an answer to Dr. Channing, which proved — to the satisfaction of Andover, at least — that Dr. Channing was entirely in the wrong. If we children had been asked which we should less dislike to be, a heathen or a Unitarian, I fancy that we should have decided to join the interesting heathen, in whose behalf the sympathies of the community were so fully enlisted.

As a little girl just entering my teens, I was a wide-awake and silent listener at spirited discussions in which the name of Channing frequently recurred. For months I longed to hear this great and dreadful preacher, who was setting so many Boston people on the way to hell. At last there came an opportunity.

My mother went to Boston to visit friends, taking me with her, as she often did. On our walks about the town, they pointed out to us the

church where Dr. Channing preached; and a seemingly careless question brought the assurance that the following Sunday would be no exception.

The next Sunday, accordingly, I asked to be excused from going to church with the others. My mother looked surprised and grieved; but she did not urge me to go. We were never obliged to go to church; we were only expected to. As everybody in the community went regularly, except in case of illness, it no more occurred to us children to stay away than to absent ourselves from our meals. The shadow on my mother's sweet face half-tempted me to give up my cherished plan; but I turned away my eyes and thought of Channing.

When from the window I had watched the party down the street, I fetched my hat, and stole softly past the loud-ticking eight-day clock, through the empty house, and out the door. As I walked all by myself along the streets, I heard the church-bells slowly tolling. Presently, after several quick strokes, they stopped. A few belated church-goers hastened by; and still I had not reached Federal Street. I was going to be late! But I thought of Channing, and kept on.

Sure enough, when I pushed open the door from the vestibule into the church, the congregation were singing. And what hymn do you think they sang? It was one that I had often heard in the chapel at Andover, and the very last that I should have expected to hear in a church of the heretical Unitarians. It was, —

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

I can hardly believe that they sang that hymn very often in Dr. Channing's church; but they certainly sang it that morning; and it made a little

Andover girl feel much less guilty and less strange.

Of the rest of the meeting I can remember little, except the appearance of the wonderful Dr. Channing. I was used to hearing at Andover preachers of height, presence, and good looks. On seeing the Unitarian champion, I was distinctly disappointed. He was a little, frail wisp of a man, I thought. I wish I could remember his sermon, but I cannot. I only know that though I listened with the expectation of being shocked, I was not shocked at all.

I crept out at the beginning of the final hymn and ran back to the house, reaching it before the Orthodox party had returned. Why should I distress my dear gentle mother by telling her about my expedition, especially as there had evidently been no harm in it at all? I did not tell her what I had done until long afterwards. This experience, as may easily be believed, did much to broaden my horizon.

With a spirit of toleration grown with the years, I once went with a party of friends to attend a camp-meeting. The ground was pleasantly chosen on the borders of a thick wood, before which, at the distance of only a few miles, stretched out a lovely bit of the Green Mountain range. It was a common Vermont grove, full of roots, low bushes, and general unevenness, but full also of the delicious breath of resinous trees, and of the low buzz of myriad insects singing their evening hymn. Perhaps I ought to confess it with shame and repentance, but when I found myself hurrying to the tented ground with so many cheerful companions, and was met by old friends with such cheerful, outspoken gladness of welcome, I felt as if I were out for something for which the undignified word 'spree' seems most applicable; and I had to hum snatches of holy song to keep my 'vital spark' alive.

Now you may smile, if you will, but it is nevertheless true, that when I passed through the entrance into the camp-ground, there came upon me a feeling of reverence hardly second to that with which I waited for the lifting of the heavy leather curtain which hangs before the door of St. Peter's in Rome. And why not? This temple, with its dome covered with spangling stars, its tall pillars carved in minute and exquisite tracery, its cloistered aisles, and its innumerable arches, was planned and executed by the artist beside whom even Michael Angelo is 'a very little thing.'

As the twilight deepened, people began to take their places decorously upon the boards which were closely ranged before a rude pulpit. A peculiar audience it was! There were sunburnt men, with marked features, plainly, often coarsely dressed, but there for an object. There were women, — thin, pale, hard-worked, with sharp faces and wan eyes, — women who had toiled and moiled a whole year, and who had now come here to rest, and, some might add, to gossip, but I prefer to say, to worship. Do you suppose there is another being in the wide world who needs what are technically called 'the comforts of religion' as much as the middle-aged, hard-working woman? I do not.

It was refreshing to turn to the young people. There they were, whole bevvies of them! girls with red lips, rosy cheeks, and wide-awake eyes; and true Green Mountain boys, in the poetical interpretation of the phrase. For these young people I kept looking through the evening, in the changeful, weird light.

It was this light that gave to the scene its chief picturesqueness. At the four corners of the camp-ground there had been built huge mounds of stone; and on top of these, piles of dry pine-

knots had been placed. At the ringing of the first bell the knots were lighted; and it was as if the scene had been instantaneously converted into a great picture by some old Dutch painter. Such a wealth of *chiaroscuro* was surely never seen before. How the shadows chased the lights around the trunks of the old trees! How the lights chased the shadows among the dancing, flickering leaves! How a stray beam, falling on an old, seamed face, softened its troubled look, as if that beam had been indeed the light of God's countenance! How a darkening, like that under an outspread angel's wing, rested upon another face, hallowing it! There we sat, bathed in this sea of light, its waves sweeping over us in great undulations, as one knot after another yielded to the flames and a fresh one took its place.

I shall leave out of this sketch any account of the preaching and praying. I hold that if your taste inclines you to what is gentle, noiseless, and very reverent, you should go only where you are sure to find it, or else receive what you meet in silence. Of the singing, however, I can speak with enthusiasm. There is no music more stirring than these camp-meeting songs. The melodies in themselves are full of spirit; and when hundreds of voices break into them from all parts of a tented field, the effect is wonderful. If I had been tempted to utter any ejaculations of pious fervor, it would have been when a chorus came suddenly to a full stop, or a winged note carried up with it the souls of the audience. If they would sing more, and pray less — but, as I said, I will not criticise.

The intolerant spirit that can see no good in alien forms of religion is typified for me by an incident that I witnessed many years ago in Rome. While I was walking one noon with a party

of friends along a narrow street, a cry came sounding down that the Pope was coming. Almost before we could turn round, the outriders were upon us. I was separated from my friends, and pushed near an elderly man, whom I recognized as a compatriot whose veins were blue with Puritan blood. As the gilded chariot drew near us, every gentleman uncovered his head, and every lady bent hers in kindly reverence. I said every one; but there was an exception. The American at my side stood stark and stiff, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but straight before him. The old man sitting there in his 'pomp of circumstance,' with his gentle smile, his flowing gray hair, and his faded eye, was for this Puritan the representative of the 'scarlet woman,' and an embodiment of the abominations, cruelties, sins, sorrows, and shames of the religious world. Not all the king's horses and all the king's men could have bent one of his stiff Puritan joints into any attitude but that of open defiance. If the color mounted quickly into my cheeks, and my reverence was even more deferential than the occasion demanded, do not blame me. The man's demeanor seemed to me so *little*, that I could not help myself.

The thing by which I have been most strongly tempted to intolerance was no feature of an alien sect, but an outgrowth of the faith of my fathers in its early days. With one companion I was visiting the old burial-ground at Copp's Hill. The superintendent had shown us a vault on which, by taking pains, we had deciphered the names of the 'Reverend Drs. Increase, Cotton, and Samuel Mather.' There we had stood reverently, in the shadowy presence of their great souls, feeling that it was no slight thing to have lived lives the memory of which can never die, — to be sending down, over the

long, long years, influences which still tell upon the world.

Then we wandered about the graveyard, studying the old tombstones. That any one could have been willing to die, knowing that he would be so commemorated, — that any one could sleep, with a headstone like some of these above him, — remains a marvel unto this day. In the sixteen hundreds they put at the head of every stone the most horrible, grinning death's head. In the seventeen hundreds they carved instead a cherub, with puffy cheeks, fluffy wings, and a general air of prosperity in striking contrast to the former favorite.

But I am weakly putting off my tale. On one side of the graveyard there was a mound encircled by an iron fence. The grass there was green and soft and happy-looking; so I asked, with something like relief in my voice, sure that here death had lost its sting, —

'Whose grave is that?'

'That,' answered the superintendent, looking as if the words were forced out of him, 'that is a relic of the intolerance of the age of Cotton Mather. There they *buried the unbaptized infants!*'

'Come,' I said, turning hastily to my companion, 'I have seen enough, — too much. Let us go home.'

'I don't believe a word of it,' he confided to me quietly, as we walked quickly away. 'And if it was so, Cotton Mather had nothing to do with it!'

But I answered not a word.

A MOMENT OF REVOLT

THE Contributor who protested recently against the tyranny of the 'Old Man of the Sea' in the shape of 'required reading' in preparation for seeing Italy, must have given joy to many members of the Club who have staggered under the load but lacked the

courage to throw it off. But this is only one phase of the despotism of a superstition generated in minds more receptive than original. That insidious and penetrating form of disease known among its victims as Culture plays havoc with many who would not, under any circumstances, enrich the world for all time, but who might, save for this paralyzing disease, contribute to the simple enjoyment of living.

What is more delightful than the companionship of a fresh, natural, unsophisticated mind in the Tribuna or at Pæstum! What more depressing than to be caught in either place with a Person of Culture! Woe betide the man or woman whose approach to the first glimpse of an enchanting landscape with a historical background, or of half a dozen pictures of the kind that make windows in a wall, is overshadowed by the instructive mood of a Person of Culture! Nature has some rights, but if one fall into the hands of this Person, Art, which is the direct vision of the beauty of the world, has no right to exist save as educational material. There are people who have great natural capacity for appreciation if they could only get a chance to use it; but they are so dogged by Culture that they never get any simple, human happiness out of Art. They are hemmed in on every side by an organization of knowledge more highly articulated and arrogant than the Roman Curia, and they never get a chance to play with things, which is the very essence of a primary relation with Art.

Culture, as commonly practiced, is a calculated determination to know, rather than a passionate desire to feel or to enjoy. There is nothing so shocking to a Person of Culture as the ignorance of artists of the things which cultivated persons know about pictures, unless it be their almost brutal indifference to these things. There is some-

thing inexplicable in the simple-mindedness of the men who have created the material out of which the sophistication of Culture has been distilled by a sterilizing process. Many of them have been as rough-handed and devoid of the refinements of taste, which are first generalized into them and then generalized out of them, as the hard-featured peasant who grows the stuff on which the Parisian *chef* exercises his skill. Some man of heroic temper, willing to face the contumely of the society-studio and the scorn of the guardians of the shrine, ought to bring out the shocking truth which a deeper-sighted age than ours will no doubt face, that Art is not primarily, or even secondarily, intellectual, and that the paths of Culture often lead into a barren wilderness.

It is a great misfortune that organized Culture, more alert than the Conservation movement, has sequestered Italy for its private uses, and that only the brave and free really see the country as it dreams and awakens under a sun that woos it in a rapture of perpetual Spring. If one can turn his back on ancient Rome and cast the Renaissance behind him, he can fairly sport with Nature in Italy, and be a child again. And it may be suspected that this is getting very near the heart of Italy, whose most wonderful secret is her youthfulness. She has outlived more and survived more than any other country in the world; for, while there are countries with a longer history than hers, there is no other that has flowered and borne fruit so often in renewed vitality, and taken on the form, and taken up the work, of so many successive civilizations.

Most people are so absorbed in the older Italy that they do not see the Italy of to-day, building itself on the old foundations with the audacity which has rebuilt the country half a

dozen times. To see this new Italy and understand it, one must get away from the idea that it is an art gallery to be scrupulously guarded against change or enlargement; a well-buttressed ruin carefully preserved for travelers of taste and means; a repository of beautiful things for the restrained and modulated joy of the Person of Culture. There is a real duty here which Italy is not disposed to shirk; but the Italians have a certain rough, everyday idea that they have as much right to make themselves comfortable and prosperous as their forefathers had, and they are calmly acting on the conviction that they own the country. They are not always wise in their activities, and the blight of taste which has fallen on all Europe has not left Italy unharmed; but there is much to be said for the Italian point of view. It is not quite fair for Americans, amply provided by a prosperous country with the means of enjoying Italy, to ask the Italians to be content to remain custodians of historical places and art collections, and to put aside the chances of fortune and action in which modern life abounds. The builders of every age in Italy have handled life without gloves, and with a daring indifference to their predecessors; and it may be suspected that every generation of force and initiative will have iconoclastic moments.

Such moments come to persons of normal mind in Italy, from time to time, and they come oftenest in Florence, where the enchantments not only of the Middle Age, but of the Renaissance, still linger, and where Culture waits at the gate like the omnipresent octroi and demands tribute from any newcomer. There the Person of Culture basks in the sense of absolute superiority, and turns a scornful eye on those who profane the sanctuary with interests, emotions, and activities not

laid down in the Baedeker of the elect, the unprinted handbook of the initiated. In the fair city which painters, sculptors, poets, and architects have enriched for all time, normally human persons either revolt, like the American girl, and ask, out of the unplumbed depths of gallery-fatigue, 'When shall we get out of this picture-belt?' or flee to the hills for refuge. There comes a moment when *quattrocento* and *cinquecento* make one long for the ignorance of the cave-dwellers, or the simplicity of the Etruscans who have innocently furnished so much of the apparatus of Culture.

In such an hour we planned a picnic because that seemed the most elementary human thing we could think of, and because it involved a deliberate affront to Culture. We were driven out of Florence as truly as was Dante, but with this difference: to our expulsion could not be added the atrocious insult of a monument in Santa Croce!

To make our revolt against the textbook, the art-history, the whole literature of Culture more pronounced, we took a tram at the side of the Duomo and under the shadow of the Campanile, and we went third-class! The late afternoon light was already fading from the hills when we turned up a bit of white road that soon vanished in the shade of the woods. The gray-green of the olive trees gave a restful tone to the hillsides, and above the darker pines were silently gathering the shadows that give the stars their chance. We climbed a steep road into which we presently turned, then forsook it, and scrambled up the steeper slope until we came to one of those little plateaus which show, from the scientific point of view, that picnics were part of the original plan of creation. We sat down wherever Nature had made places for us, and looked at Florence beginning to blend its outlines in the soft mystery of

a dream-city. We talked of everything but the things which the Baedeker of Culture prescribes for subjects of conversation. We were not above enjoying the hastily and happily improvised supper; we saw the stars come out, and we watched Florence silently define itself in lines of light. The *brioche*s brought no suggestion of quattrocento with them, and the delicate cakes from Giacosa's had nothing in common with the cinquecento.

A quiet humanizing of Florence was being wrought in us. We thought of the gentle spirit of Fra Angelico painting those lovely poems of his religion on the walls of the little cells in San Marco, but we were unconcerned about the significance of his work in the development of Italian painting; we thought of the passionate heart of Dante beating against the invisible bars of his exile, but we did not discuss the *terza rima*. We were content with the olive trees, blurred by the dusky wing of night; we looked at Florence aglow with light, and the Arno, invisible, but moving between shining points of fire. Behind the old town what dim shadows of the past swept by with the 'trailing garments of the night'; within, what stirrings of a life which emerges out of great memories to set its own candles aflame by its own hearthstone!

FOUNDATIONS OF SIMPLICITY

ONCE at a luncheon I sat next to a lady who told breathlessly of an experience she had had the previous summer. It seemed that she had taken board in a house where there were no bells in any of the rooms; 'And you can't think,' she said, 'what a queer feeling it gave one.' 'Dear me!' assented another of the guests, 'I should think so!' It was plain to see that both ladies regarded it as a decidedly tremendous occurrence. A flicker of

amusement danced across my mind, and I was tempted to rise up and say, 'My dear ladies, I went to school in a log schoolhouse, and it requires more than the mere absence of bell-buttons in my room to excite me!'

Yes, I take an infinite pride in the fact of my log-schoolhouse days. I fear I am even a little snobbish about it, and am sometimes inclined to look down on those unfortunate people whose education has centred only in prosaic city edifices. But after all, I humble myself at such times with the remembrance that my school itself was in its way somewhat conventional, having as it did a board floor, real benches, and the customary windows of glass. I have a friend who attended a school where the windows were just openings left for that purpose between the logs; where the floor was of dirt, and the benches were logs flattened on one side, with pegs driven in on the other for legs. It is as well that I did not go there, — I know I should have been too proud of it. And failing such a really primitive one, my own simple school is very good indeed to remember, and the recollection of it will, I am sure, keep me from feeling the absence of bell-buttons too acutely.

It was just a little one-room building of gray logs, with strips of white daubing between, giving to the whole the appearance of being clad in an honest gray-and-white hickory shirt, where the children of the neighborhood congregated through the long winter months, and where, outside, the mountains in their serene naturalness went up to the heaven-blue of the sky above. It was known as the Big Draft schoolhouse — draft in that part of the world meaning a narrow valley. In the same district there are other schools with no less delightful and suggestive names. There is, for instance, the Blue Swamp schoolhouse, and the one at the

Wild Meadows. Wild Meadows! It presents to my mind a series of small meadows that have jauntily flung off the yoke of cultivation to return to a charmingly unkempt state — a rich tangle of weeds and flowers and swamp grass. Having escaped from the hand of man, they are no longer forced to entertain just the one prosaic crop, like wheat or corn, with possibly the more exciting round of buckwheat with all its attendant bees, but may now spread their hospitable bosoms to any little seed-tramp that may elect to accept board and lodging from them for the summer — and what delightfully unexpected visitors the wind must bring!

Then too there is the Hard Scrabble schoolhouse, another name in which my soul delights. For take it how you will, whether between logs, or between bricks, to the average child education is a hard scrabble, so why not be frank and say so at once? I regret to find that the would-be sophisticated ladies who teach there now like to ignore its real name, and say primly, 'I'm conducting the school this year on the Covington Road'; thereby delivering themselves up to the unfortunate modern tendency to gloss things over, and try to pretend that they are easy when everybody knows that they are n't. To these ladies I always say quite firmly, 'Oh, yes, the Hard Scrabble school, you mean.' For the putting on of airs is something which, if one has attended a log schoolhouse in the right spirit, one must inevitably detest. And if now, in the conventional city surroundings in which I occasionally find myself, I am tempted to pretend an irritation, which in reality I do not feel, over some little hitch in luxury, such as the having to wait for one's carriage, or the not being able to secure just the seats one could have wished for the opera, I see suddenly before me the picture of a little girl sit-

ting in a log schoolhouse, very proud of a nice new slate pencil, — the teacher was the only person in the whole building who possessed a lead pencil, and even she had only one, — and it comes over me with a rush of laughter and of gladness, that while others may complain of crumpled rose-leaves, that doubtful privilege is never for me; the foundations of my being were laid too deep and sure in simplicity, for I went to school in a log schoolhouse.

THE TAILOR'S PARADOX

I AM not the first to make an analogy between our clothes and the greater realities of life. Indeed, to those of us who spend our days in a fevered but ineffectual endeavor to appear well dressed, what more natural than to apply the lessons, there learned, to other fruitless aspirations of the soul?

My thought now, however, is not in the line of a complaint over ideals set too high. It is a philosophic comparison I have drawn between the fit of clothes to figures for which they were not modeled, and the resemblance of well-wrought portraits to persons for whom they were not drawn. To make my point wholly clear involves an ignominious confession. I wear second-hand clothes. Let me state the matter at its very baldest. Not only do I occasionally deign to accept a worn ball-gown from a rich friend, and wear it with apologies, but my wardrobe is almost wholly composed of the moulted feathers of wealthy relatives, who know my shamelessness in accepting such gifts, and who find in me an easy and comfortable outlet for the charitable instinct. My habits in this respect need only come into the discussion to explain my familiarity with the fit of a second-hand garment. Indeed, it is a sweet drop in my frugal cup, that only by passing through such a valley

of humiliation, could I have found this jewel of thought!

I have two principal avenues of contribution: one brings me dresses by way of a well-tailored cousin not at all of my figure or proportions; and the other from an aunt much nearer my size and shape, but whose dressmaker leaves something to be desired.

Indeed my cousin's figure is a peculiar one. Her two sides are not alike, she is tall while I am not, she is broad where I am narrow, and, to quote our cook, *reverser viser*. But the emphatic point is, withal, that her tailor is an artist. Thus it happens that a garment cut with nicety by a master-hand to her unique shape, fits my totally different one much better than a suit fashioned with less skill for a figure much more akin to mine. I make no unkind criticism of my aunt's costumes. They are always sturdy and occasionally stylish. But as they never conformed to every line of her body with consummate smoothness, they will never do so to those of any one else. Even though her measurements and mine appear so much more similar than mine and the better-groomed cousin's, the coat that was never a faultless, unique fit cannot be a general fit — or to launch at once into the abstract, it was never a true individual, so it cannot be a type.

My analogy is now obvious, and how many instances might be cited of its truth! I remember an old artist telling me that one way to judge of the merit of a portrait was to observe how many resemblances might be traced in it to people whom it was not intended to represent, and this test has proved as valid as it seemed at first unreasonable.

How many times have I observed admirers of Mona Lisa finding in that strikingly individual woman shadowy portraits of various friends. So it is with doges and popes, with queens and

peasants. The more carefully and cunningly the artist has caught the spirit of his models, — the *differentia* that mark them out from all creation beside, — the more apparently has he linked them by their very differences to all the world, and we see the very type of the crafty counselor, the wise woman, or the irresistible youth.

This seems even more true, if possible, of literary likenesses. Those characters less sharply drawn, who were perhaps intended to stand for types, not individuals, are in point of fact neither one nor the other; while the more intensely personal, those heroes so unique that we should know them anywhere, who are never confounded by chance with others than themselves, and who are never duplicated, — these I say become the type, and we see their lineaments in half our acquaintances. Who could illustrate this better than Becky Sharp? How neatly the coat was cut and fitted to Becky's crafty little shape, and yet how well it fits many of us who are much clumsier and less graceful than she. That is the astonishing paradox, the triumph of Hegelianism! The snugger the fit of Becky's little jacket as cut by her excellent tailor, the closer does it cling to the more ungainly forms of some I might mention. The greater the care which Sir Willoughby's tailor expends in contriving him a splendid suit of clothes, the more infallibly and relentlessly are we all being suited — all of us, with figures differing as widely as possible from that hero's magnificent proportions.

It is a mystical truth! I have faithfully tried my tailor-hand at fitting an accurate literary costume to some interesting friend, some one whose characteristics seemed so obvious that a perfect fit seemed inevitable, and after all my trouble, how often have I found some ready-made second-hand coat, —

worn threadbare perhaps, but fashioned at the start by an artist at his trade, — which seemed cut and measured to my model, while my poor garment hung in folds that quite disguised his outlines. Why, I have draped figures of all descriptions in the Hamlet mantle. It is generally too large, to be sure, but it is amazing how much better it fits them all — straight or crooked, fat or thin, than even the simplest shift I try to stitch for any single one of them. And yet Hamlet had such a unique figure, and his dark doublet fitted him without a wrinkle!

I had hoped that since this pregnant fact was suggested by a second-hand wardrobe, some illuminating explanation would spring from the same source; but here I have been disappointed. There is something to be said for padding. If only enough material is accumulated in one spot, it may bridge gulfs, or make the garment at least adhere stiffly to its own lining if it declines to fit the wearer. So in literary costuming. If enough descriptive data are given, some characteristic will be bound to fit us all. But this is a coarse kind of tailoring not worthy of the name. The adjustment to the form beneath may be as accurate in thin muslins without a particle of wadding to blur discrepancies, as in the stiffest of tailor-mades. It may be more so, I believe, for I have observed that the less of the artificial there is in my tall cousin's frock, the better the conformity to my less imposing person.

It cannot be that we are all of us in reality shaped alike, for obviously we are not, and the suggestion of Anaxagoras that there is something of everything in everything else, though it

sounds illuminating at first blush, is really no help when you think it through. It may be that salient projections must fit smoothly, while the rest of the person may take care of itself — or perhaps if the whole of any individual is told, we have the race. There may be only a difference of degree in each man's possession of all human faculties, so that in the slight readjustments which are always necessary with second-hand clothes, it is a simpler matter to alter a feature already present than to supply one which has been omitted altogether.

Yes, we have to agree with Hegel in the end. Here is a bolt of cloth that fits everybody and everything indifferently well because it fits nobody. Then I cut out a coat, which, if it does not fit the customer for whom it was intended, fits no one else, and we seem indeed to have gone backwards. In our first estate there was a glorious possibility of something being done. In our attempt to advance, we have risked irretrievable loss. This is the second stage of the trial, but do not lose courage; it must be passed through. Now there comes somebody who measures his chosen figure to perfection. He studies every peculiarity, deformity, and beauty of his chosen model, and the coat fits like a second skin — when lo — we all have a new suit! The third stage is reached, and by a mighty paradox — *selbst an und für sich*, the type is attained through fidelity to the individual.

Yes, I believe, as I suggested at the outset, that the secret lies always with one man. He only can expound the mystery, but he never does. The trick is all in the tailor!